



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

H. 2, 1, 83

Hubbard



LIBRARY
OF THE
DIVINITY SCHOOL.

The Gift of the Publishers,
CHARLES H. KERR & CO.

9 January, 1892.









•

•







©

THE COMING CLIMAX

IN
THE DESTINIES OF AMERICA

*Shall it Come in Peace
or Must it Come in War?*

BY LESTER C. ⁶⁰⁵HUBBARD

CHICAGO
CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY
1891

The Gift of the Publishers,
CHARLES H. KERR & CO.

9 January, 1892..


Copyright 1891
By CHARLES H. KERR

Editors of reform newspapers are at liberty to make extracts from this
book, properly credited, at their discretion.

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Dedication | 5 |
| Publisher's Preface | 7 |
| Prelude—"Dawn" | 9 |
| I. The Lesson of the Great Rebellion | 11 |
| II. The Peril of a Slothful Optimism | 27 |
| III. Where do we Stand To-day? | 52 |
| IV. The Mutterings of the Storm | 74 |
| V. The Mustering of the Squadrons | 94 |
| VI. Nearing the Danger-Line | 109 |
| VII. Premonitory Rumbblings | 121 |
| VIII. The Inertia of the Middle Class | 137 |
| IX. Nation-Builders and Nation-Savers | 149 |
| X. The American Producer Stands at Bay | 164 |
| XI. The Air is Heavy with a Great Fear | 183 |
| XII. Guides that Mislead the People | 203 |
| XIII. Symptoms of Organic Disease | 220 |
| XIV. The Gangrene of Dissolution | 244 |
| XV. The Dread Dynamics of Hate | 267 |
| XVI. The Impending Crash | 296 |
| XVII. In Order of Battle | 325 |
| XVIII. The Gage of War | 344 |
| XIX. The Dread Climax | 368 |
| XX. The Task that Implores Us | 441 |
| Postlude—"When the Towers Fall" | 479 |





TO THE ALL-POWERFUL MIDDLE CLASS OF AMERICA, WHO BY WISE AND RIGHTEOUS ACTION CAN SAVE THE REPUBLIC FROM EVERY DANGER THAT NOW THREATENS, THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED.



PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

Realizing the gravity of the subjects with which the present treatise deals, I think a word is due to the reader, not as to the author's logic, for of this every critic must judge for himself, but as to his knowledge of the facts with which he deals.

Lester C. Hubbard was born on the Western Reserve in Ohio, of a family that settled in New England in the seventeenth century. He was a private soldier and afterwards a captain in the civil war. After the war he studied law, but soon took up newspaper work and has had long practical experience on newspapers in leading cities, East and West.

His attention was first called definitely to the labor problem at Boston, during the telegraphers' strike of 1883. Since that time, he has been earnestly devoted to the labor movement of the country at large, and has had an exceptional opportunity to keep informed of its growth and its spirit, by reason of an extensive correspondence, amounting to thousands of letters per year, with

poses and the temper of the various associations of workers in city and country, Lester is the man.

On the last pages of "The Coming Climax" § 10, a noteworthy incident occurs. A prominent ex-member of Congress and high official of the World's Fair, says at an aristocratic dinner in Chicago, as reported by the "Times," "I have returned from a recent European tour with the opinion that after all a monarchy was a good sort of government, and that, with the exception of the United States, republican forms of government were hollow shams." This is mainly noteworthy from the fact that it has attracted newspaper comment. The disposition of our governing class to democracy is becoming a commonplace. Is not the time ripe for the word that shall open the people's eyes?

CHARLES H. KERR.

Chicago, November, 1891.

"DAWN"

**It comes, it looms up in the darkness;
Something, I hardly know
Of a word or a name to name it;
Yet I feel it must be so;
That a time of choice is coming
For weal or for woe.**

**The pulses of a nation
Beating in fever and pain;
The fever of woe and want,
The fever of greed and gain,
And the stars are wailing in heaven,
And the great sea moans for its slain.**

**In the stillness of my life
I can hear the tramp afar
Of the armies marching
Under the morning star,
To the Armageddon battle,
Where the eagles are.**

**The days lie dark before me;
I know not what shall be;
But at midnight or at day-dawn**

When the call comes unto me,
I am ready to rise and follow
To the death-agony.

O my people, my brothers!
God grant me to be true,
Ever true to his highest truth.
No great thing can I do,
But firm as a faithful heart may love,
Ever I stand by you.

Yours, and I see God's angel
Coming along the sky,
With the garments rolled in blood,
And the steadfast eye,
And some say her name is Love,
And some, Liberty.

She comes—who will know her coming,
And be ready her step to greet,
When she comes with the blood on her brow
And the dust about her feet?
Who will boldly drink of the bitter
Without a hope of the sweet?

Let us be true, heart-loyal,
Ready what time she calls.
Justice and Truth have met
To cast down the age-built walls.
Happy shall be the victor that day,
And blessed he that falls.

ALICE WERNER.

THE COMING CLIMAX

CHAPTER I

THE LESSON OF THE GREAT REBELLION

"Our present civilization is characterized and tainted by a devouring greediness for wealth—the passion for gain is everywhere sapping pure and generous feeling and raising up bitter foes against any reform which may threaten to turn aside the stream of wealth; I sometimes feel as if a great reform were necessary to break up our present mercenary civilization in order that Christianity—now repelled by the universal worldliness—may come into near contact with the soul, and reconstruct society after its own pure and disinterested principles."—*William Ellery Channing*.

The presage of storm and portents of evil which prophetically announced the great war of the rebellion were faint and few when compared with the omens of approaching convulsion which now challenge the attention of all thinking people whose logical faculties are not hopelessly drugged by selfish personal interests.

God has struck the hour for a New Dispensation for man. It will come in and nothing can stop it. Shall it come in peaceably by reason of our willing co-operation, or must it come in forcibly by the omnipotent will of the Almighty crushing down at one and the same time our

upstart wills, our vain opposition and our rebellious bodies?

When Channing spoke the words quoted at the head of this chapter, there were only two millionaires in America, Stephen Girard and John Jacob Astor. There are now over three thousand; and we have single individuals who count their wealth by the hundred million. Then the rule of great corporations was unknown, while they now occupy and devastate our whole land. The evil and peril then existent have increased an hundred fold.

Our great, patient toiling masses, so long denied a living voice in their own government, so long oppressed by cultured and crafty power, so long robbed of the fruits of their toil through bastard legal forms, have at last arisen, and now say to one another:

"What shall we do to save ourselves and our children? How again enjoy the reign of justice? How get back Washington's republic that has been ravished from us? How secure for coming generations the blessing of a government that is truly of the people, by the people and for the people? How can we best obey God's intimation that after ages of bloodshed, persecution

and tyranny the time has at last come when one country shall stand among the nations of earth preaching, believing and living the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man?"

We know what of sympathy the Triumphant Plutocrats will give to these divinely born aspirations that are now thrilling in the hearts of millions of our great plain people. They will scoff them, deny them, give ferocious battle against them. They will do as did Pharaoh of old—as did our own slaveholders, when God said, "Let my people go free!"

What answer will our great, contented, well-to-do and all-potential middle class of America make to this high plea for better things for man? Will they sit silent and unresponsive while taking their ease? If so, woe be unto them and the land in which they live. For a dark night shall come, and a mighty storm shall beat them down into the earth, and the punishment that of old was visited upon disobedient men shall be visited upon them, and they shall cry out in their agony, "Truly, God is above all, and doth rule in this—His universe."

Only the other day and a great war occupied

all our broad American land. During four tragic years thirty million citizens of a great republic, with a common language, a common lineage and a common destiny, made fighting each other their principal business. All the productive energies of the people, all their accumulated resources, and all the strength and courage of all the able-bodied men in the nation, were concentrated in opposing lines, and then hurled against each other for purposes of mutual destruction.

Terrible was the slaughter of men, but far more awful the moral devastation that followed the shock of battle. Tender fathers, affectionate husbands, aspiring youths torn to pieces by shot and shell, burned by fevers, worn down by hardships, wasted away by wounds, withered up by disease. These good citizens, these nation builders, these wealth creators, the most priceless treasure of a well ordered state, were slain by reason of ostrich-head-hiding foolishness on the part of the republic; murdered because an unthinking and utterly selfish *animalism* was regnant in the land; perishing for the sinful ignorance of the people who could know the right and do it, but would not. All these went

down to death by the hundred thousand and were piled into dank trenches like cord-wood. Oh, it was hideous beyond belief.

And yet the present dominant crowd of patriotic orators, philosophic essayists and authoritative pulpiteers declare to a man, that the "war between the states" was a historic necessity, an unavoidable event in the life of the nation, and its supreme pain merely the necessary friction incidental to a great turn in the evolutionary wheel. Nay more, the clerical contingent with sacrilegious audacity saddle the final responsibility for it on the Almighty, and affirm that it was a fore-ordained part of God's plan for the government of men. As well might they lay it on Providence when a family pushing love and charity out of doors fall to murdering one another under the devilish inspiration of hate and greed. For the nation is only a larger family.

The optimistic complacency of our accredited exponents of public opinion, when brought front to front with the monumental crime and shame of that bloody war, is but an expression of the aggregated egotism of our whole people. Where a national sin is concerned we are in the posi-

tion of the autocrat of all the Russias. There is no visible authority that has the power to punish, and no earthly court to give an impartial trial of the issue. Our pride, vanity and self-sufficiency furnish the only advocates in the case, and these plead solely in exculpation and justification. While the national conscience has slept, we have suffered an inversion of our moral perceptions, and see glory and congratulation in a fratricidal war, where of right there should be only infamy and regret. We build battle monuments to commemorate the victories of brothers over brothers on blood-stained ground where only temples of sorrow would be meet and fitting. North and South alike erect statues and exult in the prowess of military chiefs who demonstrated high expertness in killing men of their own kin.

The North declares that its triumph established the fact of the indissoluble union of the states. The South, vanquished, but content with present prosperity and full political rights in the nation, pleasantly denies that the proposition affirmed by the late Confederate States of America can be so determined. Rivers of human blood poured forth. Billions of property

expended, stolen and destroyed. The spiritual sensibilities of our whole people put in eclipse. The moral progress of the Nation halted. A monstrous debt saddled on to the back of patient industry. A dragon's-teeth crop of hitherto unknown evils springing out of the blood-soaked ground full grown and armed to the heel for ravaging spoliation. Oppressive trusts, autocratic monopolies, combinations of capitalistic knaves who make the people their prey, an era of political corruption that amazes the virtuous; legislative bribery rampant, and a prostituted judiciary, that makes all righteous laws obsolete when the defendant has plenty of gold and is willing to spend it. Illegal franchises and brigand charters sold for a price. The practical passing away of democratic government in Washington's republic, co-incident with the rise of a Triumphant Plutocracy that imperialistically dominates the government of the Nation. The glamour of ill-gotten wealth dazzling the eyes of the people, causing them to doubt their old-time reverence for simple honesty. The spread of an atheistic gangrene through all the body politic, which makes the

getting of dollars, no matter how, the chief end of man.

All this varied crop direct from the Kingdom of Hades as the logical product of that unnatural war, and yet no undying principle of right settled by it. It could not be so accomplished, because physical force cannot invade the domain of the spiritual, which is the birthplace and home of moral principle.

Sophistical mouthers may challenge us with the "freedom of the slave." The enfranchisement of the negro was an accident of war, an unpremeditated result, and northern claim to it, as the primary philanthropic motive of the war, is destitute of all validity. The war of the rebellion merely decided that when a nation with slaves fights one without any, the human chattels are liable to be lost as spoil of battle.

More than fifty years ago God gave clear intimation to the people of this professedly Christian country, that it was time they set about abolishing the eternal crime of holding their brother men in bondage. His command was unheeded. So he did the task in his own way and meted out just punishment for our national

disobedience along with it. The guilt of the North and South was precisely one and the same, yet the South was smitten with a heavier hand. But are the books balanced and has the North told down all its penal debt in agony and shame? No man dare say so; the end may not yet be, for though God does not settle his accounts every month or every year, he inexorably squares them at the long last.

Slavery had become a national offense in God's eyes, and was *His cause* of the war of the rebellion. The cause of that war, as recognized by the average American citizen of the time, was the firing on Fort Sumter, which was a Southern hint that the United States government had split in two. And forthwith slaveholding Douglas democrats took down their guns and marched forth to maintain the integrity of the Federal Union. This iron-clad fact effectually disposes of the sentimental northern after-thought that the war was prosecuted by the northern states to purge this alleged land of the free of the crying shame of human slavery. If further evidence of a confirmatory character is needed to prove our proposition, it can be found in the record of fugitive slaves returned to their mas-

ters in the first year of the war, by the liberating army of United States soldiers to whom the black men had confidently flown for freedom and protection.

In this year of grace 1891, we are wiser on some matters than we were in 1861, and are now pretty well convinced that the war came on because God struck the hour for the extirpation of slavery in our American republic.

Could the institution of slavery have been put away in peace? To deny that proposition is to negative the declaration of God in Holy writ, for He saith, "My ways are ways of pleasantness and all my paths are paths of peace." All human experience proves that the only true happiness comes by obedience to the moral law. The upward road to virtue is hard and steep both to individual men and nations, but fair flowers of compensation bloom all along the way. The sacrifices exacted belong not to the physical world, but to the spiritual, and are of self-denial, patience, charity, and loving service for others. By the exercise of those heavenly benevolences, the people of the United States could have cast off the national sin of slavery

without the shedding of one drop of human blood.

Were these supernal agencies invoked when God's clear intimation of high duty to be done came to our republic?

They were not.

The Almighty said through his chosen prophets: "It is full time that this American nation which gives me worship, and reverences Jesus Christ the Divine Illuminator, should put away from it the ages-old crime of human slavery. That sin belongs to days when men's minds were darkened, and their consciences ignorant. You live in the new light and can see the wrong; harbor it among you no longer."

Then obedient children of the Almighty Father would have replied: "This duty which thou givest unto us will we do, and at once." From all the land good and wise men would have come together, and said to one another:

"This hath been the sin of all of us, North and South alike; become we now brotherly toilers in the common task of putting it away. Let us tax ourselves equitably from year to year until the just price has been paid for every slave. We will affectionately instruct these our swarthy

brothers, because they are to be one with us in God's eternal kingdom; we will think providently and wisely for them, until they shall have become useful, enlightened and equal citizens of our great republic, and then the task given us by the Father will be well and truly done."

But our people did not heed the Divine command, for they reviled God and murdered His prophets. The Abolitionists, who spoke the warning of the Almighty to the people of this nation, were scorned, spit upon, mobbed, shot and hung. The planters of the South found slavery profitable, and clung to it. The influential and wealthy commercial and manufacturing classes of the North upheld it because there was money for them in the southern markets. The pro-slavery southern vote held the balance of power in the nation, and United States officials hunted fugitive slaves until they vanished across the Canadian border. A mob of Yankee aristocrats dragged William Lloyd Garrison through the streets of Boston with a rope around his neck. The Attorney General of Massachusetts presided at a meeting in Faneuil Hall that approved the murder of Elijah Lovejoy because he attacked human slavery. United

States Marshall Isaiah Rhynders, at the head of a band of ruffians, broke up an Anti-Slavery convention in New York City. Thirty-five years ago any orator, man or woman, who assailed the institution of slavery in any northern city did so at the hazard of life.

And where were the clergy at that time? Just where they are to-day, on the side of power and gold. That great woman, Miss Martineau, writing more than fifty years ago, said of our country:

“Not even the slave-holding and commercial classes, are so guilty of the crime of slavery as the clerical class; their opposition to its abolition is well nigh universal, and they use all their authority as religious teachers in favor of slavery, and yet when its abolition is finally accomplished, they will claim the glory of a reform which they did their uttermost to retard.”

After a half a century we know full well both the truth of her general statement and its prediction.

The Republican party was born through sectional selfishness, and the abstract right or wrong of the slavery system from a moral point

of view, was a minor consideration. The North found out by practical experiment that slavery was a politico-economic fallacy, in the case of energetic and progressive communities in a temperate climate. Seward announced the irrepressible conflict between industrial systems that were built respectively on free and slave labor. There was money in it for the northern states to have all territories come into the Union as free states, for it meant a larger population, more general wealth, and a greater number of buyers.

Here was something tangible to build a political party on. It appealed to the interests of millions of people who were greedy after cash.

The inevitable shock of battle between the opposing northern and southern states came. The republican party went into power through a plurality vote. The South seceded. The National instinct recognized that enduring prosperity was impossible, unless all the states formed one government. President Lincoln declared his indifference whether he saved the Union with or without slavery, but it must be saved. After nearly two years of unsuccessful conflict, the slaves were freed as a war measure. The Union was preserved; that was man's part

of it. Slavery was abolished; that was God's part of it.

Did the terrible punishment we received for National disobedience teach us National wisdom?

Do we know with more of certainty that God rules and reigns in His universe?

Have we learned through much suffering that Nations as well as men are under the dominion of an omnipotent moral law, which inexorably punishes all transgressions?

Has a clearer light come to us by which we see that it is a man's mission here below to build and progress from better unto best, and take into his soul and life more of that justice and charity which is to be a part of his divine estate, hereafter?

And lastly, have we found out that selfish omissions to do plain duties are punished, the same as active sins, under God's government?

The time is nigh at hand when the people of this Nation shall receive Divine intimation of new tasks to be done for the well-being of all men; and as by our acts we must make answer, thus will be shown the degree of moral progress we made under the schoolmastership

of God, during the war of the rebellion.

"Be swift our souls to answer him, be jubilant
our feet," lest we again pass under his terrible
rod.

CHAPTER II

THE PERIL OF A SLOTHFUL OPTIMISM

They build up Zion with blood, and Jerusalem with iniquity. The heads thereof judge for reward, and the priests thereof teach for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money: yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say: Is not the Lord among us? none evil can come upon us.—*Micah III: 10, 11.*

A whimsical fable, that is charged up to antediluvian times, shrewdly illustrates the persistent unbelief of our average humanity as to disagreeable events to come, no matter how distinctly they may be foretold by the inexorable logic of existing facts. The Old Testament gives circumstantial narration of the scorning, scoffing and gibing which Noah's neighbors heaped upon him, while that devout man, in obedience to the divine command, kept at it, patiently weatherboarding his ark. The legend in question carries the story on a bit farther, and tells us that after the rain had been pouring down unceasingly for ten days and nights, and Noah's deriders were floundering around with the water clear

up to their necks, they still stubbornly maintained that "it wouldn't be much of a shower after all."

We have not passed beyond the shadow of the monumental catastrophe of our civil war, and are still struggling with its near-by effects. The burdens which it put upon us yet bear wearily down, and new consequences of that terrible conflict continually crop up in our national life.

Centuries must pass before the philosophic historian can make an authoritative summary of the results of that tremendous clash of arms which shall be full and final. Nevertheless the remote and proximate causes of that great war stand sharply defined to our eyes, whereas with posterity they must ever become more dim and unsubstantial as the years circle away.

The slow but sure approach of that time of titanic battling was heralded by paroxysmal outbreaks of sectional antagonism which found expression both in congressional halls and among the people at large. They came at irregular intervals during the two-score years preceding 1861, and, always increasing in breadth and intensity, unerringly indicated the ever-nearer oncoming of

the inevitable shock of war. These precursory broils, which logically led up to the ultimate tragedy, are live and familiar in our minds, for we still have gray-haired men amongst us who actively participated in most of them. Hence, let us con them over well, and then make comparison with certain sinister events that have taken place during the last twenty years. Let us mark if there be signs of kinship between them: note if they are the same in essence, and particularly observe if their general tendency lies parallel with the line of march that ended in a Niagara plunge into night and chaos some three decades ago.

Our country, though torn, bleeding and wounded nigh unto death, finally managed to scramble out of the black gulf. Surely with that time of horror still so near, we will not walk as the fool walketh, and heedless of past suffering take again the way of danger. Nations, like individuals, can learn wisdom through miserable experiences; and this generation of living men may turn the ignorance, blunders and crimes of dead ancestral generations into sublime stepping stones up which they shall lift their country into a loftier plane of being,

where all the sweet prosperities in safety do abide, under the nurturing care of liberty, peace and justice.

Turn then, oh my countrymen, to the past; read its stern lesson with your immortal souls; heed its minutest teaching, and when, in your journey of exploration along a highway which shows the trackings of tumultuous multitudes in the olden time, you come to where the road drops off into an abyss ragged and torn as by internal convulsion—beware, and turn back on your course, seeking better paths. The rent garments and whitened bones you see far down below, hold warning for you, and tell that other men have tried that way and found their death.

The average American works in the present, for the purpose of living in the future. His father is a cherished memory, but his grandfather soon lapses into a shadowy personage, while his great-grandfather becomes a vague myth; he knows not what this ancestor wrought at, where he lived, where he died, and is ignorant of his full name.

The American gives his country's past much the same consideration—that is, he indifferently

turns his back on it, and goes about the business of to-day. Ask him who were cabinet officers twenty years ago—who our foreign ministers—who members of the Supreme Court—who speakers of the House—what the important laws passed in two sessions of Congress. Ask him to name the foremost national events between 1871 and '75, and you will find that this alert, intelligent man, who is informed right up to the front of the present hour, has a memory like a school-boy's slate where yesterday's sums are rubbed off to give place to those of to-day.

This national peculiarity is a national weakness and fraught with peril, and a national instinct of self-preservation will compel its prompt reformation, if we are to save ourselves from a national disaster so overwhelming and all-prostrating that the war of the Rebellion will be dwarfed to a minor inconvenience of temporary character when placed beside it. We must go back to the past of our country and strive to gain therefrom whatsoever of instruction and guidance it may hold for a near future that is beset with many dangers. The departing mariner oft directs his course into the great sea by a well-known headland he leaves behind him.

In 1817 the territory of Missouri applied for admission as a State, and there came about the first friction between the sectional interests of the North and South. The morality of the institution of slavery did not enter into the issue, for both sides agreed that its righteousness was established by the Bible, and its legality by the constitution of the United States. Both sides also recognized that free and slave labor could not harmoniously co-exist in the same community on a footing of equal prosperity, for long experiment had irrefragably proved that as one system flourished the other inevitably decayed.

The North and South were like rival farmers who both coveted the same piece of ground, and as their powers in the government were evenly balanced, they settled the argument by the Missouri Compromise of 1820, which provided that the South should have for slavery all the western territory below 36 degrees and 30 minutes of latitude, and the North retain for free labor all above that line. The irreconcilable antagonism of the two systems of labor in the same country had not yet dawned upon the wisest statesman, so with much ponderous self-

congratulation, our egotistic law-makers of that far-away time fancied that by their paper compromise they had secured eternal peace between the North and South, and blocked God's evolutionary plan for the moral progress of man.

South Carolina's Nullification ebullition of 1832 arose out of the tariff question, but indicated very clearly the attitude that would be taken by the hot and audacious South, when its supreme interest of human slavery was deemed to be threatened.

The years rolled on, and along in the forties humble anti-slavery societies were organized through the North. In 1848 Martin Van Buren, "the Fox of Kinderhook," allied himself with the democratic abolitionists, ran on the "barn-burner" ticket, and defeated Lewis Cass, the regular democratic nominee, by incidentally helping the whigs elect Taylor and Fillmore.

Again the fires of sectional animosity blazed out, and the men of the North and South looked distrust at one another across Mason's and Dixon's line. The statesmen of the South were swift to note this new menace against their "peculiar institution," and forthwith began an aggressive campaign for defense. In 1850 they

haughtily demanded a fugitive-slave law, whose arbitrary provisions were taken as a personal outrage by millions of northern men. By this law all citizens were commanded to aid the slave-hunters in securing their prey, even to the extent of fighting in their defense. The taking of the negro back into slavery was a minor matter; the major grievance of the free-born Northerners was the insult involved in their being compelled by law to do the task. Higher and still higher blazed the fire of wrath, when that infamous bill became a law.

In 1852 Harriet Beecher Stowe published *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and millions knelt in spirit by the death-bed of poor old Uncle Tom, so foully murdered, and rose up eternal haters of Legree and the institution of human slavery whose legal atrocities he incarnated. Thus was the moral element introduced into the politico-economic war between the rival sections.

In 1852, John P. Hale, free soil candidate for President, received 157,680 votes.

In 1854 a pro-slavery Congress passed the Kansas and Nebraska bill, which abrogated the Missouri Compromise, and thus violated the definitive treaty by which the alien systems of

free and slave labor were kept at peace in the territories.

This act was a pro-slavery invasion. The South took the initiative and flung down its gage of battle, and thus practically began a war which ended, eleven years later, in the conquest of the South and the overthrow of human slavery in the North American continent.

Border ruffians from Missouri, armed with bowie-knife and revolver, swarmed the fertile Kansas plains, determined to naturalize the bondage of men on that virgin soil. These were met in stubborn conflict by free-state men from the North, to whom the Emigrant-aid society of New England contributed Sharpe's rifles and bibles, and especially the former, as occasion for their immediate use was the more manifest. At this time and place, a certain John Brown, of Ossawatimie, became noted among men for his primitive way of preaching and practicing Christianity.

And the flames that declared the coming of a greater day of wrath, swept abroad throughout all the land, and men could see one another's white faces by the red glare that blazed down from the midnight sky, and there was a deep

foreboding roar, as of an approaching earthquake. But the great majority of the people were defiant of the grim prophecies. These were the true heirs-at-law of Noah's scoffers, who sneeringly avowed that the predicted rain would not amount to even a sprinkle.

But all this time God's eternal mill kept on grinding away at its grist.

In 1856, John C. Fremont, the first republican nominee for President, received 1,300,000 votes. In the same year the Supreme Court of the United States told Dred Scott, a black man, who claimed to be a freeman wrongfully detained in slavery, that if he was a freeman he was not a citizen, and therefore could not bring action before that high Court to get back his stolen liberty. Ergo, he was a slave, and must a slave remain.

That exalted tribunal in the same decision declared that the act of Congress embodied in the Missouri Compromise of 1820, which prohibited citizens from holding slaves in the territories north of latitude 36 degrees and 30 minutes, was unconstitutional and void.

It will be well for the great plain people of

America to remember this little circumstance, because our Triumphant Plutocracy of to-day expect to use the Supreme Court precisely after the manner of the Triumphant Slaveocracy of thirty-five years ago. Any popular legislation, which threatens the least of Plutocracy's unjust franchises, although it be squarely founded on God's justice and the natural rights of man, will be branded as unconstitutional and void, and millions of white Dred Scotts, seeking after liberty, will be told by the same high Court: "Lo, there is no law for you here. In bondage you must remain."

On the 16th day of October, A. D. 1859, John Brown of Ossawatimie crossed from Maryland into Virginia at the head of twenty armed men. He made forcible invasion into a state of the American Union, which is treason. He went into the Old Dominion for the purpose of creating an armed insurrection among the slaves, which was doubly treasonable. He forcibly seized the arms and property of the United States at Harper's Ferry and drove away the government's official custodians thereof, which is trebly and quadruply treasonable. He shot

at United States soldiers and the Virginia militia, which was treason raised to the quintuple and sextuple power.

He was captured, tried, condemned to death, and on the 2nd day of December, 1859, while walking to his doom, stooped and kissed a negro child, then mounted the scaffold and was hung.

On that day all over the great North, church bells tolled, women wept and men greeted one another with solemn faces. On that day millions mourned over an executed criminal guilty of treason on treason. Tell them that he broke the law of the land and trampled the constitution under foot, and with treasonable complacency they reply, "Very true, but he was also a hero and a martyr, for he unselfishly wrought, and bravely died for human liberty."

"Whether on the scaffold high
Or in the battle's van
The noblest death that man can die
Is when he dies for man."

All of this goes to prove that a traditional loyalty to one's country, and a perfunctory reverence for its constitution, are all very well, and perform their functions smoothly, under ordinary conditions; but hearts overfull with generous rage, and souls aflame at sight of noble

deeds, quickly declare themselves emancipate from all orthodox formulas that would compel them, whether the same be political or religious. It would be well for all absolute governing powers to remember this fact, for it applies with equal force to the rule of the Imperial Czar of all the Russias, and that of our own oligarchy of American Plutocrats.

This treasonable sympathy with traitor John Brown demonstrated that the cold and unyielding mechanism of government belongs strictly to the physical world. It can dominate the perishing bodies of men, but their immortal spirits laugh at its chains as they soar upward toward the stars.

John Brown was buried among the great north woods he loved so well, but ere two autumns had garlanded his grave with golden leaves, there came a classic revenge that shall forever glorify that once dishonored name. United States soldiers, destined to free the slaves for whom he laid down his life, stood on the very spot of his martyrdom, and sang "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on." They gave one unmistakable traitor glad apotheosis, even while

they were priming their guns to shoot down other traitors of a more recent date.

A singular inconsistency this—and only reconcilable to our reason by a belief that, in default of adequate wisdom on the part of men, a higher power directed the course of the war between the states, and while through it the Almighty punished our whole people for their deliberate ignorance and stubbornness in sin, he still worked on at his Divine plan for our country, and presidents, generals, and armies, were but puny puppets that moved to his will.

The election of Abraham Lincoln was viewed at the North with doubt and vague fear, after the first enthusiasm of the victorious republicans had subsided. In the South, however, the controlling element welcomed the event with unbounded exultation, for it brought the long-looked-for chance, to erect the slave states into an aristocratic republic. The southern towns and cities never knew such an ambrosial winter as that of 1860-61. The people were fairly drunken with joys of anticipation. A triumph, actual and complete, could not have given a tithe of the rapture, which came to them as they gazed

at the alluring picture of the future, as drawn by their imaginations.

The southern people are by temperament emotional and romantic. The men have martial blood in their veins and their women give passionate admiration to chivalric bravery. The wealthy master caste of the South had abundant leisure, and used it in the cultivation of all the refined graces of social life. They poetized existence, and lifted it upon a sentimental plane utterly unknown in the prosaic work-a-day North. Their state of society was a strange anachronism in the middle of the 19th century, and no civilized nation could show its counterpart. The ruling class were land-owners and slaveholders; they had nothing to do with manufacturing, but drew all their wealth from the soil by the work of bondmen. Their system was essentially feudal, and would have been entirely at home in Europe five hundred years ago. They held mock tournaments, and the ideal hero was always a soldier.

To this people the prospect of war came as a delightful intoxication, for to them war meant sure victory and full quaffing at the glory cup.

So in that historic winter of 1860-61 at the

men the hours of day and night with absorbing interest. But through all this of unceasing excitement, the able and astute band of statesmen, that ever directed the affairs of any country in any age, kept coldly and patiently at their task, building up the Confederate States of America, with the purpose of making their new place among the formidable powers of the world.

At this distance of time, when the Southern Confederacy is only a memory, after the price of land is cheap, and almost any one can see that the South met defeat in the great war of the winter of 1860 this task was not so simple. On the contrary, the leading statesmen of the South, who studied the whole situation, and its minutest details, with most scrupulous care, were unable to foresee the result.

was the authoritative mouth-piece of monarchical opinion in Europe, again and again exultantly declared that the United States government was destined to crumble into ruin.

Why then was not the Southern Confederacy given recognition by the European powers, as a government *de facto and de jure*? If this had been done after the battle of Bull Run it is not probable that the war would have lasted the year out. The navies of France and England would have ignored our paper blockade of the Southern ports, and their commanding influence thrown openly on the side of the South, would have so disheartened the then factious and divided North, that a treaty of peace between the United States would doubtless have been signed by January 1, 1862.

Why then was it not done? Is it not reasonable to suppose that this abstention was in reality the result of profound and subtle policy on the part of European cabinets? Their ruling desire was, to see the democratic idea in human government dishonored and discredited, by its overwhelming failure in the case of the greatest republic known to history. If this were accomplished then the uneasy and aspiring masses of

the old world would settle down in despairing submission to the rule of absolutism. A swift recognition of the Southern Confederacy might establish two flourishing republics on the American continent, which would in no wise invalidate the soundness of the democratic theory. But on the other hand, if the Northern and Southern states would battle with one another to the verge of mutual annihilation, then European kings could sit safer on their thrones for many a hundred years to come.

Eleven Southern states actually seceded, while Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri gave much of moral and material support to the Confederate states. Well might one of their wise and masterly leaders say: "Though many as the billows we are one as the sea; we can draw on a million square miles of territory and twelve millions of people for our men and resources.

"The South is solid, and there is no record in modern history of such a nation being conquered. We are twelve millions against eighteen millions, but our foe is given over to huckstering and money-making and is altogether unwarlike, whereas we of the South are soldiers by instinct and training, and in our very sports we mimic

war. We are on our own ground, the enemy must invade us, our homes are to be defended, and then every Southron will become as five men, and all terrible in battle.

"The North has eighteen millions of people, but at least one-third of these are opposed to making war on the South, and will hang on to the skirts of those who would attack us. We have millions of old political brothers among them, and all their commercial and manufacturing concerns, which find a profitable market in the South, will through self interest oppose a war which bars them out of it. The shock of stopping business relations between the North and South will close thousands of northern factories, throw hundreds of thousands of employes into idleness, paralyze the general trade of the country, cause an avalanche of business failure, and undoubtedly produce bread-riots in the North's leading cities.

"Then, England must and will have our cotton; it is her commercial necessity. She is jealous of the United States and fears its aggression on the Canadian border, hence, wishes to see her growing power humbled.

"So hoist the Bonnie Blue flag, continue to

muster in our gallant boys, for it will be well to over-awe the Yankees by an imposing force; but there will not be enough war to work off the exuberance of our valiant volunteers, and the Southern Confederacy has already entered upon its long, prosperous and illustrious career."

Any fair-minded philosopher, who reviews the entire situation in America as it was in 1861, must conclude that the Southerners had ample warrant for their sanguine hopes. But the South failed and suffered crushing defeat, where the mathematical figuring of the Southern Confederacy's shrewd architects called for triumphant victory.

Why was this?

Simply because they had left out of their calculations a momentous factor which declares itself whether or no. This was the unknown quantity of God's influence in human affairs, which is always present, and at the long last inexorably determines the result.

The North and South were mutually ignorant of one another on some matters of prime importance in forming a correct opinion as to the final issue of the conflict. Considering their

ample means for obtaining exact information, we should be much surprised at this fact, if we were not confronted by a parallel case in our own country to-day, with the remarkable exception that the ignorance in this instance is all on one side, viz: on the part of the contented classes, who will not see, or if they do see, will not acknowledge the wide-spread and portentous discontent on the part of the producing masses.

The South believed that, at the last extremity, the North would be dominated by its commercial instincts and refuse to go into the war. There would be no money in it. They also rather looked down upon the Northerners as non-combative individuals. They seemed to have forgotten that a slow-rising but stubborn wrath together with dogged patience under disaster have always marked the men of Anglo-Saxon blood; and that quality failed not in this instance, as the Southerners found out.

Instead of the predicted languishment of trade, prostration of industries, and hosts of idle, hungry and dangerous workers, no sooner had the necessities of the war called forth the governmental money-system of Secretary Chase than

the country entered at once upon an era of unprecedented material prosperity. All artisans and laborers were employed at high wages. The farmers' produce multiplied in price, so that all the burdens of war, the increased value of articles of general consumption, and a minute and far-reaching system of internal-revenue taxation, were all borne with ease by the people, and the North came out of the war richer by billions of dollars than when it started in.

After the firing on Fort Sumter, the North showed its lack of appreciation of the task before it, by calling out 75,000 volunteers for three months. The Government was misled by the ease with which General Jackson extinguished the South Carolina nullifiers, and also by the tremendous scare which spread over the South, when John Brown and twenty men invaded Virginia. The North also credited the Southerners with being largely blusterers and braggarts, whose enthusiastic desire for fight might ooze away very quickly on the rough edges of battle. They little thought that this languid and self-indulgent people, in their devotion to a false ideal, would sacrifice every dear thing which men have to lose.

They fought on and on, when their much-prized slaves were gone, when their whole land was seamed and scarred by the invaders' track of fire. They fought by the light of their blazing homes. They fought in hunger and in rags. They fought on and on, when once proud regiments of a thousand men showed less than a hundred muskets; but the thinned ranks still closed steadily on the center and held an unflinching front. They fought, as they had vowed to fight, "to the last ditch," where fighting could be no more. Before such immortal heroism, all antecedent sins and blunders become venial, and the tongue of censure may well be silent.

If the North and South had known the awful calamities that were before them, would they have entered upon that dread war?

Never.

They would have come together like brothers, crying, "What shall we do to be saved from this impending curse?" They would have swiftly taken counsel of mercy and justice and healed their animosities. God's voice, that had so long implored them to free the slave, and thus put

away in peace a national crime, would have at last been heard and gladly obeyed.

Were there no prophets then in our land to speak to the people of the coming woe? Yes, there were many, both North and South, who read aright the evil signs of the times, and shouted aloud that a mighty storm was upon us. But their warnings were unheeded. In 1860 the people knew of all the premonitory rumblings of the preceding forty years, but they stolidly denied their relentless logic, and were only convinced when the final convulsion came.

Times are much the same with us at present. Where there was then one voice crying in the wilderness there are now an hundred. But do the people heed?

No, they do not heed. There is the same contented optimism that will not look beyond the calm of to-day. There are only a few ragged clouds along the horizon line, and we will not see in them storm portents for the morrow.

The great civil war is gone. It has become a tragic chapter in the history of the human race. Yet somewhat of the pain and sorrow of it still lingers with us—and shall for many a year to

come. Is its mission to our country otherwise closed? Out of its supreme agony, can there come no perennial blessing to after generations of Americans?

To affirm this, would be to impeach God's benevolence.

It would be to deny His rule in the universe.

The Almighty Father has kindly given man memory that he may wisely guide his future by the errors of the past.

If our people shall now see in that grievous war, not only judgment and punishment, but also a Divine lesson set for our instruction whose righteous teachings we can apply in dealing with present emergencies, then will that devastating conflict, with its temporary misery—seem as naught, beside the enduring benefaction that it gave.

CHAPTER III

WHERE DO WE STAND TO-DAY?

When the consequences of a principle are exhausted, and the edifice which had rested upon it for centuries is threatened with ruin, it behooves us to shake the dust from our feet and hasten elsewhere. And now the times are ripe. The consequences of the principle of individuality, dominant over the past, are exhausted. The Republic is the enthronement of the principle of association, of which liberty is merely an element, a necessary antecedent. Association is synthesis, and synthesis is divine: it is the lever of the world, the only method of regeneration vouchsafed to the human family.—*Joseph Massini.*

After the battle of Austerlitz, when Napoleon was the best known man in the civilized world, the great conqueror, moved by a quaint whim which was a natural outgrowth of his imperial egotism, asked Fouche, his million-eyed minister of police, if it were possible that there was in all France a grown person of average intelligence and sound mind, who had never even heard of him. Fouche, obedient to humor this queer conceit of his august master, remarked that he would take particular pains to ascertain if there were such an one, and forthwith the secret and known agents of the police department, who swarmed the country from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, were given this odd

quest as an incidental task. The search was long and minute, but at last the much-sought-for ignoramus was found. He existed in the person of a lame, taciturn and partially deaf man who lived in a rugged, sparsely settled section away from the high roads, yet only about fifty miles from Paris. His occupation was the growing of mushrooms. All his transactions with the outside world were conducted through an uncommunicative individual whose whole thought was absorbed in commercial matters.

The few casual visitors took no pains to converse with a surly old man who was hard of hearing, and so no echo of the Bastille's mighty fall came to his ears. Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette perished on a scaffold. The Reign of Terror filled the nation with death and horror. The Committee of Public Safety sent forth vast armies which defied all Europe. A Corsican soldier of fortune made a dazzling series of victorious battles the stepping stones to an Emperor's throne, and through all these tragic changes, which completely transformed the social, religious and political aspects of his native land, the old man kept on growing mushrooms and trading them for coarse clothes, coarse

bread, smoked sausage, bundles of leeks, twists of tobacco, and now and then a bottle of cheap red wine. He was ignorant of all the revolutions and was content; for the only revolution which might interest him was one in which mushrooms should cease to grow, or people cease to buy them.

The mushroom man knew absolutely nothing as to what was going on in France, Fouché practically knew everything and was far better informed than Napoleon himself. The French people, in degree and amount of information which they possessed as to affairs in their own country, showed all the gradations of knowledge between these two extremes. So thorough and effective was Bonaparte's censorship of the press, that even men most anxious for the actual facts of the day found themselves balked in their quest, and had to depend upon Napoleon's lying bulletins and the skillfully doctored reports of his official newspapers. Under that imperial tyrant the suppression of unpleasant news was reduced to a science, and so complete was the system that the battle of Trafalgar in 1805, which blotted out the French navy, was only known to the people of France as a vague and indefinite rumor,

until the full facts came out when the allied armies occupied Paris in 1814.

This circumstance is amazing, and we marvel at it, but it is by no means so remarkable as the spectacle of millions of well-to-do and highly cultured citizens of a great republic remaining densely and shamefully ignorant of the most formidable uprising of wealth-creators that ever occurred in any country or age, even while it was taking place in their own land. This insensate ignorance continued not only during the slow growth of the mighty movement, but stolidly persisted, after it had assumed impressive proportions that marked it out as a potential factor in the future of the nation. Aye! this ostrich-head-hiding foolishness endured on the part of our great well-off middle-class, even after the sublime thinkers and conscious seers of the time had with one voice declared, that this titanic banding together of farmers and other toilers was the sure precursor of the most stupendous moral revolution of the centuries, a revolution which no human power could either halt or set back, before whose onward sweep hostile opposition would become futile, and its soldiery be ground to powder; but which, on the

other hand, if met with wise and Christian co-operation on the part of our whole people, could be turned into beneficent channels that would bring rich and lasting blessings not only to our own day and country, but to the men of coming generations and far-distant lands.

Among all the puzzling problems which this epoch of supreme changes will furnish to the speculative philosopher of after-times, none will be more vexing than the present supine attitude of our well-to-do and all-powerful middle class, when brought front to front with a commanding emergency out of which good can come to them if they act with wise philanthropy, but which will hurl evil on them if neglected or ignored.

And mark you, all this turning of the back on insistent facts takes place not in a land under despotic press censorship, where want of information is excusable, but in a nation where newspaper literature goes abroad unchained, and which publishes more journals than all the rest of the world put together.

Truly the historians of a thousand years to come will have good cause for much scratching of dazed heads when they consider this astound-

ing phenomenon, and strive to reconcile its existence with shrewd common sense being a general possession of the people at large.

Take the witness stand, Hon. Gold Bullion, Wall Street banker, New York City, and tell these inquiring gentlemen of ten centuries hence, as to the general status of affairs in the United States of America on August 1, 1891.

Quoth Bullion: "Trade is in a most flourishing condition. Crops exceptionally good all over the country, and light foreign grain-yield. Put prices up!

"Government bonds solid and in prime demand at home and abroad. All approved domestic securities actively sought for. Consolidation of great industries and commercial enterprises into trusts, and the railways into pools and systems, give such assurance of our financial stability, that cash from abroad pours into the country for permanent investment.

"The United States is now the richest country in the world, and we are piling up wealth with greater rapidity than ever before. The rights of property never were more sacredly guarded, for our law-makers and judges rightfully recog-

nize that the interests of capital must be paramount in a well-ordered state of society.

"We no longer fear popular legislation for the benefit of the lower orders, which might upset the special privileges of the better classes, because both the great political parties are under our control, and their leaders in our pay. No laws hostile to the interests of the Patriots can be passed either in the national congress or several state legislatures, and if any were, we have the President and Governors to veto them, and as last defense, obedient supreme courts to pronounce them unconstitutional.

"We have the ambitious middle-class solidly with us, for all of them hope to be millionaires sometime. So it is impossible for any democratic leveling down to be done for the advantage of the vulgar working masses without a successful revolution on their part; and that we are prepared to meet with our national guards and regular army.

"As for me personally, the banking business is good, and I double my wealth every eight years—and lastly, this American Republic is the greatest, grandest, freest, and happiest nation on the face of the earth—I ask for none better.

"I have one sailing and one steam yacht, three country mansions, one city palace, forty horses, ten carriages and one hundred and twenty servants. Hurrah for George Washington! he knew what he was about when he invented this land of the free and home of the brave."

Mr. Plutocratic Senator, take the stand.

"I have always maintained since my state legislature honored me by an election to my present high office, which only cost me \$320,000 for incidental expenses, that the United States was destined to lead all the Nations of the Earth.

"Our people are rapidly becoming homogeneous in thought and aspiration, and the spectacle of vast fortunes made by men who a few years ago were only common, every-day individuals, stimulates the hope of doing the same in every one.

"So long as our citizens as a body are laudably engaged in trying to improve their condition, they will naturally leave the governing of the country in the hands of those specially fitted for the work, and everything will move on in perfect peace and harmony.

"As for the present Farmers' Alliance People's Party furore, that is merely a surface flurry and will soon die down. It is a movement engineered by cranks and restless agitators, and the good crop now being harvested will send the rank and file back to their work of voting contentedly with the old parties as their fathers did before them. The cities of the old world have frequently had bread-riots when people were hungry, but full-stomached riots are unheard of. Thus, with the farmers—for now that their granaries will soon be full to bursting, all discontent and third parties will vanish.

"As for the workingmen of towns, cities, railways and mines, they are constitutionally inclined toward turbulence, and we may be compelled to pass stringent laws for their repression. In the opinion of the 'better classes' the time has now come to make our government stronger, and we shall immediately proceed to do so as soon as we have labor outbreaks of sufficient magnitude to justify our so doing in the opinion of the great middle class, which we Patricians highly respect but decline to associate with."

Mr. Baccarat Blood, of the exclusive four hundred, take the stand.

"Yes, America has greatly improved as a living place in the last few years. Up to twenty years ago it was simply unendurable for well-bred society people, such jostling and impudence on the part of vulgar, common folks who were forever prating of republican equality and such silly stuff. At that time an aristocratic American could not feel at home in his own country, and in self-defense was obliged to live mainly abroad in Paris, London, Vienna or St. Petersburg, where the lower orders are kept in their proper place. But now in 1891 it is just lovely, and we are proud of being Americans, and celebrate the Fourth of July with much champagne enthusiasm. The people of wealth and standing are now in control of the Government, which is quite the correct thing, and society will soon be marked off into distinct castes, where each one will keep the place he was born into—for when all the wealth of the country is concentrated in the hands of the Patricians, as it soon will be, then there will be no way in which low-born poor persons can break into the ruling class, for the avenue by the way of riches will be closed to them.

"When that happy time arrives, the doctors,

lawyers, scientific men, preachers and literary folks will be as they are in Germany, the well-used upper servants of the wealthy governing caste, while all the lower orders will work contentedly at their several callings. The common people of America have been educated clear beyond their stations, and have ambitions that are not only unbecoming but dangerous to the peace of the state. That evil will, however, regulate itself when the property of the country passes into the hands of the Patrician caste—for then these vulgar persons will no longer be able to pay taxes to support high-schools, and the governing class of course will not pay out their money for such absurd and perilous purposes. As for these agitating reformers who are now endeavoring to excite the democratic passions of the Farmers' Alliance mob, they merely arouse my contempt. If their followers become tumultuous we have Gatling guns and Pinkerton's private army to shoot them down, and courts to condemn their leaders for inciting insurrection. In fact, it will be necessary to make our Government somewhat stronger than it is, in order to meet all possible emergencies.

"Ta-ta, you must excuse me now, for I am

dreadfully rushed with business to-day. A few of my gentlemen friends and myself breakfast at eleven o'clock at Delmonico's with some very dainty actresses. At one o'clock there is to be a dog-fight in the palatial stables of one of our set. At three o'clock, after a champagne luncheon, we take our Tally-ho coaches for the races. We have a swell dinner at the club at seven o'clock; then I join a theater party to see the latest Parisian ballet sensation—then we go to a very retired up-town hall and witness a prize-fight between two famous sluggers, who are known to go in for blood. After that we are due at a quiet little card party where the stakes are always enough to make it interesting; from thence we go to our rooms and to bed at six o'clock in the morning.

"So you perceive that we society aristocrats have our days and nights packed full of important business, and are by no means the languid drones which these slanderous reform editors declare us to be."

Ho! Mr. Erstwhile serenely content middle-class man, take seat in the box and give us your convictions as to the beatific state of America in this year of grace 1891.

And lo, the witness shows somewhat of incertitude and embarrassment while thus he speaks:

"To-day I am an agnostic on the present social, political, and economic status. I scarce know what I do believe, for the foundations of an old faith which I once dearly loved and loudly professed—have been much shaken, of late years.

"One short decade ago and my voice was as that of Hon. Gold Bullion, to whom these times are so very kind, and I exulted much in this proud American nation, which at the risk of life I helped to keep intact and one. It was my home as it had been that of my fathers, and to have doubt of *it*, or aught of its belongings, was heresy rank and unpardonable. I chanted its high perfection and all-sufficiency—as a precious creed—and gloried that this land of liberty and equal rights for all was mine by deed inalienable.

"In earlier years I joyed to know that my willing hand, though scarce significant, helped on my country's upward way. But now, alas! another power, as strange as strong, bears on the car of state, and there is no place for the glad service of simple-hearted citizens on fair

work and honesty intent. Trained professionals alone can master the complex maze of this new mechanism, and volunteers must stand aloof. And worst of all, the old-time ease of life has diminished. The full mastery of my own fortune, through thrift and toil and wise forethought, has gone from me, and limitations rise stern and high against my work and will.

"I begin to wonder if these late-born monarchs of ready cash—these hundred-million-dollar lords—these corporations vast and rich, whose wondrous necromancy gathers in the country's hard-wrought wealth, have not absorbed somewhat of the just prosperity that belongs of right to me and mine—and as I do now look with fond regret at my own yesterday I tremble for my child's to-morrow."

Mr. Hayseed Farmer, it is your turn now. And behold the witness marches up with an air of easy confidence in himself, that is quite at variance with the Plutocratic notion of the diffident clod-hopping granger. Many illusions have gone a-glimmering down among the things that were, of late years, and this is one of them,

and thus the brown and brawny man doth speak:

"I voice the plaint of millions of my class who till the soil, for everywhere our woe is one, and we bring the same indictment against the present order of things in the great American republic. Our ills are the same wherever you may go, whether it be among the fields that abut against an unbroken wall of pines far down in Maine, in narrow gorges ridged in by Alleghany or Rocky Mountains, where the crop must be wrenched from the reluctant soil by main strength, or in that vast zone of fertility called the Mississippi valley which is the world's ideal home for the farmer. In all these conditions and localities, so diverse and distant from each other, the farmer's lot remains the same, and it is a universally unsatisfactory one. It matters not what crop he may raise, whether it be cotton, corn, wheat, potatoes or rice. It does not affect his general state, whether railways and great marketing centers be near or far away, for favoring environments fail to rescue him from the onward sweep of a malign current that bears him ever nearer to bankruptcy. Old New York State and young Kansas are alike blanketed

with mortgages. The valuation of Ohio's farms decreased one hundred million dollars between 1880 and 1890. In the great prairie state of Illinois the rural population is steadily diminishing, while the general population of the commonwealth steadily increases, and yet Illinois has hundreds of thousands of rich acres that have never felt the plow.

"Strange anomaly here, and well worthy of the patriotic statesman's considerations. Nine million mortgages, aggregating billions of dollars, on the homesteads of the men who toil the hardest and most hours of any class of workers in the country, and a class withal familiar with economy and frugal living.

"The farmers declare there is something sadly out of joint or these evil conditions could not be. The Patrons of Husbandry, the Alliances, Patrons of Industry and Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association, with a combined membership of over five millions of farmers, offer organized evidence that the farmers are deeply dissatisfied, and the growing political revolt now finding expression in the rapid up-building of the People's Party only gives it sterner emphasis.

"The evils which have pushed the farmer on

the downhill road to Poverty-flat were so complex and subtle in their working that for a long time he was in doubt as to their absolute identity. But of late he has found out his malign enemies and knows they are a pair of twin demons, closely ligatured together by community of interest, and their names are:

“Private Monopoly of the people’s money.

“Private Monopoly of the people’s railways.

“And between the two the farmer’s prosperity has been shorn away as by a giant pair of shears. The continued existence of these devastators is a shame to the republic. They are monstrous and unnatural creatures in a government founded on the democratic idea, and the banded farmers of America will soon close with them in a death-grapple.

“As for agitators, demagogues, and peace disturbers, I don’t know any such people, but I do know some good farmers who are good talkers, and talk for the people’s good, and good editors who are good writers, and write for the people’s good. Rich corporation-lawyers and rich corporation-newspapers call these good men all sorts of bad names, but they better keep their hands off them.”

Walk up to the witness-stand, ye representatives of three million organized toilers who work in the mines, shops, railways and factories, and tell your stories.

Their tales are one and the same. They are banded against the same foe, doubly terrible because impersonal and intangible.

A great invisible power is bearing down upon and crushing them into the earth. It exists as an inexorable tendency in the mechanism of society. It is a part of the structure of the *status quo* in its totality. It has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. No one man is responsible for it, nor is any one class of men, for it is our heritage from the past. It is woof of our commercial traditions and web of our long-time industrial customs.

In centuries gone by it bore unmixed blessing to man, for it served to develop his courage, patience and economy, it stimulated to constructive toil and inventive thought. It called forth the intellectual resources of the individual, and made him self-reliant, watchful and bold, and thus laid broad and deep foundations for our modern civilization.

This upbuilding power came through free

competition between man and man, and the universal human incentive to get on in the world, and by their unrestricted play a more perfect order of society was evolved with increased comforts and luxuries, with greater security to life and property, a wider intellectual culture, enlarged moral perceptions, and more complex and equitable social and governmental systems.

As from childhood to maturity we successively put away garments, studies and tasks, that are either out-worn or have had their day, so must it be in the evolutionary march of man from lower to higher civilizations.

Social and industrial institutions, that were good in their time, must be put aside when they have served their uses, and new tools and methods be devised that are more in harmony with the needs of a more exalted cycle of being.

If this age and country are not now being irresistibly pushed upward to a loftier epoch, then do the sages and philosophers of our day much misread the signs of the times.

These millions of anxious workers are likewise true prophets; their fears and necessities have given them words of wisdom. They tell us that under our stable government all property gravi-

tates towards the possessors of wealth. Toilers increase, while labor-saving machinery passes under the control of capital. Workers compete with each other for work, which brings into operation the iron law of wages, which finally would make the compensation of the laborer just enough to enable him to do his toil and reproduce himself.

Right here you have the genesis of all the defensive labor organizations and all the strikes in the United States.

Messrs. Plutocratic French-mushroom-man ignoramuses! Messrs. Well-to-do Ostrich-head-hiders, who will not credit that which you wish not to believe, we invite your attention to the formidable array which now confronts the *status quo* you find so pleasant.

You had best look at it now, for a little later and you must, perforce, whether you will or no.

Millions of farmers and workingmen—in fact all the hard-handed creators of the wealth of to-day, whose willing toil also gives the sole value to all the garnered wealth of all the yesterdays, rise up and say as one man and most pathetically, "We are discontent with present

conditions, for an equitable portion of the wealth that we create does not remain with us to bless ourselves and families. We only demand a righteous adjustment of present evil conditions.

"Will you help us? We ask naught of your stored-up hoard of wealth, and will not be curious as to how you came by it; we look not to the past, but to the future, and want merely that value which is wrought out with our own hands."

O ye foolish generation of plutocrats, who own the Government, who own the judiciary, who own both of the rotten old political parties, who own the daily newspapers, who dominate the financial, industrial and commercial systems of the country, will ye much longer scoff at this mighty uprising of the toiling masses? Will ye much longer ignore it, deny it, give battle against it?

Think you to placate *Demos*, standing wrathful and titanic, with your McKinley tariff bill, Blaine reciprocity and Rockefeller's advice of "Don't drink, but economize, and all will be well with you?"

Do you think to juggle God Almighty out of the progress he has decreed for man?

Will you continue to affirm, both by word and deed, that the world is pretty well as it is, and needs no essential bettering?

Will you essay to block the wheels of evolution by your puny plausibilities?

O! ye plutocrats! We know how hopeless it is to appeal to your diviner natures, for you are drunken with the pride of power and gold, and heed not the cry, "Let my people go free."

But to the great moral, liberty-loving, and God-revering middle class of America, we do make confident appeal. They have at last awakened, and are looking about them. They know for a verity that the long-impending crisis is near at hand. God has struck the hour for a New Dispensation. He has set a task before the good men of this generation, which they must do, or be punished with a heavy hand.

Remember the awful war of the Rebellion, for it was God's rod smiting a neglectful people. Now is the hour in which to toil for man, under the smile of Heaven. Rise up and do the will of the Father, and all shall be peace and blessing, and the coming days shall be filled with the sunlight of Christ's presence.

CHAPTER IV

THE MUTTERING OF THE STORM

"There are standing armies in foreign lands ready to suppress outbreaks of a socialistic and a nihilistic character. But here where the people are the rulers, nothing is more dangerous than the ballot in the hand of a discontented citizen, and a feeling of injustice and a desire for revenge behind it. I am not an alarmist or a ringer of an alarm-bell, but I affirm as my belief from what I have seen and heard during the last fifteen years that republican institutions are still on trial, and fear in the second century, distress and violence in company may work an evil in comparison with which the perils of the civil war were puerile. * * For the first time we hear it declared there shall be an abolition of debts, public and private; that there shall be no more taxes; that there shall be in this country a forcible redistribution of property. A pretty serious problem."

The foregoing extracts are from an address recently delivered by Hon. John J. Ingalls, late United States Senator from Kansas, and now theoretical statesman at large. His subject was "The Social and Political Problems of our Second Century." We congratulate the gentleman upon his selection of a topic for public discourse, for in the entire list of questions which now challenge the best thought of the time, there are none so full of fate for our future, as those embraced in the field of inquiry he has chosen to explore. The philanthropic statesman, the humane philosopher, and the Christian publicist,

can find therein fitting occupation for their very uttermost of conscientious investigation, exhaustive study, and constructive thought.

These are no ordinary problems. They have not to do with accommodating methods to the gradually changing status of social and political institutions. They do not contemplate the mere modification of old industrial and commercial forms to slightly changed popular conditions. No, while these problems may have concern with the amendment of certain existing systems, they also launch stern interrogatories at the *congeries* of systems, which constitute the present order of society, and question its right to continued existence.

All the omens indicate that human civilization is rapidly approaching a momentous climacteric. We live in a time when tremendous transitions are almost upon us. An ages-old cycle has well-nigh rounded its course, and a new and loftier one invites mankind to nobler tasks and a truer life than it ever knew before. Our present order of society inhabits a structure that is so worn by time and weakened by decay, that it no longer serves the full needs of its

occupants, and a fierce wind beats upon it that foretells a greater storm.

The problem of problems for this generation is: Shall we continue to lie supine until the crash comes and we are buried under the tumultuous wreckage, or shall we rise up like sensible men, and go to work strengthening, enlarging and rebuilding, until all is safe, sound and comfortable. A divine call to this high duty is loud and clear to our ears. Will we heed its behest or must God's scourge again lash us to the task, as it did in our country's yesterday?

A gentleman of Mr. Ingalls' conceded scholarship and knowledge might have given us much of information and instruction, concerning the impending crisis, which he made the text of his address. But alas! he did not do so. He confined himself strictly to predicting calamity, and gave no detailed statement of the causes which would bring it about, or the results that might be sequential to it. Least of all did he by word or hint suggest that wise statesmanship and obedience to the higher law of justice and righteousness on the part of our whole people might find a path of safety through the threatening dangers.

His address was after the manner of the man, flippant, brilliant, epigrammatic and full of tergiversation. His rhetoric was that of the corrupt days of the Roman Empire, when literary genius had vanished with the liberties of the people, and the degenerate men of letters were only great in satire. He gave true monarchical scoff at the democratic idea, and declared that in the 115th year of Washington's republic, free institutions were still on trial in America. He slandered the mighty moral uprising of the great plain people of the nation, by branding it as a movement toward the abolition of all debts, public and private, and the forcible redistribution of property. And yet withal, this was a prize oration, by the Triumphant Plutocracy's most gifted, most audacious and most atheistic orator.

We quite agree with Mr. Ingalls, however, when he says that "we are threatened with evils in comparison with which the perils of the civil war were puerile." We take this averment of the plutocracy's distinguished special pleader as an authoritative justification for our frank and fearless presentation of "The Social and Political Problems of Our Second Century," as we see them.

If the dangers that menace our country's future were not one-hundredth part as manifest as they now are, we should be justified in drawing the possible catastrophe that threatens us in dark colors. Better by far magnify the peril than to ignore it. An oriental proverb says, "If thy enemy be a mouse fancy it an elephant." It is wiser to err on the side of over-caution than to come to grief through careless indifference. With the dreadful object-lesson of the war of the Rebellion only one generation away, it is the arrogance of unreasoning unbelief to affirm that even a greater calamity cannot soon befall us if we fail to prudently guard ourselves, when distinctly forewarned of the coming black day.

Many most worthy persons optimistically avow that our Government is under the special guardianship of the Almighty, and that he will not allow any overwhelming disaster to descend upon us. Why he should select this generation for a particular care that he denied to the one of thirty years ago, is surely a puzzling problem, for if we are more pious and God-fearing people than those of 1861 we keep all evidence of the fact very closely under cover.

Nations like individuals are subject to the moral law, and disobedience is inexorably followed by punishment, and if this nation is not now guilty of infractions of the Divine order, then the multitudinous groanings and complainings which rise to heaven from our country's lowly millions have no meaning and are destitute of valid cause.

Mr. Ingalls' grim prediction of an approaching convulsion is chiefly notable from its source, for while our wealthy class have long been canvassing its probability, and have laid plans to crush any revolutionary outbreak in its incipency, they have always taken counsel with one another on this matter in well-guarded privacy. It was impossible to keep the fact of such conferences from the well-informed, for they found verbal revelation through many avenues. But the managers of the great daily papers, that are one in interest with the plutocratic *status quo*, saw at a glance the gross impolicy of acknowledging any such fear in cold type, and have abstained from so doing. Until quite recently the leading reform orators and editors have been very chary of positive assertion on this point in their public utterances, and always touched

upon it by vague implication, and as a remote contingency. In their personal intercourse, however, with men of their own kind, they made no secret of their grave fears for the future.

There are about 1,400 papers in the United States, pledged to the popular reform movement now going on. They are scattered all over the country, and accurately reflect the convictions and changing sentiment of millions of wealth-creators. The absolute verity of this statement cannot be successfully controverted. It is noticeable that within the past few months, these journals have taken on a sterner and more radical tone. Their editorials show an intense feeling of wrong, they are hot with wrath at certain evil conditions, and the men and classes which stand for them. They are not in doubt as to their oppressors, but name them with terrible frankness. These newspapers of the people bristle with communications of sinister omen. Common men who work at the plow, at the forge, in mines, factories, shops and on railways, write them, and they utter the fears which are now somberly brooding in the souls of millions of their fellows.

Alas, that so many of these letters speak of

war and blood. Not, mark you, as the wish of the writers that these horrors should be, but as the despairing conviction that our country is now being borne resistlessly onward by a stream of events which makes them an inevitable finality

These are not pleasant words to write, but if they are the truth, the future well-being of our country demands that they be written with fearless fidelity to the actual facts. With an emergency such as is herein set forth staring us in the face, only cowardly imbeciles will resort to ostrich-head-hiding, and push away the insistent information which might unpleasantly enlighten their ignorance. This generation cannot take to itself the sordid assurance of Louis XV and declare, "After me the deluge, the present condition will outlast my time," for no wise man dare confidently claim a single year of grace for our country.

Only a people gone utterly daft will much longer resist the warning evidence which now implores a hearing. The supreme duty of this nation is to study all the facts of its present situation with a painstaking care that neglects not

the humblest byway through which knowledge may come. There is life or death for us in this task, and it is suicide to evade it.

Our destiny is to-day in our hands and we can make it what we will. It is no time for sluggards; men of resolute action are demanded, who will work while yet the day is, before the dark night comes when no man can work. To this toil on behalf of peace, civilization and justice, all classes of good citizens have call. The statesman who denies it is a charlatan. The philanthropist who shirks it is a hypocrite, and the Christian who passes it by is a traitor to his God.

Ho, all ye unselfish and tender-hearted, and ye who believe in the Divine One, and love your fellowmen, come quickly to the task, for a harvest that belongs to a new dispensation is fast a-ripening, and the Eternal Father calls His children to the reaping, that they may earn thereby the promised Harvest Home.

Take two human beings the most opposite in appearance and characteristics, and you will find that through their common humanity they have a larger number of points of resemblance

than of specific peculiarities wherein they differ. It is precisely the same with revolutions, for all of them show the same tragic marks of kinship, no matter how much their respective histories may vary in the matter of birth, incidents of existence, and final fate.

All revolutions group themselves in two grand classes: first, those where the power sought to be overthrown is alien and external to the people of the revolting country, and second, those where the uprising is of the oppressed masses, against the master-caste of their own race and nation.

In the first group, are the successful revolutions of the Netherlanders against Spain, and of the American colonists against the mother country, together with the unsuccessful revolutions, of the Poles against Russia, of the Irish against the English, the Hungarians against the Austrians, and that of our Southern States against the General Government.

In the second class are the revolt of the English toilers led by Wat Tyler in the fourteenth century, the peasant war of the sixteenth century, in Germany, the English rebellion of 1640, the dynastic revolution of England in

1688, and that of France in 1830, the great French revolution, the temporary triumph of the people in nearly all the nations of Europe in 1848, and lastly the social and industrial revolution that is now going on in our own day and country.

While war in any shape is barbaric and brings shame upon our Christian civilization, it is usually kept within humane limitations in the case of contests between nations. Even during the battle-storm the mechanism of society goes on working, and when the conflict is over, the commercial, social and political institutions of the respective countries are found to be essentially unharmed. But when a volcanic uprising of the people bursts mightily forth from within a nation, its first shock totally disintegrates the established order of things. It brings universal wreckage. There is no existing authority to which men can turn for guidance, and the red demon of Anarchy stalks triumphant through a land given over to chaos and old night.

The Franco-German war of 1870, and the French revolution of 1789, are emphasized examples of these two types of war. Scarcely had the German troops withdrawn from France,

after a career of conquest that was overwhelmingly complete, than the French people sprang to their feet, went to work, paid an enormous tribute to their conqueror, and entered at once upon a course of wonderful prosperity.

On the other hand, when the earthquake of the great revolution shook France, the old order crumbled to ruin. The kingly line of a thousand years vanished, and the gentlest ruler since St. Louis was dragged to die at the block. A church establishment venerated by unnumbered generations was swept out of existence in a night, and its priesthood either wandered in exile or perished on the scaffold. The moral law of God and social and legal codes of man were alike trampled under foot.

A fever of hate and suspicion possessed the souls of men. It is called in history "The Reign of Terror," and did not pass by until a million French people had been murdered by those of their own blood. They rotted in prisons, they were drowned by hundreds in old hulks of vessels. They were brought forth in companies to be shot down with musketry, and tens of thousands rode on tumbrils to death by the guillotine. At last one dread figure rose

above the satanic carnival and dominated it. Napoleon placed his iron hand on the throat of France and led her where he would. Three millions of her sons laid down their lives for him in battle, but at length, after twenty-five years of marching and slaughter, the long tragedy was over, and France lay in the dust under the armed heels of every nation in Europe.

Could France have been saved from this abomination of desolation? Yes, if the ruling class, whose true mission it was to serve as wise directing intelligences for the benefit of all, had done their duty to God and man.

But they did not do it. For centuries the king, aristocracy and priesthood had lived only for themselves. The only thought they gave to their millions of lowly brothers was how best to keep them enslaved, so that they could be worked and robbed with perfect security.

At last when the "directive intelligences," under the influence of fear, made concessions to the tumultuous serfs, it was too late, and served only to open the prison-door to their angered bondmen, who rushed forth to ravage and to slay.

Our American "directive intelligences" who are on top in Washington's republic, have had distinct warning of late years, that a "free-for-all," "devil-take-the-hindmost" civilization, where the crafty and strong always get the best of it, may not be a realization of the ideal state of society for humanity. It will be well for them and all of us if they will, in the future, give these significant intimations an attention which they have denied them in the past. But above all it will be dangerously unwise to try and dispose of them by scoffs, denials and sneers. God's messages of warning to man never have been effectively negated in this manner, and probably they will not *down* under such treatment, in this instance.

We used the war of the Rebellion as illustrating the logical result of tendencies now in existence, because it is of our own country, is near us in point of time, and there are millions of our people still living who felt the agony of those days of tribulation in their own souls. But above and beyond all other considerations which make the philosophy of that civil war rich in teachings, is the fact that it demonstrated with unrelenting certainty that there is *a terrible*

danger-line beyond which rival schools of political thought are liable to pass, when pushed by intense convictions that are supplemented by selfish personal interests. Democratic republics find their supreme peril right there, as we know by bitterest experience, and what has been in the past may be again in the future. The citizens of the North and South, massed into antagonistic armies numbering millions, took the negative and affirmative on the question of slavery in the territories. The discussion waxing hot, they derided the constitutional solution offered by the ballot-box, and we know the result. This is the most vulnerable point in popular government, which can only be strengthened and made safe by the prompt exercise of wise statesmanship so soon as a menacing emergency arises, but the services of legislators will be powerless unless vitalized by a commanding public opinion which declares itself on the side of peace and justice, and patriotically insists on righteous measures of reform being wrought into law without delay.

The collective thought of millions of men focalized on one object is something to stand before in awe. Thought is the living soul of the

world. Thought builds civilizations and destroys them again. Thought, backed by purpose and will, holds all earthly potentialities. Given millions of men who day after day are thinking the same thoughts concerning an injustice that is the common lot of all, then is it sure that sooner or later that injustice will be put away in peace, it will be put away by force, or else some hostile agency must rise up, that is strong enough to crush the physical power of these millions of men, and thus prevent their thought from expressing itself in act. This is the statement of a dynamical fact in moral mathematics, and the history of the political progress of mankind is merely a record of the sums which have been worked out by this arithmetical rule.

All the gains for liberty that lie between the unyielding status of oriental despotism and our own flexible theory of democratic government have been secured by energized thought. The unceasing brooding of the lowly millions over a wrong is a tremendous creator of force which is carefully stored away for future use. It was made to do something, and shall surely account for itself in some way at the long last. The stream you turn into a reservoir, if wisely directed,

will drive the mill; if foolishly handled it bursts the dam. The ever-accumulating volume of water is bound to make some expression of its power. Sustained thought is thus cumulative in the manufacture of force, and it can finally transform and possess the thinker.

The farmer of old revolutionary days first vaguely disliked King George the Third, then he hated him, and through him the British government. One morning he refused to drink his taxed tea, the next burned his stamped paper, and finally shot his red-coated soldiers in Concord Lane. All this came about by unconscious transitions as he was borne along on the stream of his thought.

Persons curious in such matters may find it interesting to trace the gradual evolution of the stanch republican farmer of Kansas into a red-hot People's Party man. Students in that department of political science will have a rich field for investigation presented to them next year, unless all signs fail.

There is something pathetic in marking the transforming influence of earnest thought on the typical American workingman during the last twenty-five years. In 1866 the walking dele-

gate and labor-agitator were unknown in the land. Why?—because they are effects, not causes. They had no reason for being, during flush times when all toilers were employed at good wages. Hence they were not.

After a few years, owing to the contraction of the currency, the increase of labor-saving machinery, contract foreign workers and other causes, wages dropped and work was not so easy to get. Then the thought of the laborer turned to self-protection, and trade-unions were organized. Here his thought led him on to consideration for his fellows. Loyalty to his league of workers became a part of his religion. His instinct of the brotherhood of man grew into a firm faith. He stood by the men of his own class through good and evil report.

He struck. Yes, he struck, and in striking, struck a blow at the shackles of the slave, wherever he might be on God's green earth. Aye, and under it too, far down in the gloomy mine, where some men toil in an eternal midnight, that other men who do no work may be great and rich.

O ye comfortably circumstanced, to whom

this world is so sweet and fair that you repel the idea of having it changed, lest it might make it the worse—for you; do not fret and wax angry when you read that another big strike has broken out. That is the foolish part to take, and there is danger in it as well. That strike is proof positive that the mechanism of our industrial system is out of gear with the needs of the time, and it makes demonstration of the fact by suddenly stopping. If you cannot look at the circumstance from the benign attitude of God's divine charities, you can at least be selfishly shrewd in your own behoof. Do not get mad at the machine, but cast about and find some politico-economic Edison who shall repair it if possible, or in default of that, make a new and better one.

Ten million producers, suffering under a sense of outrage which they are not slow in proclaiming, constitute a tolerably serious problem for the second century of our republic. These millions have not as yet come into solidarity, but they are gravitating toward it with astounding rapidity, and it will only be a short time until it is an accomplished fact.

What then? Why then, matters must move

in the way they wish them to, or something will break, or they themselves must be broken, crushed and annihilated.

These men are thinkers, aye, stern thinkers, and they have the increment and momentum of twenty years of thought behind them. True, they are not now united, but their eyes are fixed on the same shining ideal, away off yonder, and all their varied paths converge toward it. Soon they shall be marching on the same highway, and then the tramping of their feet shall wake the slumbering nations.

Good, easy, comfortable middle-class Americans, to whom dollars and fat dinners now come quite natural—this is a problem for your settling, and it partakes somewhat of the riddle of the Sphynx, which must be answered rightly, else the adventurer be destroyed. But it is not insoluble; God does not give His willing children impossible tasks. A wise patriotism, a reverence for justice, a Christian charity, and hearts inclining toward love and mercy for men, all working together, and vitalized by a firm determination, can solve this problem blessedly for our country, and all the people thereof.

CHAPTER V

THE MUSTERING OF THE SQUADRONS

"Some nations pursue liberty through all kinds of dangers and sufferings, not for its material benefits, they deem it so precious and essential a boon that nothing could console them for its loss, while its enjoyment would compensate them for all possible afflictions. Others, on the contrary, grow tired of it in the midst of prosperity—they allow it to be torn from them without resistance rather than compromise the comfort it has bestowed on them by making an effort in its defense. What do they need in order to remain free? A taste for freedom. Do not ask me to analyze that sublime taste. It can only be felt. It has a place in every great heart which God has prepared to receive it—it fills and inflames it. To try to explore into those inferior minds who have never felt it is to waste time."—"The Old Regime in France," by *Alexis de Tocqueville*.

The distinguished author from whom we quote was the ablest and most impartial commentator on the science of government that ever lived. He could take a nation as a skilled mechanic takes a machine, shows how it was built, explains how it worked, indicates its weak points, and infallibly demonstrates why some of its essential parts wore out, and thus marred the efficiency of the entire organism.

These words of the honored member of the French academy embody one of the loftiest generalizations ever drawn from the political history of mankind. And although they were

written many years ago and with particular reference to one nation, they are none the less applicable to all centuries and to all lands where the peoples are either losing their liberties through cowardly inertia, or are toilsomely gaining them by willing sacrifice and heroic effort.

In a special manner does this philosophic utterance have high and prophetic significance for our people at the present time, because the forces pointed out by M. de Tocqueville as tending to destroy freedom, and those which strive to protect it, are now ranged against one another in order of battle on the soil of Washington's republic.

The term "Plutocracy" has been naturalized in our American language. This came about because the word stands for a living fact. Please listen to the general accusation that ten million toiling freemen bring against it:

"Of late years a new and malign entity forcibly intruded itself into the complex life of our nation. A hitherto unknown but altogether formidable power slowly and surely assumed absolute dominion over our industrial, commercial and political systems. When this end finally came the people perforce gave their oli-

garchic master a name, and they called the all-potential hydra-head the Plutocracy.

"Loosely, but sufficiently defined, the Plutocracy is the aggregated wealth of the nation's rich men and corporations, thoroughly organized and massed, under talented, energetic and unscrupulous generals. These leaders advance the column along the whole line against the wealth-creators of the country, for the purpose of taking the fruits of their toil to the uttermost. The prosperity of the producer is trampled under foot by the invading host, and now the liberties of the citizen vanish amid the general spoliation.

"The Triumphant Plutocracy has destroyed the nice balance between the rights of property and the rights of men as they once existed, and now when issue is joined between money and man—the man is forced to the wall. It has changed the People's courts of justice into the Plutocracy's courts of law. It has made the legislative function of the Government its humble servitor. While under its subtle necromancy the forms of our popular institutions remain, their spirit has gone, and the United States is no longer a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

"The old-time theory that the only valid reason of being of a democracy is to do the greatest good to the greatest number of its citizens, has been put away and now its sole mission is held to be that of an umpire. If the strong and crafty compel the weak and simple to fight them on their own ground with their own weapons, the government must take no consideration of mercy, justice and the eternal moralities, but keep its eyes fixed on the rules of the combat as laid down by the Plutocracy and let the duel to the death go on. It is as if the shepherd sat on a stump and impartially allowed the wolves and sheep to fight it out—and if the sheep happened to be lacking in the matter of jaws and teeth, it was merely their misfortune and the wolves' legitimate advantage.

"The idea that the republic was under any righteous obligation to do the best it could for the well-being of the mass of its citizens is voted by the Plutocrats to be rank heresy. It is next door to that dreadful thing, Paternalism, which positively inculcates that it is the duty of a republican government to have a kindly concern for the prosperity and happiness of all its people.

"In the opinion of the Plutocrats only one cir-

cumstance more horrible than this could possibly happen—and that would be for Jesus Christ to appear on earth and inaugurate the millennium."

To sum up the case of ten million American producers, they charge the Triumphant Plutocracy with subverting popular government, and so prostituting the judiciary and debauching the law-making power, that the people can obtain neither judicial nor legislative protection from its boundless rapacity and oppression.

In free nations the citizens range themselves in opposing parties. This is but the natural differentiation between radical and conservative orders of mind. Most public questions, that have to do with changing or reforming governmental conditions, are not self-evident propositions in their manifest utility and wisdom.

They can be looked at from antagonistic points of view, for in all human affairs the greatest blessings come mingled with an alloy of temporary hardships and minor disadvantages. Thus when in a republic a new theory of governmental polity is advocated by the radical party, the conservatives at once join issue, and the

debate goes on before the grand congress of the whole people. In this affirmative and negative discussion fallacies are exposed, weak places are made strong, and thus the final decision at the ballot box registers the deliberately formed and intelligent judgment of the majority, to which all good citizens acquiesce.

But mark you, this proposition inexorably presupposes that the great bulk of our people are honest and patriotic citizens who sincerely desire the good of their country. With such a virtuous people all mistakes in policies and blunders in legislation will be only of passing moment, for their sober second thought will surely rectify all errors. But given this majority of good citizens and something more is needed. They must have the political mechanism at hand, through which their will can be transmuted into the law of the land.

The capital crime of the Triumphant Plutocracy against the American Republic is—that it has craftily and with criminal intent taken possession of the slowly organized party machinery which was built up in purer times for the convenience of the people in governing themselves.

This mechanism has of late years had a sinister twist given to it, and no longer obeys the hand of the masses for whose good it was created, but has come to be a malign engine that serves the privileged few at the expense of the despoiled many.

This treasonable piece of work can be charged directly to the Triumphant Plutocracy. It was a long time doing the task, but it performed it with a satanic cleverness, and the work went on simultaneously all over the country. It needed no special concert of action among the men and corporations which make up the triumphant plutocracy, for its common soul of greed, which is present everywhere in all its parts, furnished the necessary impulse. Its pirate game always was to get something for nothing out of the people individually, and likewise to pillage on the general Government, states, counties, and municipalities.

In order to do this effectively it must needs corrupt the official servants of the people, and make of them aiders, abettors and silent partners in their crimes. It bought, bribed and generally compromised them, until they became obedient. Wherever an honest officer stood

out against its blandishments he was met by threats, and if these failed he was ruined politically, for no man can now be elected to office in defiance of the opposition of rich men and corporations. The triumphant plutocracy thus established a "reign of terror," and honest men practically vanished from American politics.

This foe to popular government did more than this. It aimed a blow at the very heart of free institutions, by vitiating a pure suffrage. The buying of votes became the regular occupation of a certain grade of professional politicians, and the primary meetings were converted into the special forage ground of thugs, ruffians and desperadoes, which the respectable citizen shunned as he would the ante-room of Hades.

The Triumphant Plutocracy is now absolute master of the democratic and republican parties, and has gained that position by its skill in degrading and depraving human nature. It shamelessly cultivates the meanest and most vicious inclinations of men. It runs the whole gamut of infamy, from bribing a sot to sell his vote for a drink, to buying a statesman's "soul of honor" with gold and high place.

While the Triumphant Plutocracy is omnipo-

tent in the politics and government of the country, and dictates platforms and legislation at its will, it is equally supreme in the industrial, commercial and financial systems of the nation. It has so massed its forces into commanding trusts and great corporations that the wealth-creators of the land are absolutely at its mercy. It stands at a cross-roads by which all producers must pass and takes account of the fruits of toil they bear with them, and seizes robber-baron-toll therefrom at its own evil pleasure.

Republican freedom and a triumphant plutocracy cannot co-exist in the same nation. They are ever in irreconcilable antagonism, and an irrepressible conflict will rage between them until one or the other is absolutely annihilated. It is but our own history repeating itself; the essence of the coming climax is the same as that of our civil war, and again freedom and slavery are about to struggle for mastery on the American continent. God grant that those of us who know the truth as it is, and see conditions as they are, can by our influence make the inevitable contest a moral one, that shall be righteously determined, without the shedding of one drop of blood, or the falling of a single tear.

Ten million wealth-creators unite in bringing the foregoing general indictment against the triumphant plutocracy. When we say ten millions, we mean ten millions, and are not dealing in any fantastical hyperbole. There are over five million organized farmers, and all of them, from the old and conservative Grange, to the recently formed Patrons of Industry, speak the same language regarding the aggressions of the money power. Then there are at least three million workers organized into Trades Unions, Knights of Labor, Federation of Labor and Federated Railway men, who voice like sentiments, only in a sterner tone. It is a small estimate, and far within the actual number, when we allow two millions, for the sum total of the unorganized opposers of plutocracy. There are the artisans and other workingmen in thousands of towns and villages, also the small business men and manufacturers who have felt a pressure from above that is crowding them closer every year and have at last located the cause thereof. Then there are hundreds of thousands of well-informed, common school educated young men, ambitious to get on in the world, who when they push out into life to

make their fortunes, find that the old avenues to wealth and honorable careers, which lay open twenty-five years ago, are to-day mostly closed up, appropriated, and fenced in, and are placarded with legends to the effect that "Trespassers will be prosecuted according to law," "Private grounds, no thoroughfare here."

Lastly among this rapidly mustering army of the Triumphant Plutocracy's determined opponents, there is a host of late recruits from the great comfortable middle-class. These men are practicing Christians, with whom "The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man" are words of living meaning, they "feel another's woe," and cannot smile and be content under the knowledge, that millions of their lowly brothers, heirs with them to Heaven's immortality, are having their spiritual natures dwarfed and denied by a miserable poverty, that is a satanic fruitage of the evil rule of evil men.

These middle-class protesters against plutocratic rule and ruin are patriots with whom love of country is not a mere matter of money interest. They rejoice in their native land and would see its glory ever rising. They believe that the republican idea in human government

is destined to survive and conquer, but they also know that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and that while it is the solemn duty of good citizens to defend their country in time of danger, it is also their sacred calling to guard and buttress its free institutions from the assault of subtle foes. They know that in the prosperity of the mass of its citizens is the highest security of the State, and whatsoever batters down that tower of defence shocks the foundation of the republic.

These sentimental middle-class patriots do not propose to disinherit their children of "a land of the free and a home for the brave" by a selfish and cowardly passivity when the foe is massing his battalions for assault. Therefore, when they see that the Triumphant Plutocrats are bent on driving the country down to perdition in their mad chase after gold and power, these middle-class heroes rise up and bar the way.

There are only a few of them now, but their accession to the cause of justice and the people's rights shows a tendency on the part of the men of their class which speaks bravely for the future.

Now, right here, is a problem of problems for the solution of our comfortable, easy-going, contented and altogether optimistic middle-class.

If there were but five million hard-handed producers standing at bay against the Triumphant Plutocracy; if there were but five million honest and intelligent wealth-creators who declare that evil conditions are being unrelentingly forced upon them by injustice and oppression; if there were but five million free American citizens banded together and shouting as with one voice: "Our prosperity is being destroyed, our liberties are in danger, the Triumphant Plutocracy has well-nigh overthrown free institutions, and Washington's republic is no longer ours to leave as a priceless heritage to coming generations,"—if five million brave, honest and intelligent men do so stand and speak on this American continent, at the present hour, then does the circumstance constitute the most solemn problem that ever appealed to the people of the United States for righteous solution.

Will you of the placid middle-class deny it without investigation? Will you ignore it though the proof be pushed in your very faces?

Will you scoff at the inexorable logic of these momentous facts? Will you shut your eyes and be satisfied because you no longer see the portentous direction in which this mighty stream of tendency is rushing? Will you preserve the set smile of stolid incredulity, even while the whole sky is aflame with lightning, and comfortably declare that the storm will soon blow over and nothing be damaged?

This supine policy, in a time of threatening calamity, is a decided saver of present toil and trouble, but it usually turns out to be a fool's method of meeting an obligation that must be paid with compound interest in the future. The history of the world is full of such instances of national stupidity and deliberate blindness, but why go into the past, or visit other countries, when we have near at hand the most conspicuous example of national folly and punishment known to the chronicles of men.

God clearly intimated to our people that the National sin of slavery must be put away, but we heeded him not. He sent us warning on warning that we should proceed to do the task and thus escape punishment, but His call was derided, and all the multitudinous signs and

portents of the coming day of wrath met by denial and indifference. So the great war burst upon us and the people were overwhelmed with amazement, as by a phenomenon at once new and totally unheralded.

Again doth God cry out asking of men to do justice one to another. He proclaims the coming of a new dispensation that is to give fairer and sweeter lives to all his lowly ones. He asks us to put away the selfish savagery that now gangrenes our Christian civilization. Where in 1860 there was one warning voice telling of possible woes to come, there are to-day a thousand.

Shall we hearken to the prophets, and put brave and reverent hands to the task that now implores, and thus gain peace and happiness, or will we in sluggard disobedience do as the fool doeth, and suffer as the fool suffereth? Must God's dread scourge again fall heavily upon an arrogant and rebellious generation?

The future is still ours. Let us take up the work while yet there is time, for no man can tell when the hour may strike, that terminates our day of grace.

CHAPTER VI

NEARING THE DANGER-LINE

"There are virtuous and peaceful individuals, whose pure morality, quiet habits, opulence and talents fit them to be the leaders of the surrounding population. Their love of country is sincere, and they are ready to make the greatest sacrifices for its welfare. But civilization often finds them among its opponents. They confound its abuses with its benefits, and the idea of evil is inseparable in their minds from that of novelty."—[From "*Democracy in America*," by Alexis de Tocqueville.

These words of the great French publicist, written more than fifty years ago, have a deeper significance for our own country to-day than ever before. The well-off and contented, and hence conservative body of citizens indicated by M. de Tocqueville, exists in greater numbers in this republic at the present time, than at any preceding era in our history, while no other nation or age of the world can show a like class at all comparable to it, either in aggregate wealth, influence or numbers. This circumstance, which on the face of it would seem to constitute our greatest security, is our greatest danger, because it so happens that this huge and altogether comfortable middle class lies

prone across the highway by which an ever-aspiring humanity is marching upward to a truer and nobler life. Their stolid inertia bars the way, and sullenly pushes back the gentle and propitiatory onflow of God's mighty evolutionary forces, that at first tenderly solicit man's co-operation in his own uplifting, but which if opposed at last crush down and destroy in exact measure with the resistance offered.

Men are ever laggard in learning that God is master in His own universe, and all through the past scoffing generations have arrogantly built their Babel towers, thinking to scale the heavens and dispossess the Almighty One, but at the first breath of his wrath, their feeble creations crumbling fell, and the outlaws knew when all too late that they built but for their own destruction. God is omnipotent. He has a divine plan by which men must work out their own salvation, while he beckons them upward to where his deathless angels are. He sends a helpful stream of tendency through their hearts and souls that invites them toward righteous ways. Woe be unto those who through cruel greed fight against it. Woe be unto them who taking their selfish ease heed not the high call,

for a withering damnation that is of this world shall surely be visited upon them.

The potential American middle-class ignore the abuses which have crept into our industrial, commercial and political systems, because at the present time they do not interfere with their own particular prosperity and happiness. They decline to investigate as to their effect on the lives of millions of toiling producers, who now make loud complaints, and also fatuitously refuse to look into the near to-morrow and see that the persistence of these evil conditions must inevitably grind the present good fortune of themselves and their children into non-existence.

In their swinish self-satisfaction these middle-class citizens have lost their patriotism, and no longer have a lively concern for the purity and stability of our republican institutions. All is well if the present hour finds them full-stomached and individually unoppressed. As to any fundamental reforms for the benefit of the whole people, why, all reforms are novelties, and as de Tocqueville truly says, these men see only evil in them, because forsooth they might upset the existing *status*, which they are entirely satisfied with.

The great Amercian middle class is big and strong, it is rich in blood and solid in muscle. Its voice is public opinion and its will the law of the land. It is so powerful that it can do wrong and back it up, and if, as a logical sequel to injustice, danger shows head, its heavy heel can stamp it into the ground. But there is probably one force that its haughty self-sufficiency will go down before, and that is the will of God, which has decreed that the upward progress of the human race shall never be long delayed by the vain opposition of selfish men.

The Triumphant Plutocracy, which has by craft and corruption usurped the government of this republic, would cease its robberies and aggressions to-morrow, if the middle class gave the word. But it will not now give that word, because it has sipped at the drugged cup of the plutocracy until its moral sensibilities are narcotized and its reason perverted. The Triumphant Plutocracy is the most artful deceiver since Satan beguiled Adam and Eve in the Garden. It says to the contented middle-class: "You are in the same boat with us and have a common enemy in these millions of banded farmers and workingmen. They are possessed

with all sorts of radical communistic notions, and if they can, will completely upset the existing order of things. Your prosperity as well as ours will be swept away. These men who create all the wealth in the country seem bent on turning everything upside down, and therefore we plutocrats and you of the middle class, in our absolute identity of interest, must come together and defend our property, law and order, and this perfect and altogether lovely Christian civilization, that is so very good to us all."

This is the kind of devil's gospel which the plutocracy's newspaper, clerical and legal evangelists have been spreading abroad among the all too credulous middle class for years. They do this somewhat by open and direct announcement, but usually it is more subtly done by sly inference, implication and sinister hints. But the end sought is gained, and the middle class now look at the millions of organized American producers half in fear, half in hate. This is as terrible as it is profoundly and sadly true. We have to-day in this American Republic the awful spectacle of two mighty armies ranged over against one another in moral war. How long will it remain a moral war is the question that

should interest every citizen whose patriotism is not dead and buried in cowardly selfishness. These are not armies of men alien to one another in flag and country. Oh no. They are made up precisely after the manner of the rival hosts that only a few decades ago fronted one another during four years of bloody war. They are men of a common language, a common history, a common country, who will inevitably have a common destiny, whether the same be for weal or for woe, whether it be for prosperity, for liberty, for a benign progress as free and equal citizens of a great republic, or whether they all go down together to the democracy of death, amid the flames of the People's day of wrath, while their once common country makes the Niagara plunge into night and chaos.

As it was in the dead centuries so it is to-day. The citizens of the Roman Empire finally had a common fate, whether under the republic, the Cæsars or the Tartar barbarians. The people of France had one fate, whether under her Kings, the Revolutionary Committee, the military despotism of Napoleon or the occupation of the allied monarchs. The cup of misery passed no class by but all drank of its bitterness

to the very dregs. There can be no victory through force and blood; naught can come from it save universal defeat and overwhelming destruction for all. The ultimate fate of all the people of all our country must be eternally one and the same. The philosophy of history affirms it, and the will of the Almighty has clearly so declared it.

Dare you say that an impossible catastrophe is herein darkly hinted at? then are you ignorant that all the actions of men first live in the thoughts of their minds or emotions of their hearts; then do you know nothing of the immaterial forces which pushed on our civil war. We have now pitted against one another in moral war, on one side about 8,000,000 banded farmers and other organized producers, who challenge the righteousness of the entire *status quo* as maintained by your oligarchy of plutocratic rulers. They bring indictment against it all along the line because they claim that its injustice impinges against their lives at every essential point. It wrongs them socially, politically and financially. It invades their homes and denies their wives and children the comfort, ease and happiness which have been earned

over and again. A somber discontent broods in the cot of the toiler, and no hope of sure joy to come lifts the dismal shadow. Is this nothing, O ye comfortably circumstanced? Go down and suffer in that darkness and then deny its dread potency if you can and dare. This army of 8,000,000 men, who are both brawny and brave, have just fear lest they lose the substance of their republican citizenship under the rule of the plutocratic oligarchy. Love of liberty burns in their hearts and yet they see it slipping out of their possession. Every year they approach nearer the condition of political nonentities, and have no chance for a commanding voice in the government of the nation, because under the plutocratic political machines their old time democratic function of being governors of the land in which they live has been ravished from them. These men feel themselves wronged by a hostile power in the matter of their personal interests, and this evil influence ramifies all through the complexities of their social life. It limits their reasonable desires at every turn, and bars the road to pleasant enjoyments to which they feel themselves justly entitled. The Triumphant Plutocracy does this by unjustly taking of the

fruits of their toil, in many a specious and crafty way, through its trusts, railways, banks and other chartered means of brigandage. Then super-add to this oppression the shame and indignation which freemen naturally feel at being practically disfranchised, and you have all the sternest forces in the arsenal of human nature standing with tense muscles eager for defensive action. 8,000,000 strong men thus arrayed, and thus inspired by a common sense of wrong, is the most portentous fact in the history of the republic.

The self-seeking pretenders, who now masquerade as our statesmen, may sniff at it, plutocratic newspapers may belie it, and a luxurious generation may close their eyes to it, but there it stands, grim, menacing and terrible, and will so stand until justice be done or a crash comes that shall go echoing down the ages. The alternative of reform or ruin is now before us. If we refuse the one, the other shall surely compel us.

Ranked against these 8,000,000 are about 3,000,000 who back up the plutocratic *status quo*, because they find pleasure and profit in it.

It numbers all those who live by the law of selfishness, who never consider their neighbor, who care nothing for moral principle, and in getting on in the world have no regard for the well-being either of the present or coming generations, who give no thought to the future of the country, and acknowledge no patriotic obligations to it. If they succeed, they care not how many fail, and are perfectly willing to secure abundance for themselves at the expense of poverty to others. Many of these are coarse, beefy, unsentimental creatures, who know not their own vileness, while others are shrewd knaves with a criminal knowledge of their meanness, and still others by chance or inheritance are passive recipients of the benefits of plutocratic rule, and contribute their dead inertia to its defense. The other fifty odd million of people in the country are women, children or neutral tempered men who count for nothing in the game.

The destinies of nations are always determined by the minority that acts, and this eleven million is probably a larger proportion than usually appears in National dramas. Here we have them fronting one another in unrelenting antag-

onism, 8,000,000 on one side and 3,000,000 on the other. Issue is now squarely joined between them, because what one host positively affirms, the other as sweepingly denies.

How long can this situation continue? Not long, for irresistible forces are steadily pushing matters to a climax. Some solution is bound to come, for such hostile arrays do not dissolve themselves leaving the issue between them undetermined, and a final struggle for the mastery is inevitable. Because, mark you, these rival forces hate one another, with a hatred that is deep and dangerous. There is peril in paltering with the truth, and this is the truth and should be made known to all our people, that by wisdom, charity and brotherly love wrought into deeds the threatened evil days may pass us by. Our national atmosphere is charged with moral dynamite, and any accidental shock may give it physical expression. We will be overhung by an awful danger until millions of good men and women, with reverence of God in their souls and the love of man in their hearts, set resolutely about the task of making right the evil things now existing in our country.

This duty will not be a playing at work, but

involves stern toil and many sacrifices, yet it must be done and that at once or we shall do worse. It must be done even from the grossest selfishness, even from the mean instinct of self-preservation which we share with the brutes. But how much grander, how more like the children of God it is to do it, because the Almighty Father has clearly intimated to us that it is the way of righteousness, that marks the shining road to Heaven. It is the way of justice, mercy and tenderness, and leads to a peace and happiness that shall surely abide.

CHAPTER VII

PREMONITORY RUMBLINGS

"The actual state of Society, it is useless to deny it, is a state of war, of active irreconcilable war on every side and in all things, and at no period Perhaps has the great struggle, as old as the world itself, between fact and Right, fatalism and liberty, assumed a character so deep and universal as at the present."—[From *Massini's* essay on Carlyle's French Revolution.

Joseph Mazzini was born a modern Italian, as to the flesh, but his spirit was that of a Roman of the time and family of Gracchus. His blood flowed all untainted, from the corruption which centuries of aristocratic despotism has injected into the veins of the masses of his fellow-countrymen. In 1821 he took a sacred vow of renunciation of self, and devotion to humanity, and through more than fifty tragic years he kept it well. He was hunted out of every nation of Europe by the blood-hound spies of imperialism, but whether in exile, in prison, or on the field of battle, he steadfastly proclaimed the eternal unity of the human race. He declared that the cause of all the peoples is one, and that all reforms in their essence must be religious

reforms. Mazzini, next to Dante, was the greatest Italian that ever lived. His sublime soul could not be confined to one nation in its loving outreach, for his affectionate concern embraced a universal humanity. The generalization we quote was written more than forty years ago, and referred to forces and tendencies that were then working toward culmination all throughout the civilized world.

The words of this seer are peculiarly applicable to our own country to-day. There is now a general feeling abroad in the land that something momentous is to happen before long. All well-informed persons are aware that such is the case, but they shut their eyes to the terrible significance of the fact. They do not seem to recognize that this *consensus* of opinion is prophecy of the very highest order, and can by no means go unfulfilled. Either something colossally good or colossally evil must come of this to our country, or the atheist will have made out his case that there is no God, and that man's hope of immortality and belief in his spiritual nature arises from morbidity of action on the part of the gray matter of his brain.

Among our people some thirty years ago there

was an epidemic of intuitive conviction as to great events about to happen, and it was realized on a scale of appalling magnitude. But the mystical sensing of impending catastrophe in 1860 was faint and uncertain when compared with the positiveness and intensity of a like sentiment that is wide spread in our country to-day.

God gives to the brute subtle warnings of the approaching tornado, and his beneficence denies not to man timely intimation of perils that it is in his own power to avert. The Almighty never yet mocked a whole people by showing them a vision of inevitable doom from which there was no escape. This universal feeling, of half doubt, half fear, this wistful peering into the future, this vague dread of the unknown tomorrow is at once God's warning and His call to action. It bids the sluggard awake, and the selfish to raise eyes and look abroad among his fellows and see if all things are well with them. It tells the citizen to search his conscience and mark if he has done his whole duty to his greater family of the state. It declares to the Christian that his professed righteousness has the test of deeds before it, and challenges him to go forth and seek if there be work for his

hands to do among his brother-men; and its last and sublimest call is, that the earthly tabernacle of the Ever-living God has been neglected, that it has not been progressively enlarged and made meet and fitting for his use as the Father and Teacher of humanity, for what are all the institutions of organized society in their totality, the courts, legislatures, churches, halls of science, literatures, refining arts, usages of commerce, legal codes and social customs, but parts of a mighty whole, which makes God's temple where He instructs mortals in the way of immortality?

We sit around the hearth on a winter's evening, passing the hours in pleasant converse. A cry from far out in the night comes faintly borne. "'Tis the shout of a boisterous reveler," saith one. "Nay, it seemed to me like the scream of a man in agony," speaks another. "'Twas but the howl of a watch-dog complaining at his chain," saith still another, but all agree as to the cry, though giving it various interpretations. The only way these differers can arrive at a oneness of opinion thereon is to leave the warm precincts of the cheerful room

and go out into the darkness and make search together, but the task looks hard and dreary, so they do it not; but lie back taking their ease.

Only the other night and a great cry was heard through all the land. The devout watchers who are always listening for God's voice spoke to their fellow-men and said, "The Almighty Father calls that we must at once rise up and work to his bidding, or a heavy woe shall fall upon us," but the masses heeded not their urgency, and each man gave comfortable explanation of the mighty sound according to his mood, and mistrusted not his judgment, until he and all were swept away by the sudden avalanche of civil war.

Again do all men hear a deep menacing roar that goes on night and day ever swelling higher and sterner. Let us note how the leading class of our people interpret it. The Triumphant Plutocracy, serene in the possession of gold and power, makes confident answer, "The democratic lion is trying to break loose, he has been so coddled and pampered under the sentimental theory of government founded by your revolutionary fathers, that he covets every good thing in sight, and will trample down law, order and

the sacred rights of property in his ruthless quest after what he thinks ought to belong to him. We all know that man is a creature of progressive desires, and the more he gets the more he wants. In the healthful and strong governments of Europe the lower orders are so judiciously controlled that this aspiring quality has sharp limitations put upon it. The working people are taught to know their place and are made to keep it, they accept the station in life to which they were born, and all is well, for different orders of society hold to their own spheres and there is no friction between them. As nations approach maturity this tendency toward social stratifications that are sharply defined becomes more marked, and we see the upper class gradually gathering in and absorbing both the wealth and governing power of the country. Republican institutions *per se* offer no check to this inexorable law of differentiation, that goes hand in hand with national growth; on the contrary an unqualified democracy, thoroughly permeated with the old English idea of the untouchable sacredness of property, offers the best possible field for its free working.

“Given a republic that uses and venerates an

imported legal system that is aristocratic in its essence because it gives the rights of property precedence over the rights of men, and supplements this by a legislative system that never invades the financial, industrial or commercial affairs of the people except to further the interests of capital, and you have conditions that are positively ideal for bringing the "fittest" to the top in the rule of the Nation, and surely no fair-minded man can complain where everybody has an even show according to capacity and talent.

"But the mob of working people does complain nevertheless, and fiercely resents the inevitable results of a beneficent natural law. They will not submit gracefully to this beautiful shaking-down process whereby every man at last falls into his own proper place. They are all inoculated with that detestable Jeffersonian heresy which talks about the natural rights of man, and insists that it is the sole mission of democratic government to do the greatest possible good to the greatest number of its citizens. They declare that if in the growth of the nation, new and unforeseen forces rise up, that happen to be hostile to the prosperity of the masses, they must be crushed out by the strong hand

of the law. Now we of the Triumphant Plutocracy do not believe in this sort of absurd Pater-
nalism, and are for the continuance of a free-
for-all order of society in which the fittest sur-
vive.

"We will not yield to this grumbling of the
uneasy millions, but shall resolutely oppose all
their radical designs. We expect they will be-
come turbulent and break the peace, and we are
prepared for it. The judiciary is with us both
from sympathy and because the letter of the
law is on our side. The machinery of the Gov-
ernment is in our possession, the regular army
and 100,000 national guards are at our com-
mand, together with General Pinkerton's admir-
able private army, which is altogether devoted
to the preservation of law and order. This
independent force is peculiarly suited to our
needs, because we can order a company or regi-
ment of these heavily armed patriots on the
instant, which saves all tedious and undignified
application to Sheriffs and Governors.

"Then again these hired soldiers are cheer-
fully obedient, and will shoot down men, women
and children without asking why or wherefore.
We are determined to keep the quota of this

auxiliary army full, if we have to open recruiting stations in every jail and prison in the country, for it is observed that the well-disciplined graduates of those institutions make the best possible material for our use.

"So let the coming storm growl as it pleases, we are ready for it."

Friends, did you ever read much about the Tories during our great revolutionary war? Well, it is estimated that about one-third of the entire population of the thirteen colonies were Tories in 1775. The British raised loyalist regiments from this class, who joyously shot down their own neighbors in the subsequent war. These same Tories were stanch supporters of the crown and nobility, they believed in a form of government that gave special privileges to the few at the expense of the many, and scouted at the rebels under Washington who proposed to build a free nation dedicated to liberty and the natural rights of man.

We stand in admiring awe before those revolutionary fathers. What daring innovators, what bold experimenters! They would found a republic, indeed, when there had been none

known to the world since the almost mythical ones of Rome and Greece had perished nigh two thousand years before, for the Dutch Republic was an oligarchy, and the Commonwealth of Cromwell a military despotism in masquerade.

Let no American patriot despair of the liberties of his country, while the memory of those glorified iconoclasts of the Revolution is cherished in the hearts of our great plain people. They gave us a shining example of the blessings that can come through a fearless tearing down of evil institutions which bar the way to man's righteous ownership of himself.

Washington and the Fathers broke down the legal ramparts that defended chartered wrongs, and this generation of Americans may be called upon to do the same if they would save the republic.

Our Tory fellow-subjects of revolutionary times not only believed in and loved the rule of good King George the Third of blessed memory, together with all the aristocratic appurtenances thereunto belonging, but what was even more important, they had firm faith that the rebels would be crushed into the earth, and looked forward with pleasant expectancy to seeing Wash-

ington and scores of other patriot leaders hung, drawn and quartered as traitors.

Every one of the present Plutocracy's mathematicians, who are now busily figuring out the future of our country by the atheistic arithmetic of cause and effect, which takes no account of God's inexorable divisor that always finally declares itself in human calculations, would to-day avow that those dead-and-gone Tories did the sum according to the right rule, and it was amazing that the outcome did not agree with their correct ciphering.

Those long-vanished tories very much resembled people who are now living among us, and dearly love to be on the winning side. They liked to lean up against the obvious and self-assertive strength that goes with power and gold. With Boston, New York and Philadelphia garrisoned by Britain's red-coated battalions, while her mighty fleet went thundering up and down the coast, it was pitifully absurd for the half-armed and undisciplined herd of squalid rebels skulking in the forest fastnesses to even dream of liberty and independence. Yes, it was quite as ridiculous as for the great plain people of America to now expect that they can prevail over the Tri-

umphant Plutocracy in the inevitable contest which is coming nearer and nearer every day.

After Yorktown, when the humbled Britons sailed for home, a large contingent of the more prominent tories went with them, while the lesser ones who remained were glad to purchase toleration by silence and abject acquiescence to the new conditions. For long years thereafter every community had its families of tories, who were the objects of popular scorn, but at last the immediate actors in the revolutionary drama grew old and died off, and the sharp personal animosity against the hated tory was buried in the grave. But the principle of toryism was by no means dead, for it has survived unto this day, and is at last victorious in the land where it was once laid so low. We now call it the Triumphant Plutocracy, and it believes in special privileges which give precedence to interests of the rich and aristocratic few, over the rights of the poor and humble many. It dislikes free institutions, and would gladly see a government of the people, by the people and for the people, vanish from the American continent. If this is not toryism of the regulation 1776 brand, then we don't know what is. That serpent was

scotched but not killed by the Revolutionary War. It went into a comatose state immediately after that event, but it was warmed into life as the self-banished tories came sneaking back from Canada and England, after time had somewhat cooled the wrath of the successful rebels. When de Tocqueville was here more than fifty years ago he met rich American citizens who frankly avowed their dislike of republican institutions. These tories have increased of late years in exact proportion with the growth of a distinctively wealthy class among us, who in point of fact have absolutely nothing in common with the millions of our ordinary every-day citizens. These rich aristocrats travel in Europe, visit courts and are entertained by the nobility, and come to have a warm admiration for an order of society that is rigidly classified, and where the vulgar herd are governed but do not govern.

We venture to say that if the United States were raked over as with a fine-toothed comb, it would be impossible to find a single millionaire who in his heart of hearts really loves the good old Jeffersonian democratic style of running a government. He would like a republic, oh yes,

but it must be after the old Venetian order, where an oligarchy of rich aristocrats hold rule and all the rest of the people obey, or mayhap he would prefer one like that precious specimen on our Southern border, that is under the supreme command of the most absolute military dictator since Napoleon Bonaparte. And oh, how our capitalists do admire the Republic of Mexico, and how they do glorify President Diaz, a president, forsooth, who changes the constitution of the country as he does his palace guards, viz., by his personal order.

Please mark what a Boston Yankee, who is publishing a financial journal in the City of Mexico, writes concerning General Diaz, President of the Mexican Republic by his own individual vote: "We frankly declare that we have no sentimental preference for republican institutions, because the form of government suited to one country may be entirely unfit for another. All men, except rogues, like direct, forceful, energetic governing, and men who know how to govern are in all nations the rarest sort of men. Most fortunate in this age of universal talking and parliamentary gabble is that country which has at its head a man of action, guided by the

inspiration of patriotism and a lofty ambition."

This New Englander publishes his paper in the interests of American capitalists, all of whom "have no sentimental preference for republican institutions," and would gladly see the United States made over on the Diaz plan to-morrow. But gentlemen, when you start in on that game of imperialization, it will be well for you to remember that you are not dealing with a mass of ignorant and brutalized peons, but with millions of intelligent, liberty-loving American citizens, who have formed the habit of being free, and are not by any means liable to have their freedom taken away without striking a tolerably brave blow in its defense.

And still the hoarse murmur as of myriads of complaining voices swells higher and higher, and comes ever nearer, an ominous rumbling, as of fate's chariot, heavy-laden with dread destinies, and our comfortable five millions grow querulous that the noise invades their banqueting halls. They batten the windows and pull down the heavy curtains, but decline to go forth and see what it is all about. "Something is going to happen, very true, but when it comes to pass we will be informed regarding it, so why bother now?"

And the beautiful night came gently down over Babylon, and the great city delighted itself with music and feasting. There were strange lights on the far horizon-line, but none noted them save the gloomy seers, and these called them the watch-fires of the invading army of the great Cyrus, but no man heeded their words.

CHAPTER VIII

THE INERTIA OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

"Can it be believed that the democracy, which has overthrown the feudal system, and vanquished kings, will retreat before tradesmen and capitalists?"—[From "Democracy in America" by *Alexis de Tocqueville*.

The modern democratic movement had its rise some centuries ago among the countries lying along the Rhine. Its springs were in those free cities, which through manufacture and trade had become so rich and strong, that they either bought or compelled a measure of civil rights from the robber lords. Thus free institutions slowly grew under the fostering care of commerce, and the individual freedom of the trafficker gradually expanded into political liberty for the State. But the mission of commerce as an equalizer of rights and privileges throughout the whole body of citizens is over. It has rounded its cycle as a constructive force in the building of higher civilizations, for it has not the soul requisite for the tasks which now lie before an

ever-aspiring humanity. Desire for gain is its primary impelling motive, and the many and magnificent benefits which commerce has conferred upon mankind were necessary and incidental to the satisfaction of its ruling passion.

So now in this country and in these later days, it has come to pass that commerce, under which term we shall also include the financial and transportation systems, together with the great manufacturing industries, because they are all mutually inter-dependent, and are welded into unity by an indestructible solidarity of interest, has flung its heavily armed battalions across the line of march by which our American common people are moving toward a larger prosperity, a higher plateau of equality and a more perfect liberty than they ever knew before.

i This is a legitimate quest on the part of a people, for it is God's inspiration pushing humanity onward and upward made manifest. Whosoever acknowledges God in the universe, and accepts the fact that he has ordained a law of progress for man, must brand as heretics and outlaws all those who would erect barriers against the beneficent onflow of this divine stream. And this is precisely what our Ameri-

can oligarchy of commercial magnates are doing to-day. They serve greed rather than God, and would put the common people back as they were under feudalism. Commercialism has rounded its circle and has not only returned to where it started from, but has taken the place of the robber-baron that it overthrew. Modern invention has given to commercialism the power to take with ease all that belongs to it by right, and also allows it by the mere stretching forth of its Briarean hands to take that which of right belongs to others. It now occupies the position of absolute dictator to the working producer, and can autocratically state what his share shall be of the fruits of his own toil. This relation was quite natural with the mailed knight on one side and the naked serf on the other, but it cannot long endure in a republic where the working masses are intelligent and brave, without a decisive trial of strength between the opposing forces.

The stream of democratic tendency has swelled mightily of late years. It gathers momentum constantly and is always increasing in volume. It is like a great river that flows on with sweet placidity towards its ultimate destiny

so long as the banks are wide and obstructions are unknown, but let it meet obstacles or be forced into a narrow channel—how it roars and thunders in fierce complaint, and mark you, whatsoever is in the way is swept aside or submerged, for the flood is irresistible and nothing can stop it.

The Triumphant Plutocracy was soon aware of the growlings of the American democratic lion, because it had a guilty knowledge of his complaints, and knew that any change in the political status that came about through the workers' dissatisfaction was certain to be to the disadvantage of the Plutocracy. Hence it was early on guard, and prepared for defensive action. But our comfortable and contented middle class were the last to hear the hubbub, and even when the clamor forcibly possessed their ears, were singularly laggard in searching out the cause thereof. They were not concious of having wronged any one. They had not stolen any railways. They had not robbed the people of hundreds of millions of acres of land. They had not by collusion with corrupt government officials converted the financial system of the country into a machine for robbing the producers. They were not using

all of the means of transportation to tax the farmers more than the traffic would bear. They were not pooling millions into great trusts that controlled all the necessities of life, and thus established monopolies more infamous than those granted by Charles the Second. They did not maintain lobbies at the several State legislatures and at Washington in order to buy the style of legislation they wanted. They did not pack the judiciary with conscienceless attorneys who handed down decisions as their masters ordered. They neither imported ignorant Huns, Slavs nor Poles to work in their mines, nor did they hire Pinkerton thugs to shoot them down when they opened their eyes to the fact that they were being swindled and outraged. So why bring us into this row, quoth the well-off middle class, who are reserved for the honor of being eaten up last by the cannibal plutocracy. All these good people want is peace and quiet; they are reasonably well satisfied with present conditions and do not fret themselves by peering too deep into the coming to-morrows.

Our middle class, like those of all other nations, is in the habit of looking up to wealthier social superiors, rather than down to the classes who

are inferior to themselves in worldly circumstances. "The simple annals of the poor" are not read to any large extent, unless such men as Dickens do the writing of them. Moreover, our middle class is ambitious, this quality is in our American air, they would like to read their names inscribed in the golden book reserved for the undeniable aristocrats, and who should say them nay, when in less than a generation they have seen a man who started in with a patent mouse-trap, capture a quarter of the railways in the country, half the coal mines and \$150,000,000, and another go from behind the counter of a country store, to be dictator of the oil production of the world and gather in \$129,000,000, and still another begin life ditching on the railway, and retire with scores of millions and a son-in-law prince, while more than three thousand men have become millionaires during that time.

These facts make the fiction of "Aladdin and his wonderful lamp" seem quite common-place, and warrant every middle class American in hoping for a shake-up of destiny's dice-box, that shall land him inside the plutocratic paradise.

The newspapers through which the middle class get their information have either ignored or misrepresented the formidable banding together of American producers which has long been going on in our land. And now when 8,000,000 intelligent and free-souled toilers stand distrustful and indignant, not against the republic, because they are devoted to the democratic idea in human government, but against a Triumphant Plutocracy which they regard as a usurper in wrongful possession of Washington's republic, these newspapers suppress the exact truth of the great movement and through false or misleading statements prejudice their confiding middle-class readers against it. Once these same journals were the staunch advocates of human progress, but they are so no more. This change in the organs of news and opinion read by the middle class has been so slow and subtle, that most of them did not remark it, and so have adjusted their beliefs to it, as the readers of Rev. Alexander Campbell's publication did not realize that they were out of the Baptist denomination, until that clerical gentleman's argument had borne them unconsciously into the fold of his new sect. So there are to-day readers who

delighted in the New York "Tribune" when edited by Horace Greeley, that glorious champion of popular rights, who still swear by it now that it has become as aristocratic and reactionary as the London "Times."

What is true of the New York "Tribune" is likewise true of all the old rich and influential party papers, republican and democratic alike. Without exception they are in league with the Triumphant Plutocracy, and will defend its iniquitous privileges to the last gasp. These rich journals are primarily run as money-making enterprises, and the solid cash is on the side of the plutocracy every time. In fact these wealthy newspapers are part and parcel of the Triumphant Plutocracy, and hence it is not singular that they should be its champions. The bulk of the middle-class men read the same journals that their fathers did before them. They give these credence, and honor their opinions, because they have been in the habit of so doing from boyhood. Man is such a creature of custom and so slow to change convictions once settled, that it is not singular that these newspapers wield the tremendous influence they do. It would be wrong to impute deliberate dishonesty to the

majority of these journals, because it would be untrue. The present Emperor William has not a shadow of a doubt as to his divine right to rule Germany precisely as he pleases. Our American slaveholders did not as a class violate their sense of moral rectitude by holding men in bondage. Nothing is easier than for the beneficiaries of an evil system to be entirely honest in upholding it. We dare say that Jay Gould and Rockefeller consider themselves very proper persons, and are, if we accept their postulate that a civilization built on the "devil-take-the-hindmost" plan is the best possible order of society for humanity. So, considering the general infirmity of our weak human nature, we are ready to make excuses for these newspapers that are so hot in defending the Triumphant Plutocracy. This present array of 8,000.000 banded producers has been of slow growth; and it has from the first been the journalistic habit to make light of it, and decline to give it any abiding importance as a factor either in the commercial or political affairs of the country. Then again it is a new thing under the sun in our republic, and there is no ready-made rule by which to give it classification, so it is just as well to keep on belittling

it; and perhaps by continually predicting that this mighty host of indignant toilers will soon harmlessly disband itself, that much-desired end may come about. This comfortable theory has been accepted so long by our great middle class, that they do not appreciate the terrible gravity of the situation; and because matters are now moving along with reasonable smoothness, they decline to follow out the inevitable trend of events toward an ultimate Niagara-plunge. The middle class has great confidence in the Triumphant Plutocracy, for the reason that it is so rich and strong, so self-assertive, confident and masterful. It has positive plans for its own protection and easily tramples down whatsoever gets in its way, and moreover, whether right or wrong, it is the tenant in possession of our political, commercial and financial systems. It is heavily armed, courageous and aggressive, and any force that ousts it from its present holdings must needs be powerful. Then again, the middle-class people feel that any danger coming to themselves by way of the Triumphant Plutocracy is remote and contingent. It must proceed along the present line of invasion by which the leagued millionaires are gathering in

the wealth of the country. This process is a gradual one, and has no sudden shocks of terror about it, and the chance is always open for the wise middle-man to shrewdly look out for number one, and align himself with the invaders and thus secure a comfortable share of the plunder. All wise men know that the persistence of the present plutocratic regime means nothing less than the absolute extinction of our great middle class, but no individual member of that body, even if he concedes the soundness of the general proposition, feels that the threat has any meaning for himself personally, Oh no, for he has full confidence in his own wit, tact and forethought, and will so look out for himself as to get on the winning side betimes. The plutocracy drag-net will probably catch his neighbor, but that affliction he will strive to bear up against with true Christian resignation.

At the present time our middle class offers no massed opposition against the plutocracy invasion; on the contrary it serves as a movable breastwork that is pushed ahead, as the Triumphant Plutocracy advances all along the line on the producers. The middle class cannot fail

to know that there must be peril to them in the recent demonstration of the power of organized capital to absorb the wealth annually created in the country. They are aware that it takes a larger proportion of it every year, and where is this tendency to end? They know the Triumphant Plutocracy will never stop voluntarily because its greed is appeased, for its lust is insatiable, and it will crowd its advantages to the uttermost, even to the degradation of the masses, the overthrow of republican institutions, and the destruction of Christian civilization. And yet the middle class nestle on the bosom of the Triumphant Plutocracy, because they think they can do no better; there at least is present peace and security from radical changes that may bring they know not what. They are soothed to rest by sinister lullabies, and cower like a frightened child when their grim guardian whispers of an unchained democracy, with anarchy, communism, socialism, and all sorts of phantasmic horrors. Thus in this time of high crisis, when God's call to righteous action sounds throughout the land, the middle class remain passive, and in so doing throw the dead weight of their numbers on the side of the Triumphant Plutocracy.

CHAPTER IX

NATION-BUILDERS AND NATION-SAVERS

"What constitutes a state? Men, high-minded men;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
These constitute a state."

—*Sir William Jones.*

Political economists and students of the science of government are wont to apply the same general rules to the consideration of all problems which have a near concern with the progress or retrogression of organized society. In the case of the social and economic revolution now going on in our republic, they must, if they would study it aright, make an immense allowance for that potency which is born of the spirit of our democratic institutions. The data of the European uprising of labor will need large qualification before they can be applied here, because the United States of America is the only country in the history of the world where the demo-

cratic idea has had a chance for full and free expression.

But in this instance the investigator need waste but little time in noting the effect of republican institutions upon the very rich, for the wealthy class are pretty much the same in all nations, and are usually well able to take care of their interests under any form of government. Political institutions are to them a matter of secondary importance, so long as their property and avenues of income are protected, and they are held secure in the enjoyment of the power and pleasure that go with riches. We have in this republic at the present time a more numerous class of wealthy persons than can be shown by any other nation on the face of the globe. The mere fact of the possession of riches makes a strong bond between them, and this is now powerfully supplemented by a common sentiment of fear lest the sources of their rapidly accumulating fortunes be cut off by legislation that is radically democratic in character; hence the American plutocratic aristocracy is probably more thoroughly segregated from the great body of their fellow countrymen, than is the nobility of England. Instead

of having any kindly community of feeling with the lower millions, they regard them as dangerous foes, and would rob them of all power in the government.

If you seek among this wealthy caste the fair and consummate flowers of republican patriotism, lo, you shall find them not; for is it reasonable to suppose that a class concerned above all things for its wealth should fervently love democratic institutions, that place the government of the country in the hands of the mass of citizens who are always in humble circumstances? It is a self-evident proposition, that as rich caste would not be loyal in heart to a free constitution that provides for a government of the people, by the people and for the people, and our Triumphant Plutocracy has already made clear demonstration of its feelings toward the republic by striving to overturn it in fact while respecting it in form.

Broadly and truthfully stated, our American democracy is to-day threatened by precisely the same toryism which so bitterly opposed the freedom of the colonies of 116 years ago. There is not an iota of difference in the animus of these two widely separated incarnations of the

same evil principle, for both of them stand for the privileges of the classes as against the rights of the masses. So we can dismiss our Triumphant Plutocracy as being a legitimate outgrowth of republican institutions, for it belongs to monarchy and feudalism, and has no valid part or lot in a government built on the affirmations of the Declaration of Independence.

The American republic was founded by two fraternal classes working harmoniously to a common end. One was made up from the large landed proprietors, professional and commercial men, and the other from the distinctively farming class, together with mechanics, small shopkeepers and other workers. The prosperous and cultured first class named were sentimentalists and highly gifted with political imagination, they were God's builders and world-betterers who are providentially sent to earth when His mighty epochal tasks are to be done. Of these divinely guided beings were Washington, Jefferson, Paine, Hancock, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Franklin, Charles Carroll and our other glorified republican saints, who hazarded property and life in their free-will devotion to liberty and justice.

The beautiful unselfishness of these grand men was even more sublime than their heroism. Our internal trade amounted to but little at that time, because since the settlement of the country, England had pursued the greedy policy of discouraging and as far as possible preventing the manufacture of all articles which her merchants had in stock for export. Hence all the well-off patriots of the northern colonies were either directly or indirectly interested in maritime commerce, and the sale of American raw materials abroad, while the rich patriots of the southern colonies, and especially in Virginia, drew their incomes from tide-water plantations whose product was sold almost exclusively in London. Therefore rebellion against the mother-country meant for them an instant cutting off of long-accustomed luxuries, many comforts and the source of supply for ready cash. In addition to this surrender of material good things, they exposed themselves to death at the headsman's block as traitors, for the suppression of the Scotch outbreak of 1745 taught them the kind of bloody justice England gives to defeated rebels.

It was no empty jingle of words when the

revolutionary fathers pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor in defense of the young republic. Every one of these self-sacrificing leaders who so nobly broke the way for a higher civilization, could have aligned himself on the side of English rule, and gained thereby wealth and distinguished position. They could have been sharers in the profit which came of England's oppression. It need never have touched them, for all of its exactions would have fallen at last on the working masses, precisely as such exactions do to-day under the reign of our Triumphant Plutocracy.

But no, these divinely inspired men would not sell principle for pelf, but stood ready to give "the last full measure of devotion" to a cause that championed the natural rights of man. Now that all that is best in the life of the republic, for which they were willing to lay down their lives, is threatened, where are the citizens of the same comfortably circumstanced class to which they belonged? Do they spring forth in defense like true patriots, prompt to leave behind them ease, property and life itself if need be, in order to save the republic which Washington and the fathers "dedicated to the

sublime idea that all men are created free and equal." Alas no, they do not move; for the sneering phraseology of Plutocratic Toryism, which Carlyle truly calls "devil language," has not only got on to their tongues, but its blighting mildew has invaded their once free souls and they can no longer think thoughts that are of liberty. It is quite the fashion now-a-days among the plutocratic tories to scoff openly at Mr. Thomas Jefferson and his exalted teachings. A few years ago and they only whispered their hatred in secret, but now they have bolder grown and because their invasion of the republic has not been resisted, flatter themselves that the virus of a universal greed has rotted democratic sentiment down to a point where the people would give up free institutions rather than miss a chance of making a dollar.

And sad to say the plutocratic tories have full warrant for this belief.

A few weeks since and the leading daily newspaper of the Mississippi valley came squarely out and specifically denied the validity of the democratic proposition upon which our republic was founded. It did not skulk behind vague generalities, but audaciously assailed Thomas

Jefferson and the immortal principles with which his name will be associated so long as the word freedom has meaning in the minds of men. A journal doing the same thing forty years ago would have lost ninety-nine per cent of its circulation in a week, but we have not heard that the newspaper in question has gone into bankruptcy.

This is an infallible sign of peril in the air, and indicates that the inevitable shock of battle between Plutocratic Toryism on one side, and American Patriotism on the other is coming dangerously near. But, thank God, it is not yet too late for the comfortable middle class to join hands with the working producers and thus accomplish the salvation of the country. They have been juggled by the plutocratic tories into accepting the cunningly preserved mummy of free institutions, for the old-time living reality, and unless their eyes are promptly opened to the deception that has been practiced on them it will soon be impossible to avert the impending catastrophe. Let us hope that the middle class will soon come forth from their trance and do deeds worthy of their fathers.

While the easy-circumstanced class, that took the daring initiative for liberty and independence at the time of our revolutionary war, has grown lax in its patriotism, and by reason of an exclusive devotion to pecuniary interests is no longer vigilant as to the well-being of the country, the second great class which did the heavy work and hard fighting that made the revolted colonies a free nation, viz., the farmers, mechanics and workingmen, are as fervidly loyal to the democratic idea that underlies our American Republic as were their long-vanished brothers who laid down their lives for it at Bunker Hill, Saratoga and King's Mountain. And forsooth, why should they not be? We do not announce the fact as something odd or strange; quite the contrary, for it is of the natural order of things that the typical man of the great plain people should give all the love of his heart and faith of his soul to institutions, that secure him in the ownership of himself. The quest for liberty and self-government on the part of the toiler of the universal race has been long and weary. Since the first slave raised his bowed head and caught a sudden inspiration from God's free sunlight, free air, and glad songs of free birds, that he also of

right was free, many a tragic century has passed, but the vision of liberty that flashed in upon the soul of that unknown bondsman, far back in the night of time, was an undying revelation, for all climes and every succeeding age. It spread among the lowly as an unquenchable flame, because it was lighted by God's eternal truth, that once given to man works on until its divinely predestined mission be wrought out to the uttermost. Grecian Helots saw the celestial light, and facing their masters' swords, bravely died. Under it, Spartacus led forth his doomed gladiators defiant of the Roman legions and the awful crucifixion. German peasants and English churls at intervals of ages looked on the radiant picture of the fairer days to be, and gave their life-blood in very joy of it. When God breathed the democratic idea into the consciousness of his earthly children, it became a part of the immortal heritage of the race, and immediately began its task as the primary force in the spiritual uplifting of humanity. This supernal potency is destined to become at last the supreme Emancipator that shall free the individual man from all tyranny of his fellows, and thus remove every barrier

between himself and heaven, save those which his own perverted will may erect. The unrestricted working of the democratic idea would bring the largest measure of moral education, so that man, finally standing forth in the universe altogether enlightened and truly a free agent, could be rightly left by the Almighty to his own free choice as to his own eternal destiny. But man cannot be a free moral agent, and lord of his spiritual self, as God plainly designed, while Kings, Aristocracies and Triumphant Plutocracies keep him as an imbruted serf, so that they can rob him with ease, while harrowing up all the dark passions of his soul by their injustice which denies him the rightful ownership of himself. Any system of religion which affirms that there is a free salvation for man under these conditions is not only heretical but is guilty of sacrilege in calling Jesus Christ Master.

The democratic idea is liberty for man formulated into a theory of government, and there is an element in it which defies the analytical scalpel of the materialistic philosopher. This is its spiritual quality and life-principle. It is an emanation from the Deity, and impels man to deal justly with his fellows. Its extension

among masses of men makes the ideal republican commonwealth. Truly a most significant term is "Commonwealth" when reduced to its literal meaning, and it may come to pass, in some distant age, that he who first applied it to the state builded wiser than he knew.

As some animals, moved by a subtle instinct, cross mountains and rivers and at last find the habitat best suited to their development, so do the lowly of all the progressive races yearn after and seek the democratic idea embodied in government.

More than two hundred years ago the humble men of Europe felt prophetically that the American continent was set apart for divine uses, and eagerly sought its shores. The common men of the common people, how fearlessly they fought and how proudly they died that the young republic might live! And why should they not, when it realized the uttermost of their hopes for themselves and their children? It was the dream that had haunted uncounted generations of the oppressed, become a living fact—a nation consecrated to liberty, equal rights, and man's inalienable ownership of himself. What more could the lowly ones of earth desire? They asked for no more, and

were content. And as it was in the old revolutionary days, so is it now, and eight million banded toilers are to-day organized for the primary purpose of preserving this continent to a republic that shall continue to be as the fathers design it, a government that is truly of the people, by the people and for the people.

And yet these simple-hearted nation-savers, these men of steadfast loyalty to the republic, who have sealed their faith by their blood, whenever their country demanded the sacrifice, are now branded as revolutionists and workers of anarchy! Could there be anything more monstrous than this accusation? Here are men to whom a pure democratic government offers everything they desire, personal liberty, just and equal laws, a voice in ruling the country, opportunities for education, a chance to accumulate property and build up comfortable homes, and lo and behold these same men who live by the toil of their hands and whose labor has created the wealth that now makes ours the richest of nations, are charged with hostile intent toward Washington's republic, and pointed out as the enemies of law and order, peace and justice. It has usually been held

that the humble ones of earth, who only wanted that which they fairly earned, found in a republic, ruled by equal laws, their ideal state; and verily it is so, for no man becomes an enemy to democratic institutions, until their limitations stand in the way of his lawless ambition. When he would make prey of his weaker fellows, take away their liberties and hold them as his serfs, then no matter what lies his lips may mumble, he scoffs at the democratic idea and tramples it under foot. With satanic duplicity our Triumphant Plutocracy is blatant in its protestations of love for the starry flag of our republic. It pretends loyal devotion to the free institutions that it symbolizes, and professes loud admiration for a government of the people, by the people and for the people. And all this time the Triumphant Plutocracy is tearing down the republic far more rapidly than it was built up. It has invaded every one of its sacred places and polluted them. It has undermined the eternal moralities which must be the solid foundation of a democracy, and it now holds profane riot in our temple of liberty, from which the tutelary deities of the republic have fled in horror. And yet these plutocratic Imperialists, these aristo-

cratic anarchists, with a demoniac jeer brazenly charge the great plain people of America, who are striving to save the republic, with their own criminal intention for its destruction! Could the audacity of devils go any farther than this?

CHAPTER X

THE AMERICAN PRODUCER STANDS AT BAY

"A great nation does but mock Heaven and its power by pretending belief in a revelation which asserts the love of money to be the root of all evil, and declaring at the same time that it is actuated, and intends to be actuated in all chief national deeds and measures, by no other love."—*[Ruskin.]*

The mechanism by which the democratic idea is given expression in government must be sadly out of gear, when 8,000,000 of the most valuable citizens of the republic—that is to say, the wealth-creators, the producers of value by hard work, are driven to band themselves together for mutual protection. This circumstance proves conclusively that the governing power of the Nation has during long years been guilty of criminal laches, in that it has studiously ignored the ever-growing complaints of the largest and most important body of its citizens. This state of facts would be impossible under a true republic, hence ours to-day is but a base counterfeit and false semblance of the righteous reality that once it was.

Mr. Cultured American of independent fortune, we would like a few words with you—that is, if you have a spark of Washingtonian patriotism in your breast, aught of love for humanity in your heart, or mind enough to follow causes to their logical effects. If you lack in these particulars we might as well shout our argument into the ear of the Egyptian Sphinx.

Twenty-five years ago organized labor in America was practically confined to a few thousand New England shoemakers and factory operatives. To-day it numbers 8,000,000 workers and is co-extensive with the Nation. It has spread over every state in the Union, and embraces every class of productive toilers without exception. All the manual trades, the carpenters, the iron-workers, the cabinet-makers, the tailors, the coal-miners, the printers, the railway-men, the hod-carriers, the brick-layers, the stone-masons, the plumbers, the street-car-drivers, telegraph operators, waiters, grocery clerks, in fact all kinds of labor that either gives value to raw material or usefulness to the varied appliances of civilization, are all included in the list of organized toilers, and lastly come the farmers, the great foundation-class of the republic,

marching in solid column five million strong and more. This is the most stupendous event in the industrial history of the world, and has a social and political significance for our country that is momentous beyond all power of exaggeration. Persons sufficiently interested in the general subject of this book to have read it up to this chapter would have their intelligence insulted were we argumentatively to answer the insensate chatter of the silly fools, who can only see in this mighty labor movement the work of restless agitators, or a temporary attack of general cussedness on the part of millions of producers. Men of sense cannot give this grave problem any degree of consideration, without the inevitable conclusion that the causes that brought about this colossal banding together of the workers of the country are sternly real and terribly actual. There are probably to-day in this nation two million well informed men, whose comfortable circumstances lift them into a sphere of life where they have no vital community of interest with the workers, who have looked at this labor problem just long enough to get frightened at its appalling magnitude. It is so vast, so complex, so seemingly insoluble by

any known political or economic expedients, that they have turned their backs on it, half in despair, half in fear, but altogether with a dazed sense of their utter helplessness in the face of so monumental an emergency, and in default of an obvious way out they trust to the usual good luck of the United States in escaping disaster, or else relegate the tremendous riddle to the solution of divine providence, which is supposed by many of our devout people to hold this nation as a special charge.

The ancestors of our Hebrew fellow citizens took so much comfort in that same notion once upon a time, that they made light of the warnings of the prophets, and history tells us of the outcome.

These two million men dimly realize that the general relief demanded by 8,000,000 producers can only come through legislation of the most radically reformatory character. The law-making function of the Republic must for the first time openly and avowedly concern itself with industrial, commercial and financial questions on large lines. This must be the most important of its duties if it would deal righteously and effectively with the insistent labor problem.

Half-measures and paltry palliatives will only irritate; it must be whole measures or nothing at all. This is precisely what shocks our two million, because it is startlingly heterodox that the government should interfere at all in the business affairs of the people, in an open and above-board manner, with the declared purpose of helping the great producing masses. Every well-informed man knows that the executive, legislative and judicial functions of the nation have been systematically prostituted to the service of rich men and corporations. This has been done within the law and outside of it. It has been done in defiance of the constitution and against the plain rights of the people at large, but yet it established no precedent that the masses can use for their own advantage, because it was done under false pretenses. No matter how flagrant the violation of the genius of our institutions might be, the act itself was always carefully clothed in the garb of seeming legality, and thus sent forth into the nation. So now, when it is suggested to these two millions that our law-makers must go at it and plan legislation for the distinct purpose of helping the lot of the individual toiler and making it more

bearable, it comes as a proposition that is amazingly new. It is a radical innovation on old methods, and the first impulse is to doubt and sheer off from it. It is a novelty, and all novelties demand a wear and tear of the brain in order to understand them, whereas the established order can be accepted without any strain on the intellectual faculties; so avaunt! ye novelties, and let us alone.

Yes, the relief sought by the great commonalty in question can only be found by making material changes in commercial, financial and industrial institutions and customs that are now solidly intrenched in our social order. Why does this happen to be the case? It so happens because the forces that have to do with the business and productive systems of the country in the way of manufacture and distribution of commodities have multiplied their power tenfold in the last forty years. This has come about because we now live in what a thousand years hence will be called the century of invention. New discoveries in scientific and mechanical appliances have been rushed in on us so fast, that the old equitable status between capital

and labor which once obtained on this continent has been destroyed. Capital paid out its money to construct these world-transforming inventions, and has gathered to itself about all the profit arising therefrom. The old-time nicely balanced relations and well-nigh even strength that once subsisted between labor and capital are no more, for while one has shrunk to a pigmy the other has grown to a giant. When autocratic kings granted monopolies to their favorites, it taxed their despotic authority to the uttermost to defend them against the competition of surreptitious traders; while under our new commercial regime mighty monopolies are created that not only crush all rivalry with ease, but likewise dominate the government, where their selfish interests are concerned. Is it any wonder that productive labor, on whose shoulders the dead weight of this overgrown Capitalism presses heaviest, should strive to defend itself by counter-organization? This banding together of these millions of toilers offers incontrovertible proof of the compelling necessity which called those self-preservative societies into being, and their mere existence is enough to brand as wrong a social order in

which Capitalism is supreme. If our republic had been under the guidance of patriotic statesmen during these late years, the present organization of producers would be entirely unknown, for as the wise physician often tells a patient of threatened illness before he fully realizes the fact himself, so would high-souled statesmen, keeping ceaseless watch and ward for the good of the republic, have noted these gigantic evils while still in the germ, and have crushed them out by legislation before they had done harm to the toiling masses. This protective action was not taken, because the growth of an aggressive capitalism was coincident with the rise of the Triumphant Plutocracy to commanding power in the republic. It soon laid its strong hand on all the legislative and administrative functions of the nation. Its pecuniary interests could be best served by mis-government, by unjust government, by corrupt government; and it got just what it wanted by a wholesale debauchment of the official class that has the working mechanism of the republic in charge. The Triumphant Plutocracy is to-day the incarnation and visible expression of all the intangible entities which are the moving powers

within our commercial, financial and industrial systems, that through their enormous development now unrelentingly oppress the actual producers of wealth. Not only is it omnipotent in the business and government of the republic, but the Triumphant Plutocracy likewise owns the mechanism of both the republican and democratic parties. It dominates most of the great papers of the country, whether religious or secular, and inspires their editorial utterances with a hostility to the people's cause that leads them to shamefully represent the genesis, character and aims of this mighty uprising of the producing masses. Its malign influence crouches in the pulpit back of the preacher, and when the minister would speak brave words in rebuke of chartered wrongs, it stifles his voice. So today we have in this American republic a Triumphant Plutocracy, standing audaciously forth in its practical possession of the country, and claiming custody of the democratic idea, together with everything which the star-spangled banner represents. It boasts as its allies, law and order, the reign of peace, the social respectabilities and Christian civilization. And yet forty millions of men, women and children of

the toiling masses, whose prosperity it threatens and whose intellectual and spiritual advancement its continued aggressions will inevitably stop, brand it as a usurpation in Washington's republic, and denounce it as the universal foe of liberty and human progress. This would truly seem to involve a very serious problem for the solution of our nation, for if a graver emergency ever confronted any people in any age of the world, history has forgotten to make a note of it. Be it not deceived, ye optimistic ones who would make light of the present crisis, because this fall has seen tens of thousands of voters from the great plain people cast democratic or republican ballots in the state elections; they have done this casually from habit, amusement or passing interest. The contest has not touched the deep convictions of their souls.

Soldiers frequently play cards to pass the time, while lying in line of battle waiting the bugle-call to action, that means life or death to them. It is a way that humanity has of toying with trifles in the interim before mighty deeds. The hour has not yet struck for the common people to fall in ranks under the banner of the People's Party, for the purpose of saying them-

selves and their country by their free ballots, but the drums shall soon beat for the mustering, and then you may behold how the earnest patriots spring to a task that commands all the devotion of their hearts. If you wish for overwhelming proof of the minute, far-reaching and universal rule of the usurping plutocracy in America, it can be found in the radically different nature of the grievances charged up against it by the banded farmers and those brought forward by the wage-workers.

Here are two great classes of producers with absolutely antipodal environments, both of whom bring the same general indictment of oppression and extortion against the reign of capitalism, but when they become specific in their several complaints, the character of their respective grievances is ascertained to be almost totally dissimilar. The farmers are organized against a distant, invisible and intangible foe, whose invasions on their prosperity come through a railway transportation system, that taxes the traffic all that it will bear, through an evil financial system that makes money scarce, prices low, interest high and mortgages plentiful, and the great trusts and speculative

combinations which at one and the same time make him pay sharply for all he buys, and depress the exchange value of everything he has to sell. The American farmer, after many years of doubt and questioning, has at last come into a tolerable clear knowledge of his real situation, and knows that while these inimical forces are pressing him down, he is no more a master of his own fortune than an African slave. Hence this army of organized farmers, five million strong and more, who are now ranging themselves under the banner of the People's Party. They do this because they know of a verity that the only relief they may expect must be through legislation that is radically remedial; and this neither the democratic nor republican party will give them, because both of those organizations are owned by the Triumphant Plutocracy.

The Patrician caste knows full well that the political barometer indicates a coming storm for our republic, and it will be wise for them to remember that the American farmer to-day is precisely as were his fathers before him; he is brave, proud-spirited, independent in feeling, jealous of his rights as a citizen of a free republic, has never felt the shackles of a slave, and

never proposes to. His self-respect has not been insulted by the presence of a visible autocrat whom he knew was master of his fate. He has toiled so long in the solitude of his great fields with only the free air and sunshine about him, that a sense of his own personal freedom is an ineradicable part of his self-consciousness. Gentlemen plutocrats, five million of these men now stand indignant and at bay, against your aggressions. Do you think it will be wise to press your present advantage of them yet a little farther? May there not be peril in so doing to yourselves and the chartered system of spoliation you find so pleasant and profitable?

Turn we now to the relations of the workingmen with the dominant capitalism, and at a surface glance it will be a matter to marvel at how he and the farmer came to be fraternal allies, through common wrongs and a fundamental mutuality of interests. The worker lives in one of the hives of population, in a small house or a few crowded rooms; the farmer's home has all outdoors for its boundless setting. The worker is ever conscious of his boss in his outgoings, incomings and toiling. The farmer has no

monitors, save his necessities and ambitions. The worker has his wages doled out to him weekly or monthly, while the farmer pays himself once a year after harvest, and yet these seemingly alien elements have been welded into unity by the same capitalistic hammer.

When Thackeray was over here, he quaintly remarked to an American friend, "Why, your Yankee institutions seem to be so all-fired powerful that they have even taken the hook out of the Jews' noses." Whether or no the democratic idea applied in government has a quality that can change the physical attributes of man, may be a debatable question, but there is no doubt whatsoever as to its mystic potency in transforming his moral being. It promptly takes the submissive crook out of the spinal column of his soul, which was hereditary with uncounted generations of his serf ancestors. Our plutocratic Tories who claim to own all the coal, which God Almighty stored away thousands of centuries ago for the equal benefit of all his children, have had some sharp object-lessons in this particular of recent years. These coal kings met unexpected opposition when they strove to force the wages of their American citi-

zen operatives down to the starvation line, so they sent their crafty emissaries abroad into despotic lands where labor is most ignorant and imbruted, and brought over Poles, Huns and Slavs to displace more intelligent workers, who cried out and organized for defense when they were cheated and oppressed. This change served charmingly until the all-pervasive democratic idea brought enlightenment to the imported toilers, and they struck for fairer treatment just like ordinary Americans.

At being thus unexpectedly baffled in their swindling scheme, the coal monarchs became enraged, after the manner of bunko men, whose victim at the last moment discovers the plot and refuses to be robbed; so to glut their wrath they hired gangs of Pinkerton thugs and shot down the toilers whom they could no longer deceive and outrage.

A wonderful educator is this same democratic idea, and it has a contagious element in it on this republican continent whose influence soon reaches the most debased foreign worker, so that he comes into a knowledge that he is a man and entitled to the ownership of himself. Our aggressive capitalism which, if unchecked,

would never stop short of a practical enslavement of the working producers, utterly fails to realize that out yonder in the mists which hide the future, there rise impregnable battlements that shall surely beat back the invading march of their robber hordes. This strong fortress of our God, for the salvation of the liberty and prosperity of America's great plain people, is the democratic idea regnant in the hearts and minds of millions of brave, strong and intelligent workers. It is patient and of long suffering; it yields back until there comes a time when further retreat means degradation and ruin, and then it turns at bay and says sternly to the advancing foes, "thus far and no farther, at your peril." Unless all signs are false, we are rapidly nearing the day when this challenge shall be hurled at the Triumphant Plutocracy.

A republican theory of government, conjoined with a free press, right of public assemblage and a universal system of popular education, tends to make the working masses pacific in character and patient under passing hardships, that come through unjust conditions which they believe are either accidental or temporary.

Their pride of democratic citizenship grudg-

ingly surrenders to even overwhelming evidence when it goes to prove that their boasted inalienable rights and liberties under the republic are only pleasing myths. But let this bitter truth once get firm place in their free souls and let it be re-inforced by the hard fact that their pecuniary circumstances are getting worse and worse all the time, struggle as they may. Let them go forth with willing hands into a great, rich and undeveloped continent, asking labor as a boon, and be denied. Let them see the old-time familiar boss step up into the master, and then vanish in some huge corporation, where he rules them invisibly as a godless, soulless despot, whose only relations with the toiler are the atheistic ones of the Pennsylvania Iron King, who, when his thousand hands were defiling into the shop, remarked, "I don't look at them as men, but as so much brute force that I buy as I do my coal." Let millions of workers come to know that the governing power has somehow been juggled out of their votes and that legislative relief for their cruel condition is not among the possibilities. Let them come to feel that the courts of justice no longer offer them refuge from wrong because they have become a

part of the Plutocracy's enginery of oppression, when this time comes, and it is now here, look well to yourselves, Messrs. Plutocrats, for you stand on a narrow ledge between bottomless gulfs.

For years it has been the subtle policy of the Plutocracy to keep the farmers and wage-workers apart. It sedulously endeavored to make their interests seem as antagonistic, as the conditions of their daily lives are alien. It has striven to play their several protective organizations against each other, by making it appear that any benefit gained by the wage workers must be at the expense of the farmer and *vice versa*. By fomenting an enduring hostility between them, each would serve as a counterpoise to the other, their power would be neutralized, and the Triumphant Plutocracy could make spoil of both with ease and security. But its Machiavellian craft did not stop there. It sent shrewd emissaries into all these various societies of producers, for the purpose of keeping the members rigidly within their old party lines. It strove to cut each one of those organizations squarely in the middle, making of them

rival democratic and republican teams in a "tug of war" game, wherein they should waste all their strength pulling against one another. These artful schemes have served their evil purpose thoroughly in the past, but their day is now over. Members of the same societies at last perceive they have an indestructible solidarity of interest, and must pull together in all things, while the grand organizations of the farmers and wage workers are rapidly coming to know that as producing citizens of a common country, they must be eternally friends and brothers.

They now feel that their emancipation and salvation can only be wrought out through independent political action outside of the old party machines. Hence, the present uprising of the masses, and the fraternal hand-clasping of farmers and wage workers, as they rally round the snow-white standard of the People's Party.

CHAPTER XI

THE AIR IS HEAVY WITH A GREAT FEAR

"All the old abuses in society, the great and universal and the petty and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity and the herald of all revolutions. He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised."—[*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*]

This fear referred to by the Concord philosopher is abroad in our land to-day, and in particular does it possess the plutocratic caste, which is criminally responsible for the growth and continuance of the evils that now oppress the producing masses. But this fear does by no means completely dominate them, for if it did they would eagerly seek to make terms with the banded workers who now stand indignant and at bay. Its lust for power and wealth is so overmastering, that the Plutocracy will not voluntarily surrender the least of its special privileges, even under the guaranteed certainty of saving all the rest of them. The law of its selfish being will not allow the slightest concession in favor of

justice, right, or even self-preservation. It will fight to the last, and die striving to hold on to every one of its brigand charters.

Now vitalize this unbending determination with a lively sentiment of fear, and you have the most active, unrelenting and altogether cruel force in the laboratory of human nature, and one that slays and destroys without either judgment or mercy, when under the frenzied craze of real or fancied danger. If Robespierre had not been a coward, history would have been spared its bloodiest page. The "reign of terror" was born of his fear and unconquerable will. He was resolute to hold power in revolutionary France, and regarded all reasonable opposition as hostile both to his rule and life. He trembled with horror at his foe, but at the same time launched the bolt that killed with a firm hand. His insane terror gave the fairest and bravest to the guillotine, and the whole land streamed with innocent blood, until his own head fell under the avenging knife.

The spirit of Robespierre lives to-day in the Triumphant Plutocracy of America, with multiplied cowardice, determination and savagery, and in this fact is the supreme peril of our Nation's

future. If you would know what it would do in times to come, examine its ferocious record in the past. There has rarely been a temporary suspension of toil or actual strike on any railway or in any mine, no matter what the circumstances or how great and manifest the grievances complained of on the part of workers, that the plutocratic proprietors would not have crushed instantly by wholesale slaughter could they have had their will. In their relations with the humble toilers they have not only scouted their just claims as citizens of a free and equal republic, but have also denied them natural rights as fellow human beings. Their actions have habitually been those of masters toward slaves, except when this tyrant attitude has been overawed by the resolute strength of the strikers themselves. Arbitration, compromise and just concession, have only been granted when a solution by the rifle became impolitic or impracticable, for the plutocracy's first impulse has always been the tigerish one of gaining a victory by bloodshed and killing. There has not been a labor trouble of any magnitude since the great railway strike of 1877, that has not offered overwhelming proof of this assertion. When we come to entering up

evidence in substantiation of this affirmation, the very mass of the material at hand hinders rather than helps the task. Scores of instances of plutocratic atrocity crowd to the front and in the sacred name of justice and mercy demand a hearing. It would need a library of volumes, to tell all the tragic stories of plutocratic crime as they should be told, and even when the narration had so extended itself as to make a distinct school of criminal literature, the chronicles of the monumental cruelties of the Triumphant Plutocracy would then be only few and fragmentary, for they must ever remain incomplete, until included with them are the biographies of the millions of the lowly, whose prosperity it has pillaged and whose souls it has dwarfed. There is one place, however, where the plutocracy's demonisms are spread full on the record, and that is in the book of the high court of heaven, and before this tribunal of last resort no plutocrat can appear by attorney, but must make answer to the Omnipotent Judge in person.

It is within the knowledge of every well informed man of our comfortable middle class, that during the last twenty years the Triumph-

ant Plutocracy has pursued a career of flagrant, premeditated, and adroitly systematized crime against the nation at large. It has stolen over 250,000,000 acres of the people's land through fraud, misrepresentation and by corrupt connivance on the part of the government officials whom it bought. It has deliberately debauched our once upright judiciary both in the state and nation, and thereby secured legal countenance and indorsement for its own unjust claims, while driving the just ones of humble suitors out of court. It is known to all men that through these agencies the Triumphant Plutocracy has feloniously filched billions of wealth from the people at large. In the one item of railway transportation, by reason of its putting five dollars of fictitious capital to every one dollar of actual investment, and demanding and compelling carrying rates that enable it to realize a round interest on this bogus valuation, it gathers in scores of millions of robber blackmail every year from the productive resources of the country. This is not only a high crime against righteous political economy, but is a direct attack on the moral and material well-being of the whole people, and the nation which patiently

endures it is neither free nor civilized, and would meekly cower before an invading despot without striking one brave blow for liberty.

Our comfortable middle class, in its self-indulgent apathy and cowardly fear of reform, not only continues to tolerate these monstrous evils, but also strives to forget their existence; and it is entirely logical in so doing, for once concede their enormity and a manifest duty becomes instantly apparent if they would save their country from ruin; whereas by ignoring them of course no insistent task appears at hand, and they can conscientiously lie down and take their ease. If such be the nerveless attitude of the middle class in regard to the general crimes of the plutocracy against the nation at large, it readily follows that they would be blind and deaf to the infamous outrages perpetrated by it on humble individual workers, and so it hath been.

As heretofore remarked, the plutocracy has, during the last fifteen years, shown a blood-thirsty ferocity toward complaining workers in so many instances, each one of which was so flagrantly cruel as to be worthy of special mention, that we are well nigh at a loss as to the selection of a few particular cases by way of gen-

eral illustration. As this work is in the main a philosophical review of the causes which now threaten to make this American continent the theater of the bloodiest tragedy in the annals of the human race, specific details would be out of place, because the sole purpose of this book is to make the reader a student of the momentous questions in whose solution his own life and property, the future of his children and the destiny of his country are alike involved. So merely for the purpose of giving due emphasis to the foregoing statement, we will briefly mention a few cases, that in themselves stand for great groups of similar events. In the strike on the Gould system a few years ago, the Pinkertons were used with a ruthlessness quite characteristic of the wrecker who hired their services, and railway men were shot down without a shadow of valid excuse. It is declared by those who knew, that this strike was deliberately worked up for stock-jobbing purposes, and that the blood of the murdered strikers was by Satanic alchemy transmuted into millions in gold.

In the Pennsylvania coke mine strike it seems that the imported laborers were first deceived and outraged and then deliberately massacred

according to a pre-arranged plan. When peace was established by an overawing military force, the millionaires flung old and young, women and children, sick and well, out of their miserable cabins on to the highway to starve or die of exposure, just as chance might elect. At the Spring Valley mine in Illinois, owned by great capitalists with an aggregate of four hundred million dollars among them, the miners were without warning locked out and left to the tender mercies of cold and famine. It was at this place that philanthropic visitors found little children crying silently because they were so hungry. The Rev. Dr. Patton, of New York, who was recently in Chicago for the purpose of protesting against the World's fair being open on Sunday, has several millionaire parishioners among his devout flock, who were directly responsible for those little children weeping because they had not bread to eat. Plutocratic religion is certainly an amazing product, for if the New Testament is true we should suppose that these pious communicants would rather take their chances in hell than to affront the accusing eye of Jesus Christ, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

According to recent advice from the far-away state of Washington, the Pinkertons killed miners who were entirely unoffending and drove large numbers of frightened women and children into the depths of the forest. There in the darkness of the night, with neither light nor fire, with a stormy sky overhead and the wet ground for their only couch, two miners' wives gave premature birth to babes, brought untimely forth by reason of their mothers' terror.

If you would parallel the atrocities which we have but lightly sketched, you must leave the white race and Christian civilization and turn to the chronicles of the Sepoy insurrection or to the horrors of an Apache raid, and yet all these deeds, worthy of the nethermost circle of the infernal regions, were perpetrated by millionaire citizens of Washington's republic, that they might glut their accursed thirst for gold.

When our comfortable middle class read of these God-defying enormities they feel a passing scringe of pity for the miserable wretches who have been crushed by plutocracy's Juggernaut, and then, swiftly forgetting the awful agony of these lowly ones, turn with keen interest to a minute and circumstantial account of

the last aristocratic ball or garden party, and enviously hunger after the millions that would admit them to the gorgeous festivities of these favored Babylonians. Is it well for this middle class, which has so great a stake in the general peace and prosperity of the country, to forget these things, without first assuring themselves that God Almighty has forgotten them likewise? Is it not blind fatuity for men to forget while the Deity remembers? A violated moral law disturbs the nice balance of God's eternal equities, and the inexorable penalty must follow before the mighty scales of divine justice can swing back into place.

Shall there be punishment for the sins of men and not for those of nations? Go into the gray silence of far Eastern lands and find your answer amid the dismal wreckage of once proud cities. "For the spider hath woven her web in the banqueting hall of kings, and the owl keepeth her nightwatch in the towers of Afrasiab."

The New York Central strike of a year ago had incidents connected with it that should of right set our middle class to doing some tolerably stern thinking, unless they have in their secret hearts already given up the American re-

public, and now look forward with placid satisfaction to the advent of a tyrannical oligarchy of plutocrats constructed on the lines indicated in "Cæsar's Column."

In the first place the high officials of the Central road brought on the strike by malicious acts of injustice which were deliberately done with that end in view. When they had succeeded thus far, they called in the service of heavily armed Pinkertons who were already in waiting, in sure anticipation of the event, and after the manner of their thug kind these uniformed fellows took the greatest satisfaction in shooting down honest men and women, because it was rarely that these professional criminals had such a safe chance to glut their hate of decent people, who are their natural enemies. The main battle ground of this strike was at Albany, New York, the state capital, and it is a most sinister circumstance that the Vanderbilts, while knowing that the city, county and state officials would jump at the chance of using all the governmental machinery in their favor, and would even obsequiously crawl in the dust to render services which plutocratic gratitude might afterwards richly reward—with a clear foreknowledge of this

state of affairs—did nevertheless decline to ask the protection of the constituted authorities at the outset of the difficulty.

“All things in their order,” said these bloody-minded plutocratic conspirators; “the first thing that we want is for our willing Pinkertons to provoke an outbreak on the part of the railway men by the wanton murder of some of their number, then when the resultant breach of the peace on the part of the strikers attains sufficient magnitude for our purpose, we can go screaming to the governor and ask that he use all the military power of the state to suppress a labor insurrection that is so ferociously anarchistic in character that it threatens law and order, life and property, and the very existence of organized society. All of our newspapers will frantically take up the cry and demand the instant suppression of the outbreak, even if it involves the killing of tens of thousands of men, women and children. The timorous middle class, frightened out of their wits, will countenance the most merciless severities, which in a craze of fear they will deem to be necessary for the safety of their own precious selves. Under these conditions our victory will be swift and overwhelm-

ing, and as its sequel we can pick out and arrest every workingman who has ever had the least prominence as a labor leader, and can safely leave their fate in the hands of a judiciary that is as friendly as those English judges who, after the rebellion of 1745, said to the governmental authorities, 'Bring on the men you want executed and we will find the law to hang them by.' Then again this triumph will be a successful battle for organized capital in its general campaign against organized labor, and the prestige of it will strengthen our arms all over the United States."

The only reason this black conspiracy was not carried out to the letter in every detail, was because of the patient forbearance of the workingmen under outrages of the most cruel and infamous character. This triumph of practical Christianity was equally due to the self-control and sober sense of the strikers, and the wise and statesmanlike guidance of T. V. Powderly and his able staff of leaders. And all this time the democratic governor of the state of New York sat secluded in his luxurious chambers and never lifted voice or hand in defense of the democratic idea in human government which was being as-

sassinated within rifle-shot of the executive mansion. But why should a person in whom the political degeneracy of the times finds full incarnation, make a move on the side of the natural rights of man? The debauched senators of Rome, ambitious only for place and gold, continued to mouth their lying platitudes of the freedom and glory of the Republic, after the last vestige of popular liberty had vanished and when the nation had been for centuries under the absolute rule of a long line of imperial tyrants. Thus this governor prates of his amazing love and reverence for the principles of Thomas Jefferson, and yet sees them trampled under foot without protest. But what can he do if he would well serve his Presidential aspirations in these plutocratic times, when one evil look from the banded corporations would destroy his chance for even the nomination, while on the other hand the voting masses of the democratic party need not be taken into account, because the modern political machine has made them impotent? They are in precisely the same situation as were millions of Frenchmen under Napoleon III, whose suffrages merely registered the will of the despot. Jeffersonian democracy

is no longer an applied principle in the life of this nation, but its abstract sentimentalism must still be used to juggle the people, because it is the only stock-in-trade of the ambitious adventurers who are now helping the Triumphant Plutocracy in the subjugation of the masses and the overthrow of republican institutions. We do not single out Governor Hill as a man apart, but fraternally group him with Blaine, Cleveland, McKinley, Carlisle, Sherman, Brice and the whole list of recreant Americans, who pose as statesmen in these closing years of a corrupt cycle, which must either soon pass away and give place to a purer one, or our country will go down to destruction amid the most awful storm of fire and blood ever recorded in history.

We pick up a paper of the day and note these headlines:

ARMED MEN IMPORTED.

TRYING TO BREAK THE STRIKE.

NEW SWITCHMEN AND A GUARD OF DETECTIVES
ARRIVE AT PEORIA.

PREPARING TO FIGHT.

TROUBLE EXPECTED AT PEORIA.

**RAILROADS BRINGING IN ARMED GUARDS TO BREAK
THE STRIKE.**

Of late years these conflicts between capital and labor have been so frequent that they have become commonplace both to newspaper men and the public at large; were this not the case they would not be treated in the casual, matter-of-fact way set forth in the foregoing headlines. It is right here that the patriotic philosopher finds himself borne down by a terrible despair. If the middle class were shocked by this unnatural condition of affairs in a republic, there would be reasonable hope of its being remedied, and thus the universal catastrophe which is now threatened might be averted. But custom has so staled these ever-recurring strikes, that they no longer see in them the outcroppings of an underground force, which may one day burst forth, making of our country one tumultuous scene of ruin, and perhaps also one vast charnel-house. The present generation is largely one of unbelievers, yet it should clearly remember the stunning shock and barely averted disaster that went with the railway strikes of 1877. Discontented labor was then a puling infant; now it is a brawny

giant, and it were well to beware of provoking it to just wrath.

The main danger of these strikes arises from the fact that the government is criminally guilty in allowing the Triumphant Plutocracy to usurp functions which rightfully belong to itself alone, viz., those of keeping the peace and determining difficulties that arise between its citizens.

It will be noted that the headlines heretofore quoted contain no hint that the railway corporation applied to the sheriff or Governor for protection. Ah, no; the arrogant temper of the plutocracy is not in accord with any such submissive attitude. It will first try to have its own haughty way through brute force and murder, and will only call on the authorities when the Pinkerton army is found to be inadequate. The rise of the Triumphant Plutocracy and the rise of Pinkertonism have been coincident, because Pinkertonism, while not being a necessity under the law, is a handy convenience for a plutocracy that works outside of the law whenever possible.

When an American who truly loves his country and its free institutions reviews the history of

the republic from earliest times and at last comes down to the present epoch and notes the rise of Pinkertonism, he must be struck with horror at the evil circumstance. It is something hostile to our democratic theory of government and entirely alien to the "reign of law" in organized society, to see on this new continent a practical revival of *Imperium in Imperio*, of that which should be subordinate in a nation claiming lawless independence of it. This is but a re-assertion of the feudal barons' anarchistic franchise. Richelieu's iron hand crushed it to death in France two hundred years ago, but here it is to-day in Washington's republic, resurrected and endowed with a more malign life than it ever knew before. And yet our comfortable middle class, made drunk by the Triumphant Plutocracy's drugged wine, cannot see its monstrous inconsistency with our republican institutions. They cannot see that it is a dangerous foreign element, which must be expelled or it will surely make the nation over in harmony with itself; and this would be to transform the republic into a despotism. The Triumphant Plutocracy, with its Pinkerton private army, stands in deadly antagonism to our democratic theory of

government. They cannot long continue to co-exist in the same nation, and it is only a question of time when there shall be a duel to the death between them.

If the comfortable middle class will now rise up and take the side of 8,000,000 producers, which is also the side of justice, liberty, popular prosperity and national progress, the Triumphant Plutocracy and the Pinkertons can be overcome and disarmed by force of numbers and without a struggle. But if this self-same indulgent middle class continues to do as it has done in the past and gives the dead weight of its respectabilities, together with its passive toleration, to the ever-increasing aggressions of the Triumphant Plutocracy, our country will soon enter upon the blackest and bloodiest era in all its history. An irrepressible conflict is as truly with us to-day as it was in 1860, and the forewarnings of an approaching tragedy of national dimensions are a hundredfold more numerous than they were then. This conviction is to-day openly expressed by millions of lowly men: this fact of a verity we do know. We also know that millions of comfortably circumstanced people have a vague sense of a great impending change; they have an uneasy

feeling that some ill thing is going to happen—they scarce know what. Lastly, the Triumphant Plutocrats likewise know that something is going to happen, and fancy they have accurately estimated both its character and strength.

They think it will be a passing outbreak of a small number of oppressed producers, whom they can first hold up to the public opinion of the nation as willful breakers of the peace and then proceed to crush, as revolters, into subjection, after which a strong oligarchic government will be in order, backed by military force, that will see to it that the present lawless freedom of press and speech is placed under sharp restraints; and then the Triumphant Plutocracy can reign in peace and pile up wealth from the workers' toil at its good pleasure, and having in its own opinion baffled God's evolutionary law for the progress of humanity on earth, it may build Babel towers in order to dispute his rule in heaven.

That end is not yet here, but the universal doubt of to-morrow is, and that of itself is God's imploring call that all good men should be up and doing, so that evil days come not upon them.

CHAPTER XII

GUIDES THAT MISLEAD THE PEOPLE

"These power-units of wealth gather about them a clientèle of faithful, because well-paid, dependents, who speak, write and act for them as occasion demands, and who, by their wit and effrontery, manage to guide much of public opinion in behalf of their masters. Some of these dependents are editors of influential journals, who skillfully make the worse the better reason, and call evil good, so that honest-minded readers are found to be sympathizing with the unfortunate capitalist, against whom the wicked proletariat says such hard things."—[Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, in the "*North American Review*."

At this point in our work and before proceeding further on a course of investigation, where the shadows of impending catastrophe are destined to become ever more dark and menacing, it will be well to fearlessly indicate the nature and *animus* of those subtle foes of peace and civilization, who are now deliberately blindfolding the potential middle class of America, even while their footsteps tend toward the verge of an awful gulf that has death and universal destruction at the bottom. The first of these enemies of the republic is the attorney caste, composed of about 80,000 approval legal initiates, whose primary axiom declares that paper laws and mildewed prece-

dents are the most sacred things in God's universe, and that before them the rights, prosperity and happiness of millions of human beings become as nothing. These men give no recognition of the unwritten higher law, and deny the ever-living sense of justice which the Almighty has breathed into the soul of man. They are the stolid foes of God's evolutionary plan for the material and spiritual advancement of humanity, and will not co-operate with the Divine Father in bettering the condition of mankind, because their eyes are always peering into the murky twilight of the past, and never see the sunlit path of the grander future, up which man at last shall climb to nobler levels of being. And yet during the entire life of the republic this close corporation of lawyers has held an exclusive monopoly of making, declaring and administering the laws. All this has been done by reason of the confiding simplicity of the millions of the great plain people, who had a modest doubt as to their capacity of governing through men who were truly representatives of themselves, and hence chose attorneys whom they deemed abler for the task.

It is this manifest inconsistency of a democracy

being ruled by men whose interests are on the side of the wealthy class, which will always subvert popular government unless sharply restrained, that has brought our country to the dangerous pass where it is to-day. What is the attitude of the attorneys toward the present emergency? Just what you would expect from a body of men whose ideal state is to become the high-salaried counsel of a big corporation. They deny the emergency, in the first place, and would minimize the present uprising of 8,000,000 banded toilers, into the passing and inconsequential grumbling of the lower orders, whom our democratic theory of government predisposes to a groundless discontent with their present condition, no matter what it may be. The average lawyer can in fifteen minutes dispose, to his own satisfaction, of every one of the vexing problems which are keeping patriotic thinkers awake nights, and he will do it on flimsy quibbles and shallow special pleas that should be rejected on sight by a normally upright mind, as being totally insufficient. This comes about because the lawyer never considers the abstract righteousness of things, but will always do with a clear conscience that which is permissible under the letter of the law, no matter how

much it may violate its spirit. A case in point occurs to us as showing how obtuse attorneys are to the obligation of civic morality. A Chicago lawyer of high eminence, and one whose social and professional purity has given him a reputation as a legal Chevalier Bayard, without fear and without reproach, bought some lots of the Presbyterian Church of which he is an honored member. A friend remarked to him, "Your taxes will be high, as that property is valuable." "Oh, no, they will not," he remarked with a superior smile, "the church, you see, pays no taxes at all on this real estate, so that I will not have my deed recorded until I get ready to sell the lots."

You might as well try to convince a Digger Indian that stealing is wrong *per se*, as to hope to impress this distinguished attorney with the conception that he was guilty of a misdemeanor as a citizen toward the state through his action. He was in fact robbing the commonwealth of its due under the law, and yet these lawyers, who look on all social and economic questions from the selfish and intellectual standpoint, and never from the moral and spiritual side, wield a tremendous influence on the public opinion of our middle class, and are now sedulously engaged in

administering opiates to their partially awakened comprehensions. The middle class has at last come to doubt whether all matters are precisely perfect in our country at the present time. They are not altogether certain that Jay Gould's fortune is a beautiful result of our free and equal republican institutions and merely goes to show what the grand and glorious country we live in can do in the way of rewarding honest business enterprise on the part of its citizens. In these moments of timorous questioning, Mr. Brisk Attorney steps up with his complacent smile and confident manner, and by a plethora of legal jargon and sophistical reasoning proves to the middle class man, who is all too ready to be convinced, that the situation of our republic is exceptionally blessed, and that any dream of possible danger is due to moral dyspepsia. The legal gentleman may be quite sincere in his argument, because self-interest is a potent special pleader, and the lawyers as a class have a dim suspicion that the radical changes which might come about by reason of the present uprising of the producers, would bode no good to the lucrative franchises now enjoyed by their favored guild.

The ministers of the country through their utterances probably deal out still more deadly soporifics to the middle class than do the lawyers, for they speak *ex cathedra* as regularly constituted religious oracles. They carry the entire lot of industrial and political problems, whose worrying complexities are now the subject of profound concern with the productive classes, into the domain of Christian morals, where they claim rule as exclusive experts. There they presumably cogitate seriously upon these questions, but it is noted that after an exceedingly brief stay behind the veil of the inner sanctuary, where no unconsecrated foot may tread, they come forth and announce authoritatively, that the relations between capital and labor in this republic would be the perfection of righteousness but for certain anarchistic and socialistic tendencies on the part of the impious working people. Thus do they soothe the troubled consciences of the more spiritual portion of the laity to pleasant slumber. It does not disturb the soundness of our general statement regarding the clergy that such noble souls as Rev. Lyman Abbott, Heber Newton, Father Huntington and the late Dr. Howard Crosby long since saw and denounced the cruel

enormities which an aggressive capitalism perpetrates on the lowly toilers. The pity and marvel of it is that only here and there can a minister be picked out from among tens of thousands of professed teachers of holy things, who preaches the gospel of charity and justice, as taught and practiced by Jesus Christ, and which is but spurious and of false pretension unless made manifest in loving deeds.

There are only a few instances in history where the whole body of a clergy stood out against the established order and antagonized the strong and rich powers that were, and these instances are quite readily accounted for. The early Christians, who worshiped in the Catacombs of Rome, naturally created ministers from themselves, who suffered martyrdom and died with them. The same is also true of the Covenanters in Scotland, the Cromwellians in England, and the patriotic divines who helped the rebels during our revolutionary war. All these merely went with their flocks. It was observed during the anti-slavery crusade prior to our civil war that the majority of the members of a church frequently got squarely into abolitionism, before the laggard pastor had fairly stopped picking out

scripture texts to prove that human slavery was right because ordained by God. It can be laid down as a broad general rule, that where the clerical gentlemen are honored and well provided for, under an order of society that is satisfactory to a majority of their congregations, they rarely take a radical initiative in righting existing wrongs, no matter how hostile these may be to the spirit of that Christianity of which they are the accredited expounders.

So we find to-day that our clergy, having deafened their own ears to the piteous cry of lowly humanity, are using the salve of a perverted religious logic to stop up those of the laity who otherwise might hear and heed the plaint and wailing which now rises ever louder and louder throughout the land.

Lastly we come to the most malignly powerful of all the agencies which, consciously or unconsciously, are keeping the middle class deceived as to the actual state of the country, viz., the newspapers and periodicals which defend the present order because they find profit in so doing.

The attitude of these publications toward the Triumphant Plutocracy with which they are

leagued in interest is much the same as that of a favored jester in a mediæval court. His biting quip touched my lord, my lady, the duke, the cardinal and even the sacred majesty of the king himself, revealing, satirizing and rebuking foibles, vices and crimes, and yet we are not told that the frankness of this merry gentleman reformed much of anything in particular, still less did his candor endanger the existence of evil institutions which made his life so easy and full of enjoyment.

Our great daily newspapers, together with the influential religious and agricultural weeklies, make a brave show of attacking the abuses which have grown up under the rule of the Triumphant Plutocracy. They will take hold of Jay Gould and verbally castigate him without mercy, refer in scathing terms to the colossal rascalities of the Standard Oil Trust, and then turn to an admiring clientele of readers and say, "Mark our fearlessness and independence; behold how valiantly we march up to the great red dragon and pull his whiskers! Rest in peace; the nation is entirely safe while we are on guard!"

Doubtless many of these journals are largely self-deluded and imagine they are free agents, while in point of fact they are chained fast to

the triumphal car of the plutocracy through an inexorable self-interest that overmasters all patriotic and humane considerations. The craftiest art in conception, conjoined to the most diabolical dexterity in construction, could not have produced a piece of juggling mechanism better calculated to beguile the middle class of all fear for the future and at the same time make them accept a pleasant seeming for the dangerous reality of our country's condition than these aggregated newspapers and periodicals, which boldly criticize the Triumphant Plutocracy on minor issues and surface manifestations, and yet defend it to the limit when its evil vital principle is seriously threatened.

Fifty years ago it frequently happened that the editorial columns of leading journals took place ahead of the news columns in the appreciation of readers. This is not true now of any daily paper in the United States. Twenty-five years ago it was true of the New York "Tribune," "Times," "World," Springfield "Republican," Albany "Evening Journal," Chicago "Tribune," Cincinnati "Commercial," St. Louis "Democrat," Chicago "Times," St. Louis "Republican," and other journals of influence in the smaller cities of the

country. During the last quarter of a century times have much changed, and the typical middle class American has changed with them. Where his cast of mind was once provincial it is now cosmopolitan. The influence on him of editorial opinion, though still powerful, has lost by one-half, while the news columns have increased their potency tenfold. The daily newspaper is with the middle class man morning, night and Sundays, and through it he takes his main outlook on the world. His business and social affairs so compel him that he cannot give the time to investigate below the surface of things and see if there be not new facts and phenomena in our political life, which the newspapers only scantily mention. It is hardly possible to conceive that any essential information is omitted, when the papers are packed so full of news that it is utterly out of the question for him to read and accurately comprehend the nature and tendency of all the leading public events of a commercial, social or governmental character, which continually crowd themselves on his notice. He is proudly conscious of living in a great age and country. What a rushing, upbuilding time this is, to be sure! Vast enterprises going on, wealth being piled up as

never before, organized society expanding on every side, the mighty constructive forces of civilization working with ever-increasing power and energy! What a big, strong nation it is with its tremendous activities and haughty consciousness of full sufficiency for any labor or any danger! The idea that overwhelming disaster can come to so massive a republic in the near future is monumentally absurd, to our middle class man of to-day

Go back to 1860 and inform Robert Toombs and Jefferson Davis that their brave and masterful southland will be laid very low in its daring attempt to dominate the North American continent. How often in the chronicles of the past do we note that in the very hour of a nation's most audacious self-confidence, an unseen hand lets loose destroying forces that mock its vain ambitions and humble its pride into the dust!

It is an established fact that the flourishing newspapers of the land, which find their interests particularly well served by the Triumphant Plutocracy, have until very recently pushed a "campaign of silence" against the uprising of the

producing masses of America. In the case of the banding together of the factory, shop, railway and mine operatives, certain tragic events have from time to time brought the fact of these organizations into such prominence that the daily newspapers could not ignore them. Then it became their systematic policy to belittle their strength and hold the general purpose of these labor societies up to the ridicule, contempt and moral reprobation of the well-off and so-called respectable classes, who make public opinion for the nation. These newspapers have habitually talked down at the banded workers of the country, as if they were not only an inferior order of human beings but were also the victims of vicious impulses altogether unknown among the better classes. They have not considered their claims and grievances from the standpoint of a common humanity, but set them apart as beings of an alien class, whose hopes and aspirations could not be judged by the standards applied to cultured and refined people. By hint, innuendo and direct assertion they have conveyed the impression that this vast swarm of grimy workers constitutes a dangerous element in the republic, whose possible ravages must be secretly but carefully guarded against.

The newspapers in question have done this, are still doing it, and by so doing prove themselves the enemies of justice and human progress. They fail to realize the dangers of their course, for if they did they would no longer pursue it. In denying the legitimacy of these associations of banded toilers, and by scouting at the reasonable reforms they ask, they are urging the country toward one of two terrible eventualities, which must soon come to pass—either the Triumphant Plutocracy will practically overthrow republican institutions, and rear an oligarchy that will be run according to Russian methods, or a great upheaval will take place on the part of the foundation class of society that will shake this nation to its center. These same journals in their treatment of the great farmer movement have been equally sly, secretive and pusillanimous. For years they practically gave no news about it, and yet the organizing of the farmer hosts went steadily on and on, until now more than five millions of them are banded together for offensive and defensive political action. The daily journals buried all tidings of this mighty rural uprising from their readers, until the elections in the Western states last fall proved conclusively that

the "campaign of silence" was futile; a change of base on the part of over 100,000 republican farmer voters of Kansas could not be hidden. Then the plutocratic papers deliberately belittled and misrepresented the causes which led up to the event. After lifting the curtain a moment and letting their readers see the picture under the distorted light they cast upon it, the canvas was dropped again, and now the only tidings city readers get of this colossal movement of the tillers of the soil, is that it is dying out by reason of the good crops (which have mostly been absorbed by the Shylocks and speculators) whereas the actual fact is that the marshaling of the farmers is going on as never before; they are recruiting, mustering and drilling all over agricultural America, as unbelievers will find out when next year comes. It is observable that there has of late been a startling change of policy on the part of the plutocratic press toward the farmers. When they thought that these farmer societies would soon dissipate themselves and die out, no words were too honied for their use in speaking of the American agriculturist. He was an honest farmer, the bone and sinew of the nation, the friend of law and order, the sure hope of the

republic in time of disaster; and five years ago a millionaire said to the writer, "If these city workmen become turbulent we will bring the farmers up here and kill them off." We suggest Kansas as a good recruiting ground for this gentleman.

But very recently all this adulation, admiration and fulsome panegyric has ceased. It is found that the farmers refuse to disband, but are mustering to fight the Triumphant Plutocracy at the ballot-box, and, oh, what vile and utterly naughty fellows these erstwhile charming tillers of the soil have become, and the columns of the plutocratic papers teem with slurs and insults leveled at them. And, what is more rasping and humiliating than all else, some of these immensely rich journals take a lofty and condescending tone, and give cheap Pecksniffian advice to the farmers, talking to them as if they were addressing a lot of sullen ignoramuses or bad children who had no just idea as to their own rights or wrongs, but who as a matter of policy might first be coaxed before an attempt was made to drive them.

Any one who is aware of the innate sensitiveness of the American farmer to insult, ought to

know what the inevitable result of that course of treatment will be—5,000,000 of them stand now at bay against the usurpation of the Triumphant Plutocracy. This ought to constitute a tolerably serious problem for our great middle class, and though the artful hoodwinking of the legal, clerical and editorial lackeys may hide it from sight, it is still there just the same, and full of menace to institutions that are now being run on unrighteous lines.

CHAPTER XIII

SYMPTOMS OF ORGANIC DISEASE

"The want of serious and sustained thinking is not confined to politics. One feels it even more as regards economical and social questions. To it must be ascribed the vitality of certain prejudices and fallacies which could scarcely survive the continuous application of such vigorous minds as one finds among the Americans. Their quick perceptions serve them so well in business, and in the ordinary affairs of private life, that they do not feel the need for minute investigation and patient reflection on the underlying principles of things. They are apt to ignore difficulties, and when they can no longer ignore them, they will evade them, rather than lay siege to them according to the rules of art."—[From "*The American Commonwealth*," by JAMES BRYCE, *Member of Parliament*.

Prof. Bryce, from whom we quote, came over here a few years ago and made an exhaustive study of the American republic. He brought to the task a cultured mind, rare philosophical attainments, a thorough literary training and the skill of a practiced investigator in the realm of social and political phenomena. In essaying this toil it is not improbable that the distinguished English publicist had clearly in view the masterly work done by his great predecessor de Tocqueville in precisely the same field. A half century had passed since the eminent Frenchman gave the world his powerful and profound summing up of the status of democracy in America,

and what a half century it had been!—there is none other comparable to it in the history of mankind. The United States had concentrated the ordinary growth and experiences of decades into years. It had lived its national life with unexampled rapidity, and while in governmental externals it remained essentially the same as in 1833 its social and economic body had undergone greater structural changes than came to that of the Roman republic during the hundreds of years between the death of Brutus and the rise of Constantine. Prof. Bryce found his task at a most happy season for the philosopher who would write instructively of America, for the benefit of coming generations of students and thinkers. The republic had already entered upon one of those climacteric periods of transition, which either bring in an era of larger and richer development, or else turn a nation decisively downward toward decay and dissolution.

If de Tocqueville had been privileged to enjoy the opportunities so bounteously offered to Prof. Bryce, we may be sure that the political diagnostician whose genius foretold the French Revolution of 1848 would have affirmed tremendous internal potencies from the surface manifestations

which Prof. Bryce passed as inconsequential. Sixty years ago not a single constructive element, or formative force then present in the body of the republic, escaped the microscopic eye and definitive analysis of Monsieur de Tocqueville. He pointed out possible phases of combination between them, and indicated future results, until such time as the appearance of new and overmastering powers might neutralize or divert their logical tendencies. As Benjamin Franklin could not foresee the changed character of civilization when under the then undiscovered applications of steam and electricity, so de Tocqueville failed to spy out the transforming agencies that were destined to intrude themselves into the complex life of the republic when the modern corporation should rise like a malign colossus and take supreme rule in the nation. At the time of the French publicist's visit there was not even a hint of the germ out of which the most fantastical imagination could have called an air-drawn vision of our present Triumphant Plutocracy, but when the English publicist came, threescore years later, it had not only come into being but was in command of the republic whose fundamental institutions it had well nigh subverted. And yet Prof.

Bryce saw it not, because he was dominated by the hereditary prepossessions of a well-born Englishman in favor of the rule of the classes over the masses, while de Tocqueville, as a firm believer in the ultimate triumph of the democratic idea in human government, would naturally look sharply after evil conditions which might delay that sublime finality.

Bryce deemed that representative government had done its perfect work when the landed, commercial and professional classes were made secure in all needed rights and privileges. De Tocqueville, on the other hand, would not have been content until the blessings of liberty and free institutions were extended to the lowliest toiler in the land. Prof. Bryce made his American observation from the vantage ground of club-house windows and rich men's drawing-rooms, and it is not surprising that he wrote a work entirely pleasing to the plutocracy. He scored the political corruption that was rife in our municipalities, state legislatures and national Congress; but that was nothing new, for the American people had long known the facts, had grown callous to their shame and seemed willing to patiently endure them for all future time.

The plutocrats who did not go into active politics themselves, at once laughed at and made use of official rascality for their own financial advantage. It was largely of their own creation, and they had sedulously fostered the rule of villainy in all departments of the government. Hence they were not sensitive to Prof. Bryce's criticism of agencies they themselves despised, so long as he did not turn his fire on the brigand charters and unholy franchises which were their special property. Prof. Bryce casually notes the fact of the existence of gigantic trusts, syndicates and corporations, but neither indicts them as unjust nor regards them as dangerous to the general prosperity of the republic. In one place he declares that we will have in fifty years more rich families than all Europe, yet denies that we will have a distinctively wealthy caste among us, although it was already here when he wrote. He put the perilous time of high economic pressure thirty years away, unknowing of the fact that it had already begun. He declares that there is no hatred between capital and labor, that we have neither classes nor masses, and that consequently social, political and economic rival schools of thought have vertical divisions that

cut down impartially through all grades of society, whereas a mere cursory investigation would have demonstrated a growing antagonism between the capitalists and producers, and that even while he was preparing his book for the press, the masses and the classes were being thrown into hostile armies on strictly horizontal lines by reason of an irreconcilable hostility of interests.

Prof. Bryce makes incidental mention of the great Pittsburgh railway strike of 1877 and of the huge and devastating riot that took place in Cincinnati in 1884 in consequence of gross lapses in justice on the part of the courts of law. He does not even hint that these sudden and tremendous ebullitions of popular wrath arose from any cause whatsoever, and the only lesson he draws from them is that our government should arm itself with greater repressive powers.

Prof. Bryce was rejoiced in by the plutocracy as an impartial and highly competent critic, who declared authoritatively that the plutocrats were essentially right on the main issue, and he furthermore delighted them by putting the evil day so far off that there was no danger of their being caught in the deluge. The quotation from Prof.

Bryce at the head of this chapter is a true generalization, and though it may have been the result of unconscious cerebration on the part of his naturally philosophic mind, we none the less thank him heartily for it and shall make use of it as a text.

Prof. Bryce remarks of us Americans: "They are apt to ignore difficulties, and when they can no longer ignore them, they will evade them, rather than lay siege to them according to the rules of art." The penetrative mind of our British commentator in this one sentence discovers the most dangerous defect in the national character, for the stupendous calamity of the civil war is directly traceable to a deliberate blinding of our eyes to the plainest evidence of threatened disaster, until the shock of actual combat, between forces which had long been antagonistic, made all attempts at peaceful compromise utterly futile. Were our people chastened into wisdom by that trial? Are they more watchful of the republic's condition than before? Have they come into a clearer knowledge that states as well as men must pay a price for health, prosperity and happiness? Do they look near and afar in search of the lurking foes from whose

assaults no living organism on this earth goes free? Do they realize a little more closely that it is always a march and a battle for both individuals and nations, who would be secure in their progress toward better things? Have our people, under the stern lessons of a needless war, learned increased vigilance in guarding against danger? Have its wholesome teachings been taken into national economics, and do we now carefully see to it that the great house, in which we all must live, is made safe against the shock of driving storms and the pest of intruding vermin?

Alas, for the republic, that we must in saddest truth say, no. Our people were not sobered into an anxious thoughtfulness by that Titanic conflict. We did not thereby come into a national self-consciousness that takes rigid stock of itself in relation to an ever-changing environment. On the contrary the nation stepped briskly forth from the misery of that great struggle, and with the easy forgetfulness of youth, pushed the didactic quality out of every one of its memories. And why should they not when it was an accepted truism that the republic need have no fear save of foreign invasion or a forcible dissolution of the Union; and do not all men north and south

alike concede that never in the future would any state strive to break away? So all sang "Hail, Columbia," and took joy in the glib prophets who told of the peace of a thousand years; and everybody fell to scrambling after money, that they might enjoy the delights of a truly blessed land to the uttermost. And all this time the possible army of later Goths and Huns, predicted by Macaulay, were being born at the rate of five hundred a day, in the garrets and cellars of the great cities. This pleasant optimism became so set in the minds of our people, that they were intellectually incapable of accepting any contrary evidence. It was idle folly to waste time on proofs that went to demonstrate the probability of that which was manifestly impossible. The republic of America was henceforth and forever absolutely safe from any supreme peril, and no amount of testimony would, could or should prove the contrary. This fatuity of belief as to the happy good fortune of our republic has been noted by all observant foreigners. It was strong before the war, and is equally so to-day, for that appalling season of bloodshed and wreckage did not abate by one jot our utterly unreasoning confidence in a serene future, which

has no legitimate foundation and is solely due to an exaggerated national egotism, which has made us the laughing-stock of sensible men of other countries for the last hundred years.

The United States stands to-day in danger of judgment and punishment for many sins. In the first place it has in practice denied all obligations to the moral law, from which it follows that a national conscience would be an inconvenient possession. In its dealings with mankind it acknowledged no benevolent duties to humanity at large, but has been guided solely by the policies and expedencies that were serviceable to its self-interests; and now, behold! when the unsymmetrical and almost unnatural growth of the republic has differentiated a ruling class composed of the enormously rich, these oligarchs turn to and greedily make spoil of the common working people of their own land. This act is but the true logic of atheism applied to human government. It is merely the natural right of the strong fellows to take everything they can get their clutches on.

England has gone foraging over the world bearing the devil gospel of supply and demand

which goes with a godless commercialism. It has seized upon weaker peoples with a brutal hand and made them its industrial serfs. It forced the blasting curse of the opium traffic on China at the cannon's mouth, and always and ever has it proved itself the great pirate nation of the ages, and shall so stand in the future chronicles of mankind. Its moral civilization is infinitely below that of the Roman empire, for while Rome extended her dominion over alien nations with commanding power, she secured the tranquility of conquered peoples, by the sound policy of justice which gave them prosperity and content. Rome levied a general tax on her conquests, but otherwise allowed internal affairs to go on unchanged.

England holds down her tributary vassals by military force, and as in the case of India, not only taxes them enormously but turns over their most lucrative trade into the hands of a locust swarm of her devouring merchants. England never does any good to a conquered people except by accident, because she wants all the good there is for herself.

In the case of the industrial classes of her own island, England has always been a ferocious

tyrant. She held them as slaves until the slow but unrelenting pressure of unseen forces unlocked her iron hand. Every concession of natural rights to them as human beings has been fought most virulently by the crown, the nobility and wealthy classes; but still God's evolutionary law that has decreed the uplifting of humanity will not be denied, but continues to make way, though all the powers of hell are ranged against it.

British commercial and governmental ethics are those of America, for our republic is dominated by the same masterful and ruthless Anglo-Saxon blood and we have given it expression wherever possible. We have done so most infamously in our unvaryingly unjust treatment of the Indians, and England did not seize her oriental colonies with a more lawless disregard of a righteous international code, than the United States displayed in securing the forcible cession of an empire from Mexico. When the present era of high economic pressure came upon our republic, and the producers strove to arrest the remorseless tendency which was steadily pushing them down-hill to pauperdom, how did our republican government meet the emer-

gency? It met it precisely after the manner of England. It strove to dodge the issue, and ignored the legitimate ground for complaint on the part of the working people. It would not wisely and humanely search out for causes which might be remedied by patriotic legislation backed up by Christian public opinion. Such just and enlightened action was beyond its capabilities, and it promptly turned to the oppressors' armory for weapons to crush a cause of right which God stood behind. Its subtle attorneys passed anti-boycotting and anti-conspiracy statutes, with the intent of making the most peaceful combinations of workingmen illegal by grace of bastard laws that shamelessly violated the fundamental principles upon which the republic was founded.

Pinkerton thugs were recruited, armed, drilled and disciplined, the national guards were mobilized under United States army officers, fortresses were erected in all our great cities, and the regular army was moved in from the frontiers and quartered near the great centers of population, and the Triumphant Plutocracy rejoiced in its possession of the land and said: "We are so great and strong that we can trample on man's rights and God's justice, and our omnipotent decree has

gone forth that human progress shall stop in the American republic, and we shall prove by absolute demonstration that the rule of the Almighty in the universe is a myth, and we shall rear golden idols to force and craft, for by these potencies the strong shall continue to bind the weaker until the world runs down and the practical joke of human life plays itself out to be no more forever."

It is far cry from the New England town meeting of a hundred years ago, to a Tammany Hall primary of to-day, and the difference between the civic virtue of the one and the shameless vice of the other gives an exact measure of the political degeneracy of the republic from the pure ideal of the fathers. The organization of this republic was broadly democratic, the township was the unit, the citizens came together *en masse* and discussed ways and means for the common good. Small groups of these units formed the county, larger ones the state, and an aggregate of all made the nation. Under the old regime, when the country was sparsely settled, when the people were poor and patriotic, when every man could feel his touch on the mechanism

of organized society, when public opinion was a substantial entity and not as now a mere phantasm, the actual democratic fact in the government of the country was neither perverted, transformed nor alloyed by its various extensions, from the town hall to the capitol of the republic. In all the larger expressions of the township, the government remained truly representative and hence was rigidly democratic. To give the democratic idea beneficent vitality, several conditions must blend into harmonious unity. A clear majority of the people must be honest, moral, intelligent and hence naturally desirous of good government. To these factors another very essential quantity must be added, and that is, every good man must loyally perform all his duties as a good citizen. This is the motive power in the efficient rule of a democracy, and without it the virtue and purity of the majority of individual citizens become mere dead timber. For if these valuable elements remain passive, nothing can prevent a bold, alert and corrupt minority from rushing a republic down hill to destruction. And this is precisely what is being done in our country to-day. There probably was never a larger percentage of worthy and honorable citizens in

the nation than at the present time, but never in the history of the country did this most respectable class exercise so little actual influence in the government. They are merely passengers, and do next to nothing in directing the affairs of the republic. This condition of perilous inertia has come to pass from a variety of causes, the principal one being a general absorption of the more intelligent class in money-getting. Our well-to-do people have demands upon their time through business and social avenues that their grandfathers knew nothing about, and the margin left for thought and service on behalf of the state is very narrow indeed, conceding that they are anxious to do their duty to organized society, which unfortunately they are not. While divers subtracting agencies were stealthily sapping the power of the virtuous majority in the rule of the republic, the old status of our governmental mechanism was being so changed that the task of the citizen who would do his duty to his country became five-fold more onerous. The difference in the energy required in this particular, fifty years ago and now, was about equivalent to that exacted from a team in drawing on a level macadamized highway, and

then in dragging a vehicle through a bog. This came about from two reasons: first, because our present governmental methods for the nation at large were adjusted to times when it took several weeks to go from Boston to Philadelphia; then biennial congressional and quadrennial presidential elections served the needs of the people very well, for pressing issues demanding prompt solution rarely intruded themselves with suddenness, and if they did the legislator was nearer to the reach of the people than he is to-day, and on emergency far more hands reached out to compel him, than are visible on such occasions now. At the present time the rush of affairs is so rapid that a Congressman can be elected to legislate on questions that are pushed into the background before he takes his seat, by recent and far more insistent ones, to whose definite handling he has made no pledges; hence the law-maker in many cases is emancipated from a positive responsibility to his constituents, and can guide his actions from the standpoint of personal interest. Thus the average citizen has come to know his impotence, and feels that the substance of his power in the government of the republic has largely passed from him, and he there-

fore lightly regards the vote that stands for it. Supplementary to and completing the practical disfranchisement of the good citizen, is the vanishment of the township as a unit of power in the republic; for while it still exists in the rural districts with all its old-time virility, its influence in the nation is neutralized by the city primary, which is no more like it than a street-bawd is like a Sister of Charity. The honest township meeting becomes impossible in all large cities, and lapses at once into the brawling ward primary, with the worst elements of society in the front, under the leadership of corrupt professional politicians. Thus is the old mechanism destroyed by which the democratic idea purely and promptly expressed itself, and republican institutions as a veritable fact pass away under the malign workings of a political machine that is sold out to the Triumphant Plutocracy, who use it to make spoil of the liberties and prosperity of the people. Whereas once the average good man had all his potentialities as a citizen in possession and could make himself felt in the government of the country, these functions have now well-nigh atrophied by reason of non-use; his voice is unheard, his hands are mana-

cled, and he completes the job of reducing himself to a political nonentity, by closing his eyes and sealing his ears, so that he may be blissfully ignorant of the wrong that is taking place, and hence personally happy and content while the republic is going to the dogs. We now find the ordinary American busy at his money-making and taking his good pleasure. He shuts out all sinister tokens that a grave crisis is near at hand, because of a dreary sense of his incapacity to avert the menacing evils, so he gladly shelters himself within a fatalism that blends the gloomy philosophy of inexorable destiny with the serene trust of the Christian, who thinks that under God's benignant care the threatening perils shall pass by and work no harm. This intellectual attitude toward his nation's future has warrant by reason of the outlook whence he peers inquiringly into his own. For plan it the best he may, there is always between him and the inevitable grave a vast and undefined territory that is ever mantled in mist. His course lies through it, but never for a single pace ahead can he hold himself secure from sudden calamity; at any moment it may fall upon him and the warm hope and cheery joy of life shall be his no more

forever. It is not strange that the atheist should fail to give a large concern to the possible catastrophes that may befall his country, when under the despairing consciousness that he himself is but the helpless toy of blind force and iron circumstances. But there is no such excuse for the citizen who believes in God, and holds faith in immortality, for unto him hath the Father given rich revelation. To him hath come supernal assurance that the Almighty asks not impossibilities of his mortal children, for when they have shaped their lives in accord with his imperishable moralities and wisely used their physical powers and intellectual faculties for their own and other's betterment, he gives unto them peace and happiness in the present, and banishes all horror of an unknown future.

It is right at this point that our good citizens are grossly derelict in their plain duties to the country at large, and that is why our republic is now rapidly nearing its supreme tragedy. Every man who makes a moral and material success of life has fixed principles of action and a large general plan, but means and methods he must continually modify, for we live in a world of ceaseless change. He must know of a verity

that truth, justice and charity are eternal landmarks set by the Almighty for the guidance of humanity; and he who beats against them with outlaw hand, goeth to his death. The man who would fare truly toward the best of earth and heaven, must be constantly making new adjustments of his course. Blunder he will, but he must be prompt to rectify mistakes. Bad judgment he will show, but the disastrous event must bring him to wiser action. He must be perpetually watchful if he would guard well his health and prosperity, because foes are all around and about from the cradle to the grave. Mark the wise man, how he protects his physical well-being, his character and worldly store. They are constantly in his anxious thought. What is the nation but an aggregation and summing up of every force and quality in the possession of all its citizens? There can be no exception offered to this statement that a wise and just man will not reject at once. The individualist denies it, but the individualist stands in society for that disintegrating force, which everywhere opposes the constructive energy of the universe; and we can trace its handiwork through all the gradations of destructiveness, from that of the bacteria to that of Beelzebub.

The gravitation of the higher orders of mankind toward closer association and a more absolute collectivity of interest is now clearly manifest to every mind competent to investigate social phenomena. The nation truly considered must be looked at as a larger man of indefinite length of days, who unites in himself all the complex capabilities of the individual atoms of men who make up its body; therefore it follows that our republic should have a wise plan of life that is under the guidance of rules of conduct that are sound in policy and righteous in morals, together with a flexibility of governmental methods that can be promptly adjusted to all new needs that arise in the growth and progress of the state. Until these conditions become accomplished facts, we can have no abiding assurance of peace and prosperity. The generation immediately succeeding that of the revolutionary fathers was profoundly reverent of them and their great work, and regarded the governmental system which they constructed as not only sacred but all-sufficient. It was looked upon as a providentially devised piece of mechanism, of so perfect and enduring a character, that it could go on grinding out unmixed blessings for countless generations

of happy Americans without standing in need of any essential repairs or additions. This pleasing superstition was handed down from father to son, and despite an enormous quantity of contrary evidence, has millions of confiding believers to-day.

The Triumphant Plutocracy, with their customary shrewdness in using any and all agencies that minister to their lust for power and gold, did not neglect the hereditary reverence of our people for the order of things established by the revolutionary patriots. Hence all invasions on the rights and prosperity of the masses have been made on lines that preserved a formal respect for the honored institutions of the republic, although at the very time of their lip-service veneration the plutocrats might be scoffing at them by their lawless deeds.

How this brazen-faced play-acting brings up parallel instances in the history of old Rome! Again we see the military idol of the legions stand in mock humility before a trembling senate and give bogus thanks for their title of Imperator, although his mailed hand had long before seized the full substance of despotic authority. The plutocrats are bound to have law on their side even if

they have to buy it, and they defy all question of their brigand charters with legal decisions that venal judges furnish as per contract. But let a long-suffering people ask for reforms in governmental polity that are urgently required by their hard necessities, and though they be obviously righteous and reasonable, yet will the plutocrats at once denounce the relief they demand as heterodox and revolutionary. And lo, the past lives again under a new incarnation, and as it was in the days of the Slaveocracy, so is it now under the Plutocracy. And the higher law of God again declares that the oppressed shall go free. And again does the lower law of man sacrilegiously bar the way. Which shall triumph, think ye? Go back to the spring of 1865 and find your answer, for the wicked shall not prevail over the will of the Almighty master of men.

CHAPTER XIV

THE GANGRENE OF DISSOLUTION

"Rulers, who neither see, nor feel, nor know,
But leech-like to their fainting country cling,
Till they drop, blind in blood, without a blow;
A people starved and stabbed in the untilled field,
Golden and sanguine laws which tempt and slay;
Religion Christless, Godless—a book sealed;
A senate—Time's worst statute unrepealed—
Are graves from which a glorious phantom may
Burst, to illumine our tempestuous day."

—[*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*]

In the last seventy years the inventor has transformed the material life of the nation. Time and labor saving appliances have multiplied almost beyond calculation. The commercial, industrial, and scientific status of three generations ago has practically passed away, and we live in another and infinitely advanced social economic state from that of our grandfathers.

Now please make search in the department of political science for improved devices that correspond in importance with the handiwork of Fulton, Whitney, Jethro Wood, Morse, Howe and Edison, and lo, you find them not. If there had been no more progress in applied economics

than in applied politics, our condition in the last decade of the nineteenth century would be practically the same as in the first, with flint-lock muskets, wooden mold-board plows, the hand-loom, home-spun clothes, farmers taking their grist to mill, and a six weeks' journey from the valley of the Connecticut to the valley of the Ohio.

To deny the need of improved appliances in our governmental methods, is to affirm that the republic is already perfect. It is the same as declaring that political corruption, the evil power of wealth in the courts and the deep complaints of millions of wealth-creators exist only as phantasms in the minds of visionary reformers, while to recognize the fact of these wrongs in the republic is to prove long-continued neglect of duty on the part of law-makers and people alike. It is either this or we must adopt the pessimistic belief which of late has been rife, that humanity is so debased that to erect a righteous and efficient system of government is beyond its power, because the stream cannot rise higher than its fountain.

The truth of the matter is, we have made locomotives, reapers, sewing-machines and tele-

phones, that work perfectly up to their planning, because great inventors threw all their energies into the task, being invited thereto by the hope of large pecuniary reward. But no wage of golden millions waited the successful experimenter who might discover the most beneficent improvements in governmental mechanism.

The steel mold-board plow, the cotton-gin and locomotive made swift demonstration of their substantial advantage to the whole body of society, and the humblest citizen could note his share therein, while the profit from improved governmental methods must ever remain vague and unsubstantial to legislator and voter alike, when considered only from the material standpoint. When the several colonies ratified the constitution and the United States stood forth as a nation, it was not unnatural that the architects of the republic should think that here at last was the sublime finality in human government for which the world had been waiting since the morning of time. This was pardonable egotism and characteristic of all builders. The conviction had an enduring groundwork of facts behind it, for the grand principles of universal equity upon which the American democracy was founded

cannot be improved upon, any more than new qualities of virtue can be added to abstract justice and charity. Thus it came about with our system of government, as frequently happens with systems of religion; and visible forms, symbols and methods became identified in the minds of men with the sacred invisible soul to whom they were but passing conveniences, while they should be changed as are the priestly vestments, when out-worn by the wrack and fray of time.

That gifted body of statesmen who made our revolutionary epoch forever illustrious would have promptly devised new methods to give the democratic idea unhampered expression, so soon as they saw that new needs had arisen out of the growth and development of the country, which rendered improved appliances of government absolutely necessary, but those grand artificers went the way of earth and we now vainly look for their lineal successors. Of late years our country has been denied harmonious governmental development by a race of mediocre statesmen, who were destitute of true constructive genius and had no knowledge that it was their high mission to serve as aids to that evolutionary

force which strives after perfection in the case of nations, by pushing them into the use of functions that become ever more complex as they rise into loftier and larger spheres of being. If the rulers of the republic had been swift to see the need of modification in political methods as the nation grew out of the sparse population and crude conditions of the early times, we could now have a full expression of national opinion on public questions of instant interest, once a month if need be, and involving no more trouble to the average citizen than is required to write and mail a short business note. Our postoffice department has all the needed mechanism for this work, and the cost and trouble would not be a tithe of that yearly invested by the Associated Press in gathering the news of the country. But no such wise reform was ever attempted, because the mass of the people acquiesced in the unchanging status of the republic, and the political barnacles would not suggest any change that might mayhap interfere with franchises which they found entirely satisfactory. So by reason of the antiquated cumbrousness of our political mechanism and the impossibility of the middle-class man doing his duty as a citizen through it, without a

degree of sacrifice and toil that he declined to give, the professional politician has come to the front, and rules the country by his brigand code of ethics; and as the prætorian guard sold the Imperial purple to the highest bidder, so does the profligate league of machine politicians barter away the liberties and prosperity of the republic for plutocratic gold.

Prof. Bryce says of us: "The state of mind of the average citizen is a state rather of lassitude than of callousness." A possible degeneracy is just as true of human nature as a possible advancement, and how long does it take for lassitude in the presence of wrong to lapse into callous indifference to it? The familiar stanza of Pope says:

"Vice is a monster of so hideous mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen,
Yet seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

These lines receive general acceptance among the intelligent as the true statement of a progressive tendency in mankind, which may go up to supernal heights, but goes down to an inexpressible bog-wallow of animalism far easier. We speak of civic duties, social duties and moral duties. At their last analysis are not all duties

moral ones? Can they be anything else, when every duty rightly considered has for its end the fulfillment of the law of righteousness for man in all his complex relations with life?

It is impossible to divorce a citizen's political duties from his distinctively moral relations to himself, his family and his fellow men. His duties in their entirety form one body, and he can no more place one set apart from all the others, than he can make the function of digestion independent from his physical organism, so that it shall have no bearing on his general health.

The average American citizen in recent years has come to think he can safely ignore his political duties, and hence the appalling condition of the country to-day. He has come to regard it as his first duty to look out for number one financially, and per consequence his obligations as a citizen have merely a nominal hold on him. He has got on in the world personally in the face of active competition, and it is quite natural for him to regard a "devil-take-the-hindmost" order of society very leniently. He will concede you that it is by no means an ideal state, but then people do not

take as much stock in ideals as they did when the republic was younger. The golden age does not seem as near to us as it did to the fervid patriots of a hundred years ago, who had no sooner passed the first hot rejoicings attendant on their own successful revolution, than they were thrown into fresh raptures by the brave news that came across the sea of a French uprising in which the down-trodden masses had toppled over the tyranny of a thousand years. The American of 1791 was an exultant optimist, and saw mirrored in the heavens the glorious mirage of an enchanted land, which lay only a few marches ahead. The American of 1891 is a faithless pessimist, who keeps his eyes fixed on the earth in search of treasure that has real substance to it, and gives scant belief to anything which cannot be carried to market and sold for a price.

An occurrence took place the other day in the far south-west of our republic that sums up and gives sinister manifestation of the altogether dominant and superlatively malignant forces that are now hurrying our country rapidly onward toward a just judgment and its inexorable pen-

alty. Thirty thousand landless and home-hungry people assembled along the border of a stretch of virgin territory that was to be thrown open for pre-emption and settlement when the clock registered high noon. This section of unoccupied soil was about the last strip remaining to a government that had been so exceedingly paternal to cliques of railway millionaires that it made them a free gift of several hundred thousand square miles of the richest land on the face of the earth. So, forsooth, it must needs show an equal benevolence to millions of brawny toilers who did not own in fee simple patches of ground big enough to make them graves. To be sure a few hundred square miles of dubious soil, in a section which the old geographies located near the middle of the great American desert, was not much among so many, but still all citizens were invited to this prodigious Barmecide feast. It was open to all comers, from the pine forests of Maine to the sand dunes of Southern California. And so they gathered themselves, to the number of thirty thousand, and waited the signal hour for the grand rush. You see the rushing for place came about because there was only one homestead to every ten persons, so nine must perforce

go without. And the thirty thousand home-seekers, who had bivouacked in the open air for days before, rose betimes on the fateful morning and made hasty toilet by merely shaking the sand and shreds of grass from off their garments, and then hied them to the border and peered wistfully over into the promised land. They had sore limbs, empty pockets, anxious hearts and hungry stomachs, but a hunger for broad acres they might call their own made all other afflictions light.

The hands marked twelve o'clock, and then took place that which would make demons laugh and saints groan with horror. Thirty thousand men and women began their fierce race across the border. The human stream followed the lines of least resistance, and thus choked itself into narrow passes that made the most available gateways into Beulah land. Horsemen, footmen and teams crushed, crowded, struggled and fought with the ferocity of tigers. The track of the terrible flood was marked by the maimed, dying and dead.

If the pagan damned in Tartarus had marked a chance-opened portal that led to the unfading delights of the gods, they could not have sprung

toward it with more utter forgetfulness of all else, than was shown by these American citizens in the quest for a bit of home land. Pity was not; kindly feeling was not; mercy, charity, brotherly helpfulness were not; all the tender graces that lift the man above the brute were not. All the devils of human nature which all the religions of all ages have tirelessly striven to chain down, were turned loose by a paternal government which practices the gospel of the "survival of the fittest," and never were the peculiar tenets of that atheistic creed more fittingly shown forth. Every orthodox plutocrat would have gloated over the sight. Here was an absolutely unrestricted field for its play. Individual strength, rapacity and cruelty could, for the nonce, work their free will unchecked by either the laws of God or man. The paternal United States cheerfully said: "There is a prize over there beyond the horizon line for one in every ten of you. Start even on the border, and may the fleetest, biggest, craftiest and most brutal scoundrels among you win, for then the end will be entirely in accord with our governmental polity."

Waterhouse Hawkins, the naturalist, could pick up in a museum a section of bone from

an extinct species of mammalia, and immediately sketch off on a blackboard the shape, size and proportions of the animal as in life. Thus if five thousand years hence the only record that remained of our high-vaunting American civilization of the last decade of the nineteenth century, were the chronicle of this late Indian Territory anarchy, the enlightened sociologist of that far time, knowing that this atrocity came to pass under governmental supervision, would mark us down for a race of moral savages, and he would be right. If, on the other hand, the philosopher of the days that are to be, had a full knowledge of the material and intellectual triumphs of our civilization, and was entirely aware of the magnitude and influence of our Christian churches, he would not only reaffirm his original judgment of us but would add deeper condemnation unto it. The massive roads, sculptured relics and splendid ruins of Rome, which testify so positively to her ancient grandeur, are given an infernal shading by the coliseum and the memory of its bloody uses. The supreme fact in the life of that dead empire was the satanic cruelty of her people, and this shall survive when all others have become the wreck of time.

We make this western-territory incident emphatic because, like the livid blotch of leprosy, it indicates of itself alone that an awful disease is already in full possession of our body politic. While that fierce mob of the land-hungry rushed furiously across the border in search of their rightful share in that beautiful earth which God made for the equal use of all men, the United States government, which esteems property above humanity and holds title deeds as more sacred than immortal souls, continued to pursue its aristocratic policy, which succors the classes and devastates the masses. Hundreds of millions of unplowed acres of American soil lie fallow year after year, though the gentle rains and fructifying sunshine ceaselessly invite them to produce for the good of the world. And poor men with strong hands that are ready for toil stand idly in the presence of a tantalizing opportunity which the evil laws of a bogus republic deny them. These willing workers cannot go on that land and make it bring forth rich increase for the fullness and satisfaction of a hungry and suffering humanity, because, forsooth, the United States, through its bribed officials, has either given it away to railway corporations, or suf-

ferred it to be bought up by millionaires, English lords and syndicates of speculators, who are rich enough to hold it out of use, till such a time as the increase of population, with its ever-growing need of more land, shall make the "unearned increment" of enormous value; then these greedy and utterly soulless landlords, who are professional idlers, will sell at a twenty-fold advance to the men who are glad of a chance to work for a living. It is a beautiful order of society which permits such a palpable outrage on lowly humanity, and yet it is done under a republic which was founded on the democratic idea of a government of the people, by the people and for the people, and which must be shamefully false to its sublime mission, when it fails to so adjust its laws as to do the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number of its people. But any suggestion of righteous reform in our diabolical land system, is met with the cry, "Revolution," "Anarchy," "They are going to tear down Christian civilization." Chattel slavery was never more infamously criminal than is this iniquitous system by which the title of the natural heritage of all the people is vested in rich drones who only use it as an enginery of spolia-

tion and oppression. This is but human bondage under another form. It should be abolished, and we warn the plutocrats to beware of barring the way to its being peacefully put aside. This monstrous shame to our republic should be crushed out of existence, if in order to do so it becomes necessary to levy a yearly tax of fifty dollars per acre, on the land holdings of English lords, railway corporations and ravenous syndicates. This would bring a prompt reversion to the people of a fertile empire which is now held idle by the infernal necromancy of the Triumphant Plutocracy.

God speed the happy day.

This Oklahoma diabolism is by no means the only external token of the nation's internal disease, for if we look closely and peel off the journalistic paint and enamel with which our newspaper Madam Rachels strive to cover every pustule and ulcer, a most horrible condition of affairs will be disclosed. Like the insidious approach of death to the consumptive, our state of crisis has come on so gradually that a specious seeming of health has beguiled us of a true realization of the actual facts in the case.

Four-fifths of the reading space in our daily newspapers is devoted to chronicling base-ball items, horse-racing, prize-fighting, grain and stock gambling, social goings-on, murders, robberies, defalcations and scandalous escapades. What a wonderful people we are, and so full of life! Surely there can be no hint of wasting disease and death in a body gifted with these tremendous activities!

It is said that while the "Reign of Terror" was mowing down its victims by the thousands, the hundred theaters of Paris were crowded nightly; and during the German siege of that city some twenty years ago, Labouchere, the English editor, found French citizens tranquilly fishing in a sequestered nook of the Seine, all unmindful of Von Moltke's shells that were howling through the air less than a mile away. Which only goes to show that our human nature is a queer compound, and its acts and attitudes cannot be intelligently accounted for at all times. So let us not take it for granted that our republic is safe and happy because the people thereof chance to be afflicted with lassitude, callousness and a general indifference to all signs of impending calamity.

It is said that when a man of healthy body,

good habits and sound moral training takes to dissolute courses, he rushes down hill to irremediable catastrophe far quicker than one born in and accustomed to a vicious environment. This is because he has suddenly changed his habitat and order of being to a lower plane of life, which always is a perilous proceeding, for new adjustments must be made before the organism becomes reconciled to the abnormal. It is similar to the habitual user of noxious drugs, whose physical system is finally made over by the poison and enjoys thereafter temporary security in a death-in-life existence.

This is substantially the situation of our nation to-day, and hence the perils that beset it. A loftier and more virtuous system of government was never conceived by the human mind than that constructed by the patriot fathers of the republic. Its entire mechanism was devised solely for the production of righteous and equal laws, impartial courts of justice, pure officials and honest administration. It was built to serve the interests of all the people, high and humble, rich and poor, without any discrimination whatsoever. This kind of a government was a true incarnation of the democratic idea, and if its primal rec-

titude of plan had been lived up to, the producing masses of the nation would now be in an ideal condition of prosperity, happiness and moral and intellectual cultivation. Discontent with industrial conditions and distrust of the governing powers would be alike unknown; peace would be everywhere and the very thought of national peril an impossibility. How could it be otherwise, with a rich continent, an energetic people, an abundance of mechanical appliances, an equitable system for the distribution of the wealth created, and not a shadow of danger from foreign foes? But, unfortunately for us and all, the United States outlawed itself from its high estate and became a conscienceless profligate. It took to legislating the wealth of the masses into the hands of the classes. Slowly but surely all the functions of government passed under the control of a Triumphant Plutocracy, whose maleficent growth was due to criminal neglect and passive toleration on the part of the republic. Plutocratic gold dominated our courts of law, until poor plaintiffs against it were pushed out of doors. Its most subservient attorneys were made judges. Municipal, county, state and national legislative bodies, all without exception

were corrupted by it and abjectly obeyed its will. The greed and lawlessness of the Triumphant Plutocracy, coupled with its unparalleled success, have had a blasting effect on the moral sensibilities of our people. Its influence has spread abroad like a withering malaria; it has invaded all the social and business relations of men with its brigand code of ethics. "Get gold, and all other things shall be added unto you," is its latest gospel, imported direct from devildom. Victorious crime makes its own justification, and it is not only respectable but fashionable and aristocratic as well.

A couple of hundred years ago, and Port Royal in the West Indies was the metropolis, mart and city of recreation, for all the pirates and buccaneers that swarmed the western ocean. These gentlemen of the black flag gave the community its orthodox social and business standards. In that city simple honesty was voted so cheap and vulgar that it could only co-exist with the densest stupidity, for all the bright people were looking out for number one in every way that cunning could suggest. The American republic to-day, in its commercial and political

aspect, is merely a vastly larger and wealthier presentation of that vanished Port Royal whose demoniac inhabitants long since went back to their native Hades. Men trading with one another do so behind smirking masks. It is expected that every one will take the better of his fellow if he has a chance. That is how we get on in the world now-a-days. It is the apotheosis of free competition unchecked by moral considerations. It is observable that in the last twenty years our men of affairs have become Italianized; the old blunt American frankness and straightforwardness of dealing are gone. Their manners are sinuous and ingratiating. Voices have become soft and flexible, but a new and remorseless purpose gleams coldly out of their eyes. The unrelenting will of the man has strengthened ten-fold; the hand of steel is well concealed in the glove of velvet, but it has got such power as never before. His eyes are fixed on millions of gold, and woe betide that which bars the way. Social conventionalisms were never more respected, because they do not interfere with the profitable prosecution of business. It is the bandit chief taking off his hat to a coach-load of captured passengers, and begging the ladies

and gentlemen to disburden themselves of their inconvenient valuables. And thus the coal-baron in the softest and silkiest tones mildly orders the closing of a mine that brings thousands to the verge of starvation, or gently requests the Pinkerton captain to shoot down a few dozen murmuring workingmen. Proprieties are everything and principles nothing. The just man who takes a tour through a prison in these times, and marks the poverty-stricken and ignorant ruffians, whose lack of shrewdness, influence and gold is mainly responsible for their being there, finds his thoughts of condemnation fading from his mind, when he reflects on the far larger and more destructive villains, who continue to ravage outside of the walls, both without fear of and utterly unmolested by the law, because, forsooth, they dominate it. The monumental enormities perpetrated on a suffering people, by our great corporations, trusts and millionaires, make the depredations of the so-called criminal classes dwindle into the insignificant. The wonderful hundred years illuminated by the peaceful and powerful reign of Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius, was the final century of Rome's unmarred glory and supremacy. Already the gan-

grene of dissolution was in the muscular tissues of the empire. Its people were corrupted, from the patricians down to the slaves, and there was no saving grace in them. If the invading barbarians from the remotest east had kept their strong and greedy hands away from the jeweled republic that was helpless and drunken in its sins, the slow decline of the mighty empire might have gone on for centuries without any critical shock. There would have been no universal uprising against evil social conditions, for the besotted citizens were contented with them. There could have been no reformatory revolution, for the times were too rotten to bring forth a Rienzi. There might have been passing conflicts between rival robber-leaders for the mastery, and the debauched populace would have tamely accepted the despotic rule of the victor. This would have been all, and Rome would have gone down to inevitable death as tranquilly as goes the foredoomed leper. There is no parallelism to this all-pervading profligate supineness in the American republic to-day. True, the Triumphant Plutocracy is here, doing its evil work in the destruction of the nation, but it is now confronted by millions of honest and law-abiding producers,

who are brave enough, strong enough and patriotic enough to say them "Nay," and say it with such stern emphasis that there shall be no doubt of their meaning.

From this antagonistic arraying of forces there is and must continue to be grave danger to the peace of the republic until the differences between them are equitably and definitely settled. It is a serious matter when millions of intelligent and courageous workers firmly believe that an aristocratic oligarchy is not only robbing them of the fruits of their toil, but is also taking away their rights and liberties as citizens of a free democracy. Squarely stated, the banded American toilers firmly believe that the Triumphant Plutocracy has established a usurpation in Washington's republic by craft, gold and force. Whosoever says that this condition of affairs does not forebode peril to the republic, knows little either of human history or human nature.

CHAPTER XV

THE DREAD DYNAMICS OF HATE

"For time at last sets all things even,
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
That could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long,
Of him who treasures up a wrong."
—[Lord Byron.

Millions of American producers hate the Triumphant Plutocracy. They hate it in the abstract. They hate it in the concrete. They hate the ruling motives which make up its life-principle. They hate the members of its visible body in the shape of corporations, trusts, millionaires, venal legislatures, corrupt courts, lying newspapers, lackey-attorneys and Pinkerton-thugs. They hate every man and agency that willingly serves, caters to or even excuses the rule of the Triumphant Plutocracy, their deeply abhorred foe. What manner of men are doing this stern hating of the plutocratic *status quo* in its entirety, together with all its individual beneficiaries, officials, aiders, abettors and apologists? We shall

be specific on that point because it is of supreme importance. They belong to all the farmers' societies with their aggregate membership of millions. They belong to the Federation of Labor with its hundreds of thousands, to the Knights of Labor with their hundreds of thousands, and to the railway associations numbering nearly half a million of men. We leave out of this count hundreds of thousands of young men who are forced to compete with one another for low-waged clerical positions, and also the hundreds of thousands of small shopkeepers and manufacturers who at last see that the vast aggregations of capital which have invaded every avenue of commercial enterprise in these late years are soon destined to drive them down hill to ruin. Hence we shall confine our assertions, as to the hatred of the toiler for Capitalism together with all its *entourage* and paraphernalia of rule, to the ranks of the organized producers, for there it is exceedingly easy to make a strong *prima facie* case. Remember first, that a burning sense of wrong breeds hate, and then please consider for an instant the causes which brought about these great defensive organizations in all departments of productive toil. Please remem-

ber that we say all departments. If it were now as twenty-five years ago, and only the New England shoemakers and factory operatives were banded for mutual protection, while the moral questions involved might rightfully challenge the consideration of the Christian patriot, the average selfish citizen could go on looking out for number one in perfect security, so far as any immediate danger to himself or his country were concerned. But to-day the situation is far different, for it can be truthfully stated that the entire working forces of the country, numbering millions of men, are now thoroughly organized. Why are they so organized? Because through organization they hope to peacefully protect themselves against the injustice of an organized Capitalism.

These defensive societies were not started until it became evident beyond all doubt or question that the workers of the country were being systematically wronged. Capitalism had gotten them in a condition where, acting alone as individuals, they could not help themselves; they were abjectly at its mercy. Capital arrogated to itself the autocratic privilege of fixing the wage of the worker, and denied him all

voice or opinion as to the value of his day's toil. It said, "Take what I offer you or go elsewhere and seek employment; the country is wide and it is also a land of liberty, for if my wage does not suit you, there is no compulsion in the matter and you can reject it at your good pleasure." Most specious reasoning this, which takes no account of the long service of the toiler, of his accustomed habit of occupation, of his having adjusted his domestic affairs to a certain environment, which for a man of small reserved capital to break up, means cruel hardship to himself and family in any event, with the probable contingency of poverty and downright pauperdom. A beautiful equality it is that subsists between the capitalist and laborer, to be sure. The man of money carefully selects the time when trade is temporarily dull, and iron-hearted employers are closing factories and discharging operatives in order to dispose of their over-production at a high price by stimulating a fear of shortage among merchants. Then the manufacturers, railway bosses or mine owners call their help together and say, "Times are hard and we must either scale down your wages or close up," and the powerless workingmen ac-

cept rather than take the chances of starvation. Times soon boom again for the capitalist but not for the worker, and when the toilers humbly suggest that trade is brisk and the old scale of wages should in fairness be restored, they are met by the cold reply, "The law of supply and demand regulates the price of all commodities, labor among the rest; the streets of the city are swarming with idle men, who would gladly take your jobs at half your wages; so be contented with what you are now getting or clear out and give place to someone else."

A great corporation, that has been in the habit of paying an annual dividend of twenty-five per cent on its much-watered capital stock, finds that a turn of the current of business will only enable it to pay ten per cent. This sudden cut down will very much irritate stockholders, who ask no questions so long as the accustomed lump comes regularly in, but who will naturally ascribe the lapse in dividends to bad management on the part of the executive officers of the company. What is to be done? Why, cut down the wages of the help and thus make up the deficit. The operatives may grumble, but that is nothing to the growling of the stockholders,

who are all-potential in the premises. Where the beneficent law of supply and demand has not worked quite to the satisfaction of the capitalists, they have assisted nature by importing ignorant and debased Italians, Poles, Huns and Slavs, making them the low-waged competitors of a higher order of workingmen, whom education and custom had habituated to the average comforts of civilized society. The Triumphant Plutocracy continued to import these wage-depressing toilers, until it was found that the regular surplus of nearly a million workers, together with the increasing stream of immigrants, gave them all the supply-and-demand leverage that was wanted; and then they generously allowed Congress to pass a law forbidding further importation of pauper laborers.

Philanthropic sentimentalists who rejoice in good incomes under the reign of the Triumphant Plutocracy, and sincerely wish all the world well, and desire to see everybody well fed, well clad and happy, try to make out that capital and labor have common interests, and hence should live and toil together in sweet unity like loving brothers. These worthy persons can figure out to their own satisfaction that such

should be the case, but all their fine-spun theorizings seem very puerile when placed beside the hard facts of the actual situation.

Under present commercial and industrial conditions, capital and labor are in a state of irreconcilable antagonism, and an irrepressible conflict must rage between them until one or the other comes out of the battle absolute conqueror. The status of the combat at the present time is substantially as follows: The laborer is striving to get the highest possible price for his day's work, and, as we once heard Samuel Gompers, President of the Federation of Labor, remark, "The worker wants more, and then he wants more, and then he wants still more." Capital, meanwhile, through the law of its being, which is selfishness, will endeavor to hammer the wage of the toiler down to the lowest notch.

A materialistic thinker once said to us, "If you want to get rich, rig some kind of a job and put a hundred or so men to work at it, and fix their compensation so that every day you make thirty cents off the labor of each one. Do this and the eternal search of the alchemist need not interest you, for you will already have found the philosopher's stone."

The manufacturers, mine owners and railway magnates have only one avenue by which they pile up wealth, and that lies in the debatable land between the cost of production and the price received from the consumer. In case of the multiplicity of articles sold in dry goods and notion stores, the competition between rival manufacturers makes the cost of production a factor of prime importance in determining prices. Hence they crowd down the wages of the workers to the uttermost, and use all the horrible enginery by which ruthless abundance takes advantage of helpless want. They make poor creatures compete with one another until wages are crushed down to the starvation line and women are found making shirts at ten cents a dozen. Here is the devil's workshop that turned out Helen Campbell's 100,000 women prisoners of poverty in New York City alone, who fight off death on less than fifty cents a day, by working sixteen hours out of the twenty-four amid scenes of unspeakable squalor, filth and wretchedness. Precisely the same condition obtains in every great city in the country. Recently in Chicago the daily papers threw a revealing lime-light on the horrors of the "sweating dens," where men,

women and children are as truly chained to the bench of toil as is the galley slave. Well-off people then found how it comes that they can get such wonderful bargains in our cheap stores. Goods are cheap because human flesh and blood are cheap, under our supply-and-demand civilization. Does anything come of these spasmodic revelations of the horrors of life among the lowly? Nothing comes from them. There has been for years a regular periodicity of appearance of such slum-chronicles. They have their place in the regular newspaper routine, like the fairs and charity balls, but no one in the higher walks of life gives them more than passing attention. Nothing is ever done toward reforming the diabolical conditions that produce those evil effects. Our pious and comfortably circumstanced people heave a few sighs over the monumental miseries which they see no possible way of helping except by going to work at the task, and that they will not do, so they give their consciences the anodyne of "The poor ye have always with you," and then fall to congratulating themselves on being so much better off than some other of God's children.

The existence of these crimes against hu-

manity stands as an indictment of our enlightened ruling class at the bar of God. Their educated souls know these enormities for what they are, but their selfish material bodies will sacrifice nothing to put them away. These alleged Christian people are squarely disobedient to the divine command; they know the higher law of loving service to the suffering, but deny it and do it not. They repudiate every essential precept and practical observance taught and lived by Jesus Christ while on earth, and yet confidently expect to go on peacefully in blissful enjoyment of all the good things that money can buy here below, and then at death, by grace of an empty, mouthing belief, pass at once into the eternal joys of paradise.

It is our firm conviction that the measure of the nation's iniquities is nearly full. Yet a little while longer and God's watchful eye will note that it runs over. Then beware of His avenging hand, for it shall be with us as it has been with many a vanished people in the past: we shall be withered up by the fire of His just wrath. If there is not very soon a general awakening on the part of our whole people and a rising up to

do good deeds meet for repentance, we firmly believe that within the next five years a rain of fire and blood will descend upon this nation that thousands of years hence will have record as one of the great epochal tragedies of human history. How any philosophical thinker, who believes in God's moral law and recognizes that there is an uplifting evolutionary force pervading the life of the race, which will not be balked or denied but crushes out everything that gets in its way, can arrive at any other conclusion, is a mystery to us.

Affairs are nearing a direful culmination in this country, and that too with such terrible rapidity that no man dare speak securely of the morrow.

The condition of the hundreds of thousands of men, women and children, who do piece-work for the "sweaters," is an awful object-lesson of the horrible state in which the mine, factory, railway and trades workers would have found themselves but for their powerful defensive organizations. These alone have stood between them and a capitalistic rapacity, which would have surely reduced them by this time to nearly the degraded condition of the peons of Mexico

and ryots of Hindostan. Please remember that the oppressed piece-workers of the cities were not organized, whereas the other toilers indicated were, and this is the sole reason for their different situations to-day. And yet some very good people, whose happy lot it is to do no work and still have plenty of money to spend, look down upon this army of bronzed and brawny toilers as a turbulent and unreasonable set of fellows, who have no respect for law and order, and had just as soon turn our civilization bottom-side-up as not. Yet there is one class of peculiar toilers, whom they do most deeply sympathize with, and that is the scab, the dear, sweet scab, who is anxious to do honest work, but these riotous and brutal organized laboring men won't let him. But it is noticeable that the Triumphant Plutocracy only have this tender interest in the scab when they want to use him as a club to batter organized labor into the dust; when this is done Mr. Scab can go to Hades for all they care for him.

The scab threatens the prosperity of all toilers; he is an open enemy of the laborer's wife and children; he would keep them scantily clad, he would deny them sufficient food, he

would rob them of the cheering hope of a brighter future. Is it singular that the organized toiler, who would build a better and sweeter life for him and his, should hate the unfortunate scab, who blocks his way to that legitimate end?

An early English explorer found on the coast of Africa a new kind of animal, which he said was extremely savage and ferocious, because when attacked it would defend itself. The Triumphant Plutocracy has made a similar discovery in the case of organized labor, and is greatly horrified thereat.

In a far distant time that is now in the mystical realm that holds the days that are to be, "ages after you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past," some profound philosopher may pass a much different judgment on the organized American toilers who rose in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, than now passes current among the Triumphant Plutocracy's beneficiaries. He will see, in the stern ranks of those embattled workingmen, a providential bulwark behind which the builders of a new and grander civilization did their task, defiant of the force of an unchained greed, which sought to

destroy all the Christlike elements which must enter into an order of society that is worthy the glory light of God's approving smile.

All this time the workingmen hold deep and deadly hate against the Triumphant Plutocracy. We are ready to concede that nursing wrath to keep it warm is entirely against the theory of Christianity; still it happens to be in perfect accord with the practice of the average Christian, for when wronged he is tolerably apt to hate the wronger. But in this instance the main question in which the people of our country are interested, is not one of morals but one of facts. Do millions of workingmen hate the Triumphant Plutocracy as a league of oppressors? Do they regard its rule as a usurpation in Washington's republic, that at once profanes and perverts the wholesome functions of democratic government? It is our contention that this affirmation is both broadly and specifically true. As a general rule workingmen hate the corporation for which they toil; they hate its bosses, managers and stockholders, individually and collectively, and are all the time on guard because they expect any moment

may bring forth some subtle scheme for cutting down their pay. They hate these plutocratic officials doubly because they seek to trample on their rights as men and citizens. All the workmen's orders have grown up in defiance of persecution. It has been the steady plan and purpose of all corporations to crush out labor-societies whenever they were strong enough to do so. Again and again have plutocratic bosses black-listed and discharged men for belonging to labor-organizations. Leaders have been systematically hounded until large numbers of them were forced to seek other vocations. Only when compelled to it by self-interest, will corporations treat the men under them as American citizens. Again and again have humble delegations of workers, who came hat in hand to plead their case before the high and mighty plutocratic master, been waved away without even a hearing. It has been the customary policy of arrogant corporations to treat workmen as if they had no rights which the corporations were bound to respect. They have been given to understand that a chance to toil long hours for small pay was to be regarded as a boon, for which they should be profoundly thankful. Of

late years, since the organized workers have made such formidable demonstrations of themselves on Labor day, it has become the fashion of certain plutocratic journals to make a great verbal show of kindness and fairness towards the workers. They talk down at them in an exceedingly smug and patronizing manner, but it is observed that they always deal in platitudinous generalities and never become specific. They are so good as to acknowledge that society really owes some consideration to the men who are doing all the hard work. They say that labor has rights as well as capital, which is very generous of them, but it is observed that these newspapers always change the subject, when it comes to giving a detailed explanation of the nature of the workers' rights. These same plutocratic newspapers are very clear, however, when called upon to designate the law-but-tressed, tradition-honored, indefeasible, inalienable and God-given rights of capital. Capital is absolute monarch in its own domain. It may hire and discharge at pleasure. It may indicate the prerequisites of obtaining employment and may at any time make new rules thereon. It may also at its good pleasure fix up any sort of

a test as a condition of retaining employment. It can arbitrarily declare that all workers who will not on the instant abjure their labor societies, shall be at once discharged. Capital can arbitrate difficulties with its workers or not as it may elect. It can at any time despotically lower wages. It can force employes to trade at its truck stores. It can compel them to take its scrip in defiance of law, as is still being done in sections of Kansas. It can deny them the benefit of a weekly pay-day duly decreed by statute, as is now being done in Illinois. Two thousand railway employes are killed every year while in the discharge of their duty, and twenty thousand are wounded under the same conditions, and nearly all of these casualties occur because the railway magnates are so demoniacally greedy that they will not spend money for life and limb saving appliances that are already in existence and are being unceasingly brought to their notice; but at the same time they pour out cash without stint to bribe legislators to smother bills that are brought in for the purpose of making them pay a decent compensation to men who are crippled in their service.

At the last general election the brutal power of

capital was relentlessly used to force workingmen to vote against their own convictions and self-evident interests. Thus, in view of the vast and clearly outlined territory held sacred to the rights of capital, we would much like an accurate description of the section devoted to the rights of labor, for most surely no plutocratic newspaper has ever done more than to refer to it in the vaguest and most indirect manner. The realm in which labor can sit down in the carefully-guarded enjoyment of its own vine and fig tree certainly does not include a protective Pinkerton force, for these are savagely used for the persecution of labor. It does not include courts of law, together with judges and prosecuting officers, for these are swift to use every legal quibble, forced construction of law and doubtful technicality, against the toiler and in favor of the capitalist.

It has come to pass of late that when a body of oppressed toilers make a definite attempt to better their condition by taking counsel together how they can best defeat some specific scheme of rascality on the part of a corporation, then forthwith the lackey-lawyers spread the loose-meshed common-law conspiracy drag-net and

gather them in. Only recently, in the city of Chicago, a trades assembly raised \$11,000 to defend some accused brothers who had been mercilessly scooped in by this plutocratic device. But it is noticed that this same conspiracy drag-net has such a large mesh when it comes to catching plutocrats, that Gould, Rockefeller and all the trust operators, who are conspiring against the wealth-creators of the entire country, slip through without turning a scale.

From the foregoing partial summing-up of the rights of capital as recognized and obstinately defended by the plutocratic press, we are justified in declaring that the absolute and inalienable right of labor, as conceded by the Triumphant Plutocracy, is the right to starve to death in case the worker refuses to toil on such terms as capital may autocratically dictate, which is substantially the same right which was enjoyed by the negro slaves in the South before the war, with the single exception that the rebellious slave could be lashed to his task.

In its issue of Sept. 5th., 1891, just two days before the great labor parade, the Chicago "News" published a large number of answers to a series of ten questions which it had sent out to rep-

representative capitalists and employers of labor.

The first question was: "In your judgment is there any irreconcilable conflict between capitalists and wage-workers, individually or collectively?"

To this every rich man responded "No."

Now, please remark the radical contradiction to this reply that appears in answer to subsequent questions.

Question 2d. Do you favor absolute freedom in the use of capital, or do you believe in the authority of the state and nation to decree an "eight-hour work-day," "weekly pay-day," "regulation of the employment of females and children" and "legalization of trades unions and business combines?"

Question 7. Do you consider compulsory legal arbitration of trade disputes practicable?

To these queries C. L. Hutchinson, bank president and son of "Old Hutch," the distinguished speculator, responded as follows:

"On general principles the less the state has to do with economic questions the better. I believe these matters should be a subject of contract between employer and employee and not be tampered with by legislation," and he fur-

thermore said that trades unions might be of advantage, but not as generally conducted.

J. V. Farwell, Jr., one of Chicago's great dry-goods men, answered the first question as follows, but was silent as to legal arbitration: "I believe that the number of working hours could be regulated between employer and employee, without the interference of law."

Mr. Chalmers, the head of a great concern, replies: "Absolute freedom, so far as the use of capital, hours of work and rate per hour is involved. Also as regards pay-day. Notwithstanding we employ over 1,000 hands we pay every Saturday.

"No. I believe arbitration possible only under certain conditions and then by mutual agreement between the parties." Which last answer is equivalent to denying legal arbitration.

J. M. W. Jones, president J. M. W. Jones Stationery and Printing Company, answering second question: "Yes, I believe in absolute freedom in the use of capital, most emphatically. As to the other questions they seem to me too absurd to reply to."

Henry Schultz answers first as to legal arbitration and then as to labor organizations:

"No. If I cannot settle the difficulties between myself and employees I will not call on outsiders, who cannot understand all the conditions, to arbitrate the matter. No. Believe they do more harm than good."

B. M. Hair, of Hair & Ridgeway: 2. "I do favor absolute freedom in the use of capital. If the authority of the nation or state could be wielded fairly and without political influence or bias I might feel differently."

Jas. H. Walker: 2. "Absolute freedom, for the reason that it leaves not only the employer but the workman free to determine the number of hours that shall constitute a day's labor. There should be no more interference in the matter of trades unions and combines than there is of private enterprises." 7. "In very few instances, for the reason that such legal compulsion is contrary to the tenor and spirit of general laws and our Constitution, and no matter how much legislation may interfere, the great principles of expediency and equity are bound to step in and decide the point on nearly a fair basis."

The rich men whose opinions are given herewith are thoroughly representative of their class

all over the country. They first deny that there is an irreconcilable antagonism between capital and labor, and then at once turn to and prove the fact of an irrepressible conflict between them out of their own mouths. The most disheartening feature of this circumstance is its demonstration of the unyielding Bourbonism of capital. It neither learns nor forgets anything. Its attitude to-day toward millions of organized toilers is precisely the same that it was when Ben Butler vowed he would burn down Lowell if the factory owners carried out their threats of discharging every man who dared to vote for candidates to the legislature who were pledged to push a statute decreeing the ten-hour day. Capital has not surrendered an atom of its old-time imperious claim. It not only defies the workmen to interfere with its traditional absolutism, but denies the right of the government to protect those whom its cruel greed oppresses. Labor has during twenty-five years unceasingly pressed its just plea for a more righteous recognition on humane, Christian and politico-economic grounds. It has done this kindly and argumentatively, in millions of temperate speeches and whole libraries of pamphlets and books

that appeal solely to the reason, patriotism and sense of justice of the ruling body of our citizens, but capitalism has not been so morally educated thereby, that it will abate one tittle of its ancient tyrant charters. Nay, it has not even learned that it might be policy to make reasonable concessions to labor, in a land where the democratic lion is master so soon as he wills to be.

These facts prove that capital and labor have joined issue in a combat to the death in the American republic. The millions of organized workingmen on one side, and all the forces of capitalism on the other, stand to-day facing each other as bitterest foes. There is hate, and dangerous hate, on both sides, and an irrepressible conflict is now going on between them. It is utterly out of the question for their differences to be compromised by the parties themselves. Neither side will yield an inch. We know this of a verity, because these late years with their thousands of strikes give proof on proof of the absolute impossibility of their peacefully coming together and reconciling their animosity by an equitable adjustment of conflicting interests.

The country can only be saved from a disaster that is universal by promptly taking the question into national legislation and settling it, once and for all, on lines of justice that take carefully into account that this country is a bastard republic, unless it sedulously cultivates a governmental polity which aims to do the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number of its citizens.

We have here been specifically speaking of the ever-growing hate of the army of organized toilers in mines, factories, in the general trades and on railways, and we now have to add unto it the hate of the organized farmers, who are millions in number. These hate the Triumphant Plutocracy in all its parts, just as their great-grandfathers hated British rule before the Revolution. They regard it as an oligarchic usurpation, that has come into power in this republic through fraud and force.

The writer speaks confidently and without reservation concerning this perilous hatred, because he is sure of his facts, and believes the safety of the country imperatively demands that the truth should promptly be made known to the all-potential middle class of this nation, if it is to be saved from ruin.

During the last four years he has received thousands of letters from every class of toilers and from all sections of the country, all breathing the same spirit of mingled fear and hate.

We give herewith a few sentences from one just received from the secretary of a great labor organization of an eastern city. It refers to an editorial by the writer, in which was expressed a dread of the future by reason of the hatred between the plutocrats and the workers. He says: "You illy describe the hatred of what you call the 'rival forces' for each other. Words cannot describe the malevolent, malicious and cruel spirit that lies down deep in the souls of each other, only waiting for something to turn up to give them an opportunity to throw themselves into a deadly conflict for the mastery. I am not an anarchist, but I am one of the lower class. My business brings me in contact with those who hate and abhor us, and I find that a ferocious spirit is taking hold of the people, that I fear nothing but a revolution will appease, even though they know that nothing but ruin can follow such a course. In closing would say I am an American whose forefathers fought against King George."

We declare with all solemnity that we do know that the foregoing sentiments are those of millions of workingmen. It is darkly reflected in the editorials of the hundreds of papers which champion their cause, but this literature of a new reformation our blindly contented middle class never see. Before putting our unqualified assertion of this deep hatred on the part of the workingmen into print, we "made assurance doubly sure and took a bond of fate," by careful inquiry among intelligent and influential labor-leaders who are thoroughly informed on the subject, and they one and all declared that no language could fitly set forth the intense and steadily growing hatred of the workers for the present oppressive capitalistic order. Therefore our statement of this hatred stands without any qualification or toning down, and we know that it will defy all attempts to disprove it. It holds good for ninety-five per cent of the organized workers and farmers. If this be true is there nothing portentous in it? We declare that never in its history was our country overhung by such awful peril, which may be precipitated on it at any time by the merest accidental conjunction of evil circumstances. Thirty years

ago the relations between capital and labor were friendly, and there was no irreconcilable antagonism between them; but, come to think, there was an irreconcilable antagonism abroad in the land at that time, and it was between the North and South. We all know the result thereof, but the sectional antagonism of three decades ago was but as the passing wrath of children, when compared with that now raging and seething in the breasts of millions of men, of rival interests and alien social position.

Lives there a philosopher worth the name who dares deny the dread logic of these facts, and who will venture to dispute that an awful tendency of events is bearing us swiftly toward an appalling catastrophe? All the elements for an overwhelming explosion are now in a highly inflammable state, and need only a spark to ignite them.

All men of good judgment, who have given the present crisis the study it deserves, are of one opinion on the subject, and all of them view the future with the utmost concern. Only now and then is there a sanguine one among them who believes that the coming climax will be a peaceful one, while the most sadly declare

that they fear that a storm of fire and blood is inevitable, because the middle class will continue to side with the Triumphant Plutocracy and not awaken to the dread peril of the situation until it is eternally too late. How a people that remembers the Pittsburgh strike and the national shock which followed it can now lie supine while we are drifting steadily toward a repetition of that disaster on a thousandfold greater scale, is indeed mysterious and past finding out.

The civil war came from the momentum that began with the Kansas border troubles of 1855-56, which culminated in national war six years later. The railroad strike of 1877 was the first skirmish in the mighty conflict that is to readjust the relations between capital and productive toil in the American republic. The movement of the producers has been gathering in power and volume during the last fourteen years, and when the final shock comes it will be as much greater than that of the civil war as it was longer in preparation.

Oh, middle-class men of America! rise up and see that justice be done, if you would save Christian civilization from the most terrible calamity that ever threatened it!

CHAPTER XVI

THE IMPENDING CRASH

"The federal government is becoming Russianized, and the states and their people are becoming Mexicanized. We must go back to our old-fashioned government of justice, law and order, or see the map of this continent dotted here and there with the blood-red splotches of anarchy and revolution."—[From a recent editorial in the *Atlanta Constitution*.]

At the present stage of this work we squarely affirm that a national catastrophe is near by, and will inevitably come to pass, unless wise preventive measures are promptly taken. It can be truly declared that the peace of our country exists from day to day at the mercy of chance, for all the elements required for a stupendous explosion are now underneath the fabric of organized society, and the hand of untoward circumstance may at any time unchain their latent destructiveness. The sinister meeting of this readiness for combustion with the accidental spark may not take place this week, this year or in the next five years, but there is not one chance in a thousand that matters can drift on for ten years as they now are going without a terrible climax.

Even to-morrow, through one of those minor events which always seems so inadequate to usher in a monumental calamity, the threatening cataclysm may descend upon us. "The ponderous gates of circumstance turn on the slightest hinge." No man can carefully scan his own past without noting how remarkably his life was changed by the merest trifles. A sharp southerly wind might have driven the Mayflower into the mouth of the Delaware and thus made the history of America far other than it is. When the final crash comes it will probably be brought on by one of those minute incidents, like unto the leak in the Johnstown dam.

Let us briefly summarize the situation as it now stands. We have in preceding chapters fully set forth the irreconcilable antagonism between the dominant Capitalism and the producers of the country, and every day the hostility between them is becoming more intense and definite. There is not a hint of surrender on either side so far as the main issue between them is concerned, and both their armies are now busily at work consolidating and organizing for a decisive trial by battle. There would not be the slightest danger to the peace of the repub-

lic from this source if the country were now being run on democratic lines. The plutocrats affirm the general righteousness of the present industrial and financial status, while millions of producers give a positive negative thereto. Now, under a government that was truly popular, the issue would, by common consent, be at once taken into the politics of the country. It is a public question, and there is the proper place for its determination. This action would be in harmony with the democratic idea that follows the way of progress, justice and peace. But the Triumphant Plutocrats refuse to give the case a hearing in the political court of the nation, because they know the unjust nature of their franchises and will not submit them to impartial arbitrament, if they can possibly help it. Hence they are now using all the enormous forces at their command, to keep the case out of court, and the producing masses find themselves in the position of an impoverished suitor, who ascertains that his rich oppressor has bought up the judge and court officials, and retained every available lawyer.

In this comparison we by no means overstate the situation, for the plutocrats are doing every-

thing in their power to defeat the rudimentary attempts of the producers toward getting a hearing of their case before the high court of the people *en masse*. In the first place, the general government, which may in this instance stand for the judge, refuses to give an official cognizance to the producers' case, and waves it away as not having the *prima facie* merit to demand consideration. The daily newspapers, clergymen and orators, who represent the court official, scout at the absurdity of these producers having any substantial grievances that require redress. The political machines of the democratic and republican parties, absolutely owned by the plutocrats, stand for the attorneys who have already received big retainers from the rich defendant. So at the present time the producers are barred out of court, and cannot get in until they create the mechanism of a new party to take charge of their case. The Triumphant Plutocrats are so anxious to keep the plea of the producers from going before the country as a political issue, that they use all means to abort its taking organized shape. They have their paid Pinkerton spies in every labor-society in the country, and these men earn their money not alone as informers, but

also in order to secure a richer wage they must be expert obstructers, marplots and destroyers. Furthermore, it is the settled policy of the plutocrats in their unholy war against the producers, to buy and corrupt, so far as possible, the men who are in the position of leaders. If one of these captains or generals of the people's army has a weak spot in his armor, these cunning beguilers soon find it, and then he is approached accordingly. In this age, when the accursed thirst for gold is so well nigh universal, a man's most vulnerable side is usually the one on which his pocket-book is located, so there they strike.

When these Benedict Arnolds have once consummated their infamy, they become crafty and tireless architects of villainy, and take a satanic delight in working all the evil they can. When one of these scoundrels who has talents for leadership sells out to the plutocrats, he receives an abundance of money aid. In order to give his services the utmost value to his masters, he builds himself up as high as possible into positions of authority, where he can exercise a malign influence in the wrong direction of the affairs of his confiding constituency. These treasons are exceedingly difficult to find out, because both

parties to the scandalous contract have a direct interest in keeping the transaction a dead secret. Open detection of the traitors is well-nigh impossible for this reason, and not even a well-grounded suspicion rests on them, until a long course of flagrant misconduct lays them open to the charge of being either blundering incompetents or deliberate knaves. This far-reaching and carefully-planned scheme of the plutocrats to keep the case of the producers out of court is a dangerous weighting down of the safety valve, as our people may perchance find out one of these days.

Another and most ill-omened sign of the times is a general expectancy of evil days to come. All thoughtful and intuitive persons of the middle and wealthy classes frankly acknowledge their fear of the future, while the same sentiment is universal among intelligent farmers and working-men who are reading and thinking on the living questions of the time. Worst of all is their dreary hopelessness of being able to do anything that shall turn the impending crisis into channels that are entirely peaceful. Strive to their uttermost all true men will, for that is their plain duty, but through all their toiling despair abides with

them and they feel themselves powerless in the hands of an inexorable fate. In support of this averment the writer had gathered together from newspapers and private letters an over-sufficiency of corroborative testimony, but when he came to classify it for use in this volume the very mass of it baffled him, because it would make a book of itself. So he uses only the extract at the head of this chapter, and confidently bids him who doubts the truth of this statement to go forth and make search for himself, with the positive assurance that it will be a light task to get a large harvest of grim facts that will irrefragably establish the truth of our assertion. It is a dangerous symptom for the peace of the republic that millions of citizens believe the present government to be an oligarchic usurpation, and by no means a true incarnation of the democratic idea as intended by the fathers. The plutocrats hurl counter charges of disaffected and revolutionary purposes, but the great plain people decline to be routed by these accusations.

It matters not that the plutocracy points to the millions of votes which placed its officials in power. Napoleon III did the same many a time

and oft, but France's repudiation of the imperial usurper after Sedan showed a sentiment toward him which somehow the people's suffrages failed to register. The modern machine-politics of America have of recent years so juggled with our voting system that the common people could not declare their will through it for their betterment. This of a verity they do know and believe, and the most speciously preserved semblances and cunningly devised make-believes of popular government cannot cheat the actual facts of their stern logic, because the people feel their disfranchisement in the increasingly hard lines of their daily lives. And yet withal the producing masses of this country are now the custodians of the only loyalty to Washington's republic, whose fervent devotion is absolutely above and beyond all valid suspicion. Why should they not be true to the democratic idea that underlies our theory of government, when it promises them all that any honest and liberty-loving man can ask? The great plain people are willing to work for a living, and are satisfied to the limit with a government that gives everybody equal rights under the law, and prevents the vicious from stealing the fruits of their toil, either

by open theft or crafty devices. Right here the producer chimes in with his complaint against the present perversion of the old righteous order of the republic. He declares that it lets a favored class rob him, and when he ventures to make outcry thereat, the plutocratic robbers call him socialist, anarchist and all sorts of horrible epithets of fearful sound and obscure meaning. The working producers of America are faithful to the democratic idea. They love Washington's republic and do not wish to see a government of the people, by the people and for the people perish from the earth. The camel may somehow wriggle through the needle's eye, the rich man may finally read his title clear to a mansion in the sky, but never, never, will the average trust or corporation millionaire be a loyal citizen of the American republic. He is the natural enemy of our free institutions, and all the acts of his life will tend to tear them down. Yet these destructionists are now in full command of the United States government, and have driven the true believers out of the temple of liberty and branded them as heterodox.

The loyal producing millions do not take kindly to their disinherited estate, and denounce the

Triumphant Plutocrats as lawless usurpers. This deeply drawn issue is dangerous to the peace of the republic.

In 1863 good men and true were mining for gold in the gulches and canyons of far-off Montana; other good men and true were merchandizing, blacksmithing, boot-making, house-building and doing other worthy tasks that served to create a home for organized society among those bleak mountain ranges. Bad men who were true children of Belial came also into that remote nook of America. They were thieves, gamblers, murderers, disbarred lawyers and criminals of every degree, who fled from the restraints of eastern civilization and sought new Montana as a fresh field for depredation. The good men and true kept busily at it making money against the happy day when they could return to the loved ones in God's country far away toward the rising sun, and so the righteous ruling of the community went by default. Then spake the outlaws one to another: "Here is richness! The government of the country goes begging, let us shrewd ones take it up and make crime legal." So forthwith was it done, and the captain of the road agents

became high sheriff, and diversified his official duties with the pleasing recreation of robbing stages and murdering passengers, and the judge-ships and the court clerkships and the town offices and the county offices and all the official mechanism of organized society, were parceled out among the rogues, cut-throats and professional enemies of decent humanity, and it seemed as if the devil might with much comfort to himself soon shift his permanent abode to the upper earth. And when the good men and true murmured at the unutterable horror of it all, they were looked upon threateningly by the official rulers, and received warning of the dread punishment that would be visited upon all rebels against duly constituted authority. The term anarchist was not fashionable then, or they would have been lashed with it by the thugs who were running the government. Then God's evolutionary force which maketh ever toward righteousness prepared for action in the brave souls and strong muscle of the good men and true. Stanch citizens who were loyal to justice, to virtue and to eternal truth, took counsel with one another in secret places; the honest came to know each other by look and touch, and at last in the fullness of

time, when hell yawned to receive back its own, up rose the Vigilantes, mighty in their righteous wrath at the evil deeds of evil men. The sheriff and his riff-raff crew of legalized murderers were torn from their drunken dream of safe ravage, to be strung up by their vile necks, until the vile life was squeezed out of their vile carcasses, and then good men breathed free and heaven smiled. But horrors on horrors! Here was anarchy rampant! There was no government, because about all the regularly elected officials had been hung by a mob. But it was observed that men who believed in God's law were there; men who believed in right between man and man were there; men who believed in the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, law and order and Christian civilization were there, and hence the foul wreckage of a demon-order of society was soon swept away, and the good men and true promptly and without shock built a righteous system of government that hath endured from that day to this.

We have had many examples in this country of vigilance committees that were wholesome and necessary. There have been cases where the mechanism of local government became so

befouled, that it neither would nor could cleanse itself. Then the good people were compelled to get back to first principles and do the task themselves. This Montana incident brings us face to face with a feature of our American character, concerning which no philosophical statesman has ever dared to tell the whole truth. Bluntly stated, it is our lack of respect for the law of the land, together with an easy readiness in breaking the same whenever it chances to stand in the way of something we particularly wish to do. The use of the pronoun "we" in this instance is made very advisedly, for the average individual American citizen is probably as meek and obedient in the presence of the law as the average citizen of any other nation under the sun, but multiply the very docile gentleman by one hundred, one thousand, a hundred thousand or ten million, and the resultant product is a vastly different being. Let this Titanic creature have as a soul one strong desire, and then woe betide the law that bars the road to its realization, for he will trample it under foot without either respect or fear. And yet we Americans pride ourselves on being a singularly law-abiding people, and conspicuous in that respect above all others on

the face of the earth. This is true in the main, for our laws as a rule lie parallel with what we regard as our best interests. They are adjusted to our inclinations and ordinary habits, hence there is an unconscious gravitation toward obedience, that we esteem as a high virtue, and when a single individual strives to pull away from the majority and disobey on his own personal account, we punish him sharply. We are usually, however, very tolerant where masses of men as one body break the law of the land by a single tragic act, such as a mob taking a murderer away from the sheriff and hanging him. It is felt that not only has rude justice been done, but what is far more important, the peace and general interests of society have not been harmed thereby; so every one slights the actual infraction of the law involved, and makes haste to forget it.

The rebellion of the Southern States offers a special exception to this general rule of charity toward *en masse* breaches of the law. This outbreak received different treatment, because the act upset the political and commercial status of the nation; it was a blow at the interests of the majority and threatened to dwarf the republic

of its fair proportions. The rebellious citizens were fought until they surrendered to the old order of things. Then the charitable rule of dealing with *en masse* violations of the law became operative again, and no one suffered for the offense. Let us now see what manner of punishment was meted out for an open, notorious, long-continued and wide-spread defiance of the Constitution of the republic, on the part of millions of citizens. The fifteenth amendment gave the negro the right of suffrage under the same warrant of governmental protection as is enjoyed by the white man. It became a part of the fundamental law of the land that the black man could go to the polls and deposit his ballot in peace, with no one to molest him or make him afraid. If the United States government stood knowingly by while that law was being forcibly set at naught, and passively endured its violation on a large scale, through a term of years, it thereby stultified itself and became a sham republic. And this was precisely the action of the United States in the premises. It knew perfectly well that through the means of night riders, bulldozers, the shot-gun policy and tissue ballots, the fifteenth amendment was nullified all

through the South, and the negro-vote in that section made practically non-existent. Furthermore, a President, who was the nominee of the party that had forced the fifteenth amendment into the Constitution, dickered his way into a doubtful seat by covenanting that the said amendment should lie dead in the Constitution so far as the South was concerned. This was done by the tacit consent of the entire nation, which was ready to sacrifice an established governmental principle and the sanctity of the fundamental law of the republic, for peace and the general business interests of the people at large.

We are not here discussing the moral aspect of this question in the slightest degree, for it does not lie within the purview of this treatise. It may be that the sober second thought of the victorious republican North was right in telling them that the conditions imposed upon the defeated South were too hard, and reacted injuriously upon the whole nation. It may have been both unstatesmanlike and impolitic to have burdened the nation suddenly with millions of ignorant voters, whom it were wiser to have held for a time in a condition of probationary pupilage prior to the enjoyment of full citizenship. Per-

haps the North realized when too late that it had been over-hot in confirming its triumph by means of the fifteenth amendment, and hence was compelled to back out of the consequences of its blunder, even though the sacredness of the Constitution suffered thereby. With all this our argument has nothing whatsoever to do, and we only refer to the episode that we may through it clinch the closer our primary proposition that the United States government has been *particeps criminis* in the violation of its own fundamental law.

We hold to this incontrovertible fact and exhibit it for a purpose. If it comes about, as by chance it may, that millions of farmers and other producers shall stand out indignantly against the plutocracy's unjust franchises, which are grinding them and their families down into poverty, let not our comfortable middle class, under the subtle instigation of the Triumphant Plutocrats, rise up in high wrath and denounce these long-suffering toilers as rebels, traitors, revolutionists and anarchists, who must be shot down without mercy. Let them not declare that this action of the producers is an outrage on the Constitution and the old flag, which it is heresy to talk

of compromising. Let them remember the precedent of the violated fifteenth amendment, which they have patiently acquiesced in through all these years, and keep their patriotic rage within due bounds. If the crisis which we are now rapidly nearing is met by a tithe of the spirit of wise toleration, sound policy and charitable consideration which was shown to the South in the case of the fifteenth amendment, the crash which now impends will be robbed of all danger to the peace of the country. If a contrary course be pursued, and the plutocrats try to settle the issue through a brutal appeal to force, then this republic is destined to see some dark and bloody days. In the case of the fifteenth amendment, no influential class had a money interest in seeing that this constitutional provision was carried out. But when the farmers take any action that menaces "vested rights," then the capitalists will fiercely demand that the sources of their unholy revenue be kept inviolate, though the government be brought to destruction through the attempt. This makes a very sinister difference between the two cases.

From the early days of the country, especially in the Mississippi valley, the people have been

swift to ignore the plain law of the land whenever an emergency arose that demanded a promptness of action which the unwieldy mechanism of the regular constituted authorities could not give. While mobs, regulators, white-caps and vigilance committees have most scandalously profaned the letter of the law, yet at the same time they respected its spirit. They said in effect: "The law as it stands can deal very satisfactorily with ordinary crimes and conditions, but the legal system has not the necessary flexibility to meet the needs of the extraordinary in human affairs, hence we form a vigilance committee to piece out its function, so that justice may be done, which is the final end of the law."

In point of fact, a vigilance committee may be an impromptu people's court of chancery, created to try and determine a particular case on its merits and thus supply a manifest deficiency in the regular judicial mechanism. It is highly probable that if we could dig deep enough we should find these spontaneously organized but seemingly irregular courts to be based on the eternal equities. It is most certain that as a general rule they were born out of the righteous intentions of good men, and were not the handi-

work of deliberate villains, although in many instances infamous deeds have been done by them. At this we are not to wonder, while we know how facile is the evil part of our human nature in seizing upon chances for expression. During the last hundred years of the republic these popular courts of loose jurisdiction have been of exceedingly frequent occurrence. We have had lynch-law courts, regulators, abolition mobs to rescue fugitive slaves, pro-slavery mobs to hang abolition orators; anti-Catholic mobs, which burned down churches and convents; anti-Mormon mobs with Joe Smith martyrdoms; Astor Place theatrical fool riots over the merits of rival actors, and dead human donkeys piled up on the New York pavements. Then there have been San Francisco Vigilantes, Montana Vigilantes, with occasional epidemics of vigilantes all through the western territories and mining camps, anti-horse-thief associations, short of shrift but long of rope; New York draft riots; the ten years' reign of the bulldozing night-riders in the South, with federal and state governments as passive approvers of the usurpation; the great Cincinnati mob of 1884 directed squarely against the corrupt administration of the laws; bands of white-caps

acting as dubious conservators of morals in a half-dozen states, with a stinging whip-lash corrective for misdemeanants who received punishment first while the merits of the case were passed upon the neighborhood afterwards.

Mobs, mobs, everywhere mobs, big and little, briskly anticipating the regular courts and saving jury fees to the country, now castigating a recalcitrant husband, hanging a suspected negro or applying tar and feathers to a drab. If you would have a monumental illustration of our loose regard for governmental observances you will find it in the Kansas and Missouri border war of 1855 and '56. Tens of thousands of citizens on each side completely ignored the fact that there was any such thing as a central ruling authority, that had supreme jurisdiction in the premises, and the government quite contentedly resigned itself to let the two factions fight out the issue, as to which crowd should own Kansas. So private duels, covert assassinations, midnight raids, skirmishes and battles went on, and the long-accustomed people took it as quite in the natural American order of things. Lastly, take the recent case in New Orleans, where the respectable citizens, the wealthy citizens, the law-abiding

Christian citizens, organized a huge and all-compelling mob, stormed the jail, and shot to death a dozen or more of Italian prisoners who were in the custody of the regularly constituted authorities. What are all these instances but more or less orderly and organized attempts to supersede or anticipate the workings of the official judicial mechanism, or mayhap to take action on cases that do not obviously come within legal jurisdiction? We give extended remark to this positive evidence of a lawless quality in our American character, because it may receive an infinitely larger and more dangerous expression in the future than it ever has in the past. Therefore it would be grossly impolitic to take a high ground toward it at this late day, because the Triumphant Plutocrats now suspect that it may receive manifestations that will threaten their illegal franchises. The banded monopolists care nothing at all for these tumultuous murderings, whippings and mobbings, that shamelessly violate the law of the land, so long as their own interests are not endangered thereby, but let the most peaceful strike take place, which temporarily stops the output of their money-making mechanism, and they rise up in righteous wrath and demand

that the offenders against the majesty of law be at once put down without mercy. To a casual breach of the peace by a mob, our people pay but scant attention, but the plutocrats would have them make a special exception of such breaches of the peace as grow out of opposition to their robber charters. They would rear up the old aristocratic distinctions of Europe, where a blow given to a clumsy waiter may be quite proper, while to strike "my lord" is next door to treason.

The Triumphant Plutocracy has inculcated this notion so effectually in the case of the middle class, that when a strike occurs against some oppressive corporation, everybody shouts out: "We cannot endure this; it is an outrageous breaking of the law and the criminals must be punished without mercy and at once. If they do not instantly disperse, turn loose the Gatling-guns on them." That is the temper of our middle class to-day, and it is most dangerous to the peace of the nation. Its inconsistency is so flagrantly manifest that all the working millions know it, and are hardened into a perilous rage by its plain injustice.

There never was a time in the history of this

country when wise statesmanship, good policy, charity, patience and tolerant consideration for the organic weaknesses and inherited wrong tendencies of our people, were so urgently demanded as to-day. In the present inflammable condition of society, if those conservative agencies are not used to the uttermost, we are ruined and undone, and a wave of fire and blood may at any time roll over this nation from sea to sea. The elements are already prepared for it and a single wrong touch may at any time turn them loose.

Please keep the evil conditions sharply in mind. For generations we have been accustomed to independent and lawless action outside of the law. The habit of it has grown into the blood and thought of our people, and it has long tradition and innumerable precedents for its warrant. Now we have come to a time when a new and terrible danger can befall us from that source. The old relations under which mob law was only a temporary inconvenience, have passed away, and we have arrived at a period when vigilance committees may easily assume national proportions and quickly change the face and condition of the country. Let any man of philosophic

mind inform himself as to the social, political and industrial status of the republic, and then laugh at this prophecy of possible calamity if he dare.

Please look the situation squarely in its front. In the old days, bands of regulators and vigilance committees were local affairs, and rose from local causes which had no connection with other communities. The members of these spontaneous courts of chancery respected the laws and authorities; they were apologetic to society as they did their fierce tasks, and they excused their acts on the ground of the insufficiency or slowness of strictly legal methods in meeting urgent cases. That outlaw-taint which is in the blood of all of us alike, from high to humble, from rich to poor, has now a stupendous and appalling opportunity inviting it, such as was never known before in all the experience of the republic. Millions of producers are banded together into fraternal societies, practically one mighty organization through their common hopes and fears. The farmers, the railway-men, the miners, the mechanics, the factory operatives, together with all other industrial toilers, are now welded into unity by a knowledge of their indestructible solidarity

of interest. An intense feeling of brotherhood is constantly growing among them, and every day an injury to one is more thoroughly felt to be the concern of all. If a gang of Pinkerton thugs, in obedience to a corporation tyrant, shoot down outraged railway-men in Albany, or murder defrauded coal miners in Pennsylvania, a wave of hot wrath sweeps across the continent, that submerges and inflames every intelligent and free-hearted producer in the land; and the farmer of the Florida everglades and the woodsman in the deep forests of Oregon alike set their teeth and clinch their fists in kindred rage. The alliance of the working classes of America is complete, and in this homogeneity is either the peace or peril of our republic. These men declare that evil and undemocratic laws have been passed by the plutocracy for its own special advantage and against the well-being of the producers. They also affirm that existing laws, wholesome in their intent, have been perverted by it to the detriment of the masses whom they were ordained to bless. And they furthermore avow, that the Triumphant Plutocracy has practically subverted Washington's republic, and that a government of the people, by the people,

and for the people, no longer exists. Here are all the essential materials and conditions to create a national vigilance committee when the hour strikes and the provocation comes, tingling through those millions of banded workers like an electric shock. Then will they start forth, not to destroy the law, but to fulfill it; not to tear down our democratic government, but to purify and renovate it; not to overthrow the Constitution, but to give it living effect; not to make wreckage of Christian civilization, but to save it from the ruin that now threatens. On their banner shall be inscribed liberty, equal laws, human progress and the maintenance of the republic of the fathers.

We write of this possible eventuality, because we would avert it while yet there is time. Any such deplorable event will be as criminally needless as was the civil war. It will set back the orderly progress of the nation. A crop of moral scourges would come of such fierce rending of the subsoil of society, just as certainly as they followed our war of the rebellion. Only one good thing can be said of such a destructive upheaval, and that is, that it would be an immeas-

urable improvement over the leprosy of plutocratic despotism which now menaces us.

But there is still time to save the country from the calamity of either one of these curses, if the good men and true, who make a clear majority of all the people in the land, will now rise up and do their plain duty to God's law and man's right. The Almighty Father, out of his abundant kindness, has given us bounteous crops. We have another year of grace in which the people can think and act on full stomachs. Only a fool will declare that one bountiful harvest has disposed of a discontent and misery which have been growing and deepening for long years. One substantial meal will not carry even a tramp through three months of winter. What plutocratic optimist dare affirm, for next year, abundant crops on this side with corresponding scarcity abroad? Our case is not one to be met by ephemeral palliatives. We must go down deep into the domain of eternal justice between man and man, if we would find abiding relief and absolute safety for the country's future.

The doing of this duty to the uttermost will be all too stern a task for the plausible charlatans, whose bastard statesmanship has put our

country on the high road to perdition. If we are to be saved from ruin, there must be another uprising of the great plain people; and then it will be as it always has been when the masses fully recognized their danger and stood up like men to meet it.

Heroes before unknown will come forward from their own ranks, whose brave hearts will front the peril without blenching, and whose strong hands will grapple triumphantly with the labor that is given them to do.

CHAPTER XVII

IN ORDER OF BATTLE

"The development of inequality in this country as the result of the concentration of wealth in the hands of a small class, has developed two social tendencies which are in diametrical opposition, and must eventually come into collision, and when they do it will be with a similar result to that which would follow an encounter between a peachblow vase and an avalanche under full headway."—[EDWARD BELLAMY, in *"The New Nation."*]

The maximum of certainty as to an approaching conflict is felt by the men who stand at the far extremes of society.

The multi-millionaire, whose income is conditioned upon the peaceful toiling of an army of workers, guards his interests by keeping accurately informed of their state of mind through the reports of shrewd spies. He knows their animus is one of wrathful discontent, and this is substantially true of their class everywhere. Hence the corporation lord is aware that the general situation is ugly, and forebodes a collision of greater or less magnitude. He is all the surer that a crash is inevitable, because he is the other party whose existence is necessary in order to

make a fight; and as he is fully determined not to surrender the least of his present advantages, even if permanent peace and absolute safety for the future could be secured thereby, he knows that trouble is coming.

The man out of employment, the unskilled worker, the mechanic who searches for toil and becomes demoralized by not finding it, the locked-out operative, the person of education who has lost his calling, friends and good repute, the host of men who, through lack of endowment or in default of training, are merely grown-up children in the competitive scramble that results from an overplus of labor, may be summed up as making the opposite social pole from the millionaire. This composite creature we will, for want of a more fitting name, term, tramp.

This strange and unnatural being in a well-ordered society believes that a class-struggle is near at hand, and welcomes it yearningly, for he knows that while present conditions persist he must remain an outcast from the sweetness and light of civilization, and be hard put at times to secure even butterless bread. Hence his only hope rests in a universal catastrophe; and perchance its baleful flames may disclose a path to

kindlier destinies. Our good people to whom good clothes, good beds and good food come so natural that an occasional prayer of thanks squares the debt with Deity, because they lay the main credit of their comfortable state to personal good management, are singularly obtuse as to the danger that now threatens society from a peculiar human crop that our country has grown in the last twenty-five years. This product of the greatest and richest civilization known to history, is what is generically termed the tramp horde, and is loosely estimated anywhere from 1,500,000 to 3,000,000 in number. Our definition of a tramp is so large and generous that it includes every person who is homeless and hungry, and either begs the price of a meal out of hand or asks the chance to do an odd job in order to earn one. We also include all the shambling, tatterdemalion crew who of late are getting so uncomfortably numerous in the streets of our great cities. They may be drearily trudging along after the manner of their forlorn kind, with downcast head and despondent slouch, without word or look for any one, making the saddest sight that man can see who calls all men brothers. Still they are but tramps, and we give

no thought to the invisible causes that made the visible record of the fact. It matters nothing to us that a year ago they might have been working contentedly in a cracker, linseed-oil or white lead factory, whose proprietor closed down because he was paid as much by a big trust to let his plant lie idle as he could make by running it. This circumstance does not alter the fact that the one-time workingman is now a tramp. We Americans are regular Gradgrinds in our respect for facts, and decline to let mawkish sentiment tone down their rough edges. Any man out of work and money is liable to become a public nuisance; we have no time to listen to his tedious stories; so we dispose of the case in the shortest way, by making him a criminal and locking him up, as is done under the benign laws of Iowa and Connecticut.

Boston owns a very worthy institution called the "Wayfarers' Rest." Here the stranger without money can come as the night falls, and by doing a reasonable amount of woodsawing, squarely earn his supper, lodging and breakfast. Bums, sots and undeserving vagabonds are barred from this retreat, because it is intended

for the relief of decent men to whom the world has not been kind. A register for guests is kept at this hotel, the same as at all others, but with somewhat more of detail. The occupation or previous calling of the casual visitor is made a matter of record, and so data are gathered which should be of considerable interest to our philanthropic sociologists. The thousands of lodgers, who avail themselves of that refuge for a night or so, are human wreckage from all classes and conditions of men. At first glance it is a subject for surprise that such a large percentage of this flotsam comes from the respectable classes. There are ex-ministers, ex-members of congress, ex-bankers, ex-editors, ex-lawyers, ex-merchants, ex-manufacturers, ex-school-teachers, ex-clerks, ex-book-keepers, together with a host of ex-incumbents of positions in all intellectual occupations. There are few ex-gamblers, ex-burglars or ex-dive-keepers, because crime shows fewer bankrupts nowadays than do the honorable vocations.

There must be some substantial reason for this ever-increasing number of tramps who have seen vastly better days. It is brutally illogical to declare that the causes which produce them

lie altogether within themselves, and that external conditions over which they have no control are not in any degree responsible for their abject failure in life. The comfortably circumstanced classes that accept this explanation with avidity, and thereby relieve their consciences of the onus of a denied duty in the premises, utterly fail to see the inexorable drift of their own logic. If it indeed be true that in the second decade of the second century of the American republic, native-born citizens of good family, fair education and sound moral training show an increasing tendency to lapse into pauperdom, then is it proved that our nation has passed its maturity and is already on the decline toward dusty death. There is no escape from this conclusion on the part of the good people who account for this tramp scourge on the mixed ground of intemperance, laziness and vice. When Dickens was here fifty years ago, he remarked that there was not a beggar in the country, and persons not yet of middle age can remember when a tramp was a curiosity. We are not ready to believe that the American republic has lived out its life, hence we classify the tramp pest as merely one of many signs of a national house-

keeping that is dangerously bad. The unrestricted field for individual ambition, which existed when our government truly incarnated the democratic idea, is now a barren theory and not an actual fact. The wonderful natural development of the country and the consequent stratification of society on pecuniary lines, together with the destruction of the old social and industrial equilibrium, by the rise of great corporations and enormous individual fortunes, which in their totality make the Triumphant Plutocracy that dominates the national life in its every phase—all these are directly responsible for certain malign changes that have taken place in the republic, which make the America of fifty years ago and the America of to-day as radically dissimilar as the Rome of brave Horatius and the Rome plundered by Alaric.

By means of our common schools, academies, colleges, libraries, free reading-rooms and plethora of newspapers and periodicals, we continue to turn out increasing numbers of reasonably well-educated young men who are proud of living in a democratic land, where a poor boy can start in as a mule-driver on a canal, and bring up as President of the United States. All these

young men keep their eyes up and aspire after the best there is in sight. Many of them shun farm work and the manual trades, because under our spurious civilization honest toil is not "genteel," so they seek honored careers as lawyers, doctors, ministers, manufacturers, merchants, politicians, clerks, board-of-trade gamblers, stock speculators and competitors in all other occupations where men can earn a living and not get their hands calloused. The steady concentration of wealth and consolidation of business enterprises, now going on, tends to decrease the demand for clerical workers, while the supply is constantly augmenting. The professions are overcrowded, and the country swarms with men who are competent for all sorts of intellectual vocations but who can obtain no employment. Our towns and villages are filled with young men waiting for something to turn up that is worth their taking. In the smaller places living is cheap, parents have homes, and as long as the young men remain there they have security in a profitless odd-job, clerking, shabbily dressed, death-in-life existence that is a thing of horror to any young man of true ambition. They are not to be blamed, for under the present order of society

it is the best the average young man can do, and he shows his wisdom in staying at home rather than going out into the world to fare worse. In these times only the young man with an exceptional endowment of force, patience and talent can break through the opposing barriers and compel success. But what of the others? Hundreds of thousands of them go forth from their homes every year, with that brave self-confidence that is so distinctively American, and try conclusions with fortune. They aim to secure remunerative, intellectual occupations. A slim percentage are successful; far more manage to hang precariously on the skirts of some kind of business, while many fail utterly. Where do these latter ones go? They reach out after some clerical or professional place, and not catching it, drop straight down through all the grades of manual toil in which they are totally unskilled, and never stop until they land in the sub-cellar of humanity, where herd and hive the slimy denizens of trampdom. Here they adjust themselves to a new order of existence, which the clean and well-fed world knows nothing of. Its details are simple and easy, when compared with the toilsome lot of a man who thinks he has failed unless each

morrow finds him more solidly placed than he was the day before. The initiated vagrant enters upon a life divested of all the old-time worry, so soon as he is resigned to his lost respectability. Ten cents a day and a coal hole at night solve all his problems, and he soon comes to confidently rely on shrewd beggary or chance odd jobs to pull him through.

As will be seen in the evidence furnished in the case of the Boston "Wayfarers' Rest," men of all ages, who from any cause have fallen by the way, gravitate at once to the condition of tramps. We read in the newspaper now and then the story of an interview with a well-educated wanderer who is homeless and penniless. Thoughtless people regard the circumstance as quite remarkable and immediately declare that there was a big screw loose somewhere or he could not have fallen so low. They are right in their surmise as to mechanism out of gear, but they may be wrong in locating it. The tramp census has never been accurately taken yet, and we are much afraid that when these social bankrupts do swarm forth from their lairs and assemble where they could be counted, there will be such tragic events going on that no one

will have time to enumerate them. We refer at length to this slumping down into trampdom on the part of large numbers of men who from birth, rearing and honest intentions deserved a happier fate, because there is danger in the fact to the future of the republic. These unclassed men are perforce thrown into association with the lowest waged and most ignorant toilers, and through their bitterness against organized society they become terribly effective propagandists of revolution. They denounce the rich as being the oppressive rulers of the republic, who must be put away before humble folks can have the rights and comforts that belong to them. It is safe to say that the influence of these sinister instructors reaches three millions of the same kind of men that leveled the Bastille and chopped off the head of Louis XVI. If the perils were limited to this class, we could quickly dispose of it on atheistic lines by killing a few hundred thousand of them out of hand wherever the excuse was given. But it so happens that where their menace leaves off, that of the millions of organized producers begins. Not that the farmers have the slightest revolutionary or rebellious intent, for all thought of lawlessness is far from

them, and they will strive to the very last to redress their grievances by the constitutional means of the ballot. If there is never a war in the nation until the farmers and workingmen begin it, our country has assurance of eternal peace. But who will answer for the Triumphant Plutocrats? Who dare say that they will not so shamelessly violate the Constitution that a national vigilance committee of the great plain people will be forced to step to the front, rescue republican liberty and save the imperiled prosperity of the masses? Who shall answer for the unforeseeable necromancy of accident, which plays so momentous a part in the history of nations? We know by their open and organized declarations, that millions of producers do now brand the plutocrats as tyrants and usurpers in the American republic. If there be any subject more serious than this for our people, we know not what it is. It is the one terrible and overshadowing fact in our national life to-day, and it will be suicide to ignore it much longer. A few years ago, and our flamboyant Fourth of July orators habitually worked themselves up into a fine frenzy of eloquence when speaking of the free and unbounded opportunities offered to the poor of all the earth,

by the great and undeveloped American continent, which was capable of supporting a thousand million people in comfort. We have now a trifle over 60,000,000 inhabitants, and lo and behold, our resources are exhausted. Not only is this the case, but the republican table will no longer supply the members of its own family, and several millions must go hungry, while a still larger number only get half a meal.

Only twenty years ago, politico-economic patriots exuberantly figured it out, that every healthy and muscular foreigner who came to our shores seeking work, made the country \$10,000 richer the moment he landed in Castle Garden. It did not matter whether he had a cent in his pocket or shirt to his back; his strong and willing hands were wealth-creating capital of the very first order, and lacking which, capital of the second order, in the shape of gold, lands, houses, tools and machinery, became utterly valueless. This is an exceedingly sound proposition, and the entire Edward Atkinson school of plutocratic political economists cannot budge it one jot or tittle, for it shall stand solid so long as the labor of man puts a living soul into inert matter.

It was noticeable that our Fourth of July elo-

cutionists of 1891 had much to say of the danger of pauper immigration, and all agreed that the laws which had been built up to bar it out must be additionally strengthened and rigidly enforced. So now it has come to pass that when an eager pilgrim arrives as a steerage passenger, whose only capital is of the muscular first order, he is promptly bundled back whence he came. On the other hand, the first cabin foreigner, with a hand-bag full of gold, is welcomed with open arms. It is distinctly understood that this man, who is freighted with capital of the second order, does not propose to produce anything by his own labor. He comes as a public benefactor to set other fellows at work, and after he has allowed them a bare living for the privilege of toiling, he will frugally gather together the major portion of the wealth created by them, and take it abroad and have a good time on it. This tribe of English aristocratic drones, by shrewd investments in American lands, railways, mines and trusts, now draws upwards of \$150,000,000 annually from this country, and we continue to hail with delight every fresh installment of inert capital which comes here from Europe, notwithstanding the plain fact that it tends to establish a

perpetual tax on the productive resources of the nation. If this diabolical tendency is allowed to go on unrestrained much longer, our industrial classes will ultimately find themselves in the condition of the Hindoo ryots, who have enjoyed the blessed rule of English capital for the last hundred years or more. This oriental toiler gets five cents a day, and lives almost exclusively on rice when it is plentiful, while if there be a short crop he starves to death. If the present drift of events goes on unchecked for fifty years more, the average American laborer will get ten cents for a day's work and have corn-meal mush for a steady diet, unless some cheaper food can be found.

With what swiftness of insight we saw the politico-economic peril brought by a few thousand Chinamen, whose further increase we immediately walled out, and yet the Chinaman came here solely to work. He made no investments in interest-bearing securities, which would enable him to enjoy life as a luxurious drone at the expense of others. No, he turned in and began to toil, and despite his wish he was compelled to spend more or less money in the country, while every dollar he finally took back to China

was made by his own muscular exertion; the gold he drained out of America represented no white toiler's sweat. Yet, forsooth, the Chinaman must go, while the English lord remains in the shape of his invested capital, which continues to leech the life-blood of prosperity out of the nation. The foreign capitalist riots on the fruits of American industry, for the mere use of money, and money is but a tool of trade, which this republic can create without limit, for the behoof of its own citizens, so that all the wealth produced by them would remain in the country and never go abroad, except to be returned by other wealth equal in value. This amazing stupidity and unreasoning inconsistency, on the part of the republic, is one of the causes of the social and economic upheaval that is now upon us. Competent observers who are anxiously watching the ever-changing manifestations of the industrial revolution, which has now plainly begun all over the civilized world, declare positively that it will make its first general expression and receive its first equitable solution in the United States of America. This will be the case because the evolutionary forces which are now pushing mankind upward to nobler levels of being, have freer

play in our country than elsewhere. For however much the democratic idea may have vanished from the practice of the republic under the reign of the Triumphant Plutocrats, it is still grudgingly recognized by them as contributing color and quality to our theory of government. They give it the same mock reverence and actual contempt, which the all-puissant Mayors of the Palace gave to the Merovingian line of phantom kings whom they handled like puppets. But there is one place where the democratic idea rules without a rival, and that is in the hearts of the great common people of America. The full strength of their devotion to it has never been tested to the limit. It has met all demands made upon it like the flint that gives out fire in exact proportion with the friction applied. No draft upon its resources has ever been dishonored, and when its hour of supreme test comes, as come it must at last, we believe that it will show forth an all-commanding power that shall not only be the wonder of future ages, but will likewise amaze the generation of men that does the task, by its revelation of the heroic capacity that slumbered within them.

The aristocratic masters of Europe and Amer-

ica seemingly ignore the greatest of all the teachings of the French revolution.

It was not the swift facility with which an oppressed people can rise up and overthrow their tyrants. It was not in the demonstration of the bloody revenge which an outraged commonalty can exact for long-continued wrongs. It was not the craze for chimerical experimenting which comes to emancipated masses suddenly made rulers. It was not the ease with which a masterful dictator turned a tumultuous populace from the frenzied worship of abstract liberty to an equal adoration for concrete absolutism. No, it was none of these. The true lesson of the French revolution, that shall shine deathless above the centuries for the eternal hope of the downtrodden lowly, is the superhuman energy, courage and sacrifice that were germed by its democratic idea. All these found lodgment in the souls of millions of long-degraded Frenchmen. But while the soil was rich for growth it lacked in those elements which give beauty, symmetry and vitality. Its fruitage, forced untimely by the fierce heat of the revolution, soon withered under the fell touch of Napoleon, and the monarchist said, "Behold, how swiftly popu-

lar government dies." It died, and the Bourbon came again for a few days, and the Orleans dynasty came for a few days, and a ghastly phantom of the great Bonaparte came for a few days, but now all these have joined the host of kingly specters in the night of the past, and the French republic stands, and the tremendous energy of its democratic idea endures, and is working slowly, steadily and resistlessly towards the incarnation of Rousseau's dream of a diviner order of society, where liberty, equality and justice shall be the inalienable portion of all men.

Through 250 years of sunshine and storm the great tap-roots of American democracy have been steadily enlarging in girth, broadening and deepening in reach. They underlie our political institutions; they are interwoven with the complexities of our business, social and religious life; they give fiber and strength to all the elements which make up the composite whole of our civilization. The American republic is the pioneer nation of the human race. It is the hope of the universal world; and here—in the land where the democratic idea has received noblest expression—must the ages-old problem of "How to give every man his right in organized society" be first solved.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE GAGE OF WAR

"What we most need is not a society for the education of the ignorant, but a society for the enlightenment of the educated. If the wise ones of this world will not open their eyes to their selfishness, injustice and brutality, they will be met by the same on the part of the rapidly awakening Calibans; and in the ruin of our civilization, in a downfall worse than that of Rome, may be destroyed not only the bad, but also the good that has been built up by the ages."—WILLIAM SCHUYLER, in *"The Open Court."*

The night after the unveiling of the Grant monument in Chicago, Ex-Senator Ingalls lectured to a cultured, critical and admiring crowd in the great Auditorium. In the course of the address he reiterated his oft-repeated declaration that unless the present antagonism of interest between capital and labor was reconciled by wise statesmanship, our country was in danger of passing through horrors which would make those of the civil war seem trivial. We do not refer to Mr. Ingalls' words of fear as being exceptional, for similar utterances from the platform are now frequent, and paragraphs that express like sentiments have recently become common in our daily press and periodicals. The alarming feature of

this *consensus* of opinion as to a dread peril confronting us, consists in the fact that it is unaccompanied by any definite surmise, either as to the nature of the catastrophe, the avenues by which it may come, or the means by which it might be averted. The Americans have well earned the reputation of being the most practical and calculating people on the face of the earth. The individual, in taking good care of his own personal interests, is peculiarly a creature of foresight, and looks as far into the future as his mortal eyes may see. He has a keen regard to remote contingencies, and prepares for them in advance. He strives to forecast the trend of events, and looks out for all possible emergencies. But when it comes to a consideration of the future well-being of the nation at large, he shirks all personal responsibility in the premises, and lets chance shape its destiny as it will. This lassitude and inertness in the presence of peril, this absence of any attempt at constructive thought for the needs of the nation's coming years, this universal denial of a conscientious duty to unborn generations, this deliberate refusal to follow out the logic of certain terrible facts—these make in their totality a national crime that leaves the

door open to an appalling calamity which will be a just national punishment.

A mixture of emotions and influences is probably responsible for the astounding supineness of our citizens at the present time. All of the well-off people are so comfortable under present conditions that they childishly resent any intrusion of evidence that goes to prove the critical situation of the country at large. There is no unchained proletariat now ravaging the cities, the railway-men have not locked every wheel in the country, and the outraged farmers are not forming a national vigilance committee for the rescue of the imperiled republic. So perhaps, it is reasoned, if we go on with our profitable business affairs and continue to enjoy our social pleasures, all these tokens of storm may blow over and no harm done. The sinister blotch on the cheek may be only a pimple and not the dread sign of incurable cancer, so keep away from the physician and mayhap all will be well.

The plutocratic press now avers that one good crop has made the country absolutely safe and prosperous for all time to come, and yet not one single debatable question between the producers and the plutocrats either has been or can

be determined by it. This proposition is so plainly axiomatic that extended argument on it would be intolerable to an intelligent understanding. How will one crop tend to make the grasping railway owners cease to tax the traffic more than it will bear? How will it prevent the bankers from locking up money and practicing Shylock usury? How will it raise wages all along the line and make the future interests of a mining corporation one with those of its workers? The stern issue between capital and labor lies far out of the reach of one good crop. That our well-off classes welcome this paltry fiction as a real solution, and have given it idiotic unanimity of credence, is an almost certain indication that black days are indeed close upon us.

The writer has now arrived at a point in his work, where the continued prosecution of his task makes it necessary that he should turn his back on the past and go fearlessly forward into the future. Long before coming to this inevitable parting of the ways, it became the subject of his solemn concern as to how he could best do his duty to his God, his country and his fellow-men in extending the scope of his treatise

onward into the realm of the problematical. The question arose as to whether it might not be the better plan to clearly point out existing evils, and while emphasizing their undoubted tendency to increase in magnitude and multiply in destructiveness, yet stop short when it came to giving circumstantial details as to possible national calamities that might flow out from them. Then the writer reflected that this was now being done on an extended scale, both by the reform orators and press, and also to some extent by democratic and republican daily newspapers, which on occasion have their fling at the monopolists, trusts and plutocrats in general, and hint obscurely at coming disaster unless something be done to check the arrogant power of concentrated wealth. In his dilemma the author sought a friend of much wisdom, whose heart beats warm and strong for the cause of human progress, and this was his counsel: "You know that I have an expensive family which is dependent upon a salary that I would lose instantly if I became known as an advocate of reform principles and openly spoke of the dangers which I believe now threaten the country. The welfare of those dearer to me than life keeps my lips closed, yet

I feel at times that my silence is criminal. For you there is no such excuse, and if you now fail to tell the whole truth which it is given you to see, you not only become a coward, but are recreant to a plain duty that is manifestly yours to perform." And according as he advised even so shall it be.

In our forecasting we shall keep tight rein on the imagination, and sketch no pictures of possible eventualities that are not warranted over and over again by the hard logic of existing facts, conditions and tendencies. We shall hold ourselves rigidly within cause-and-effect lines in making prediction as to coming events, and will merely look ahead into the national life and strive to reason out its possibilities just as a man would do in his own affairs.

Twenty years ago the prognostications we shall make would have been laughed at as the wild vaporings of a scatter-brained crank, but we doubt if the funny paragrapher of to-day finds a large amount of material in the stock we offer him. There is not much chance for the fanciful play of the humorist in the relations that now obtain between the plutocrats and producers, and it is observed that when a monopoly organ

fastens a jest on the organized toilers, it is barbed and has a waspish sting. There is a vague fear abroad in the land which resents enlightenment by the means of unwelcome truth. Many years ago, at Natchez, Miss., and a few weeks after the fall of Vicksburg, the writer and a comrade, while wandering through a churchyard, fell into conversation with some bright Southern boys on their way to Sunday-school. In talking of the omnipresent subject of the war, one of the youngsters artlessly said, "My father was the first one to bring the news that the Yankees had captured Vicksburg, and the people came near putting him in jail." The heralds with bad tidings have a dreary task, and it was always an extra hazardous risk to inform a brutal monarch of feudal days, that his army had been cut to pieces. One after another of the courtiers would refuse the job, until at last mayhap the tyrant's poor old mother was prevailed upon to undertake it, as being the least liable to feel the weight of his mailed hand. Speculating as to the precise nature of the disasters which might befall the republic, and locating their appearance as near by, has been tacitly set down as a tabooed subject. This shrinking from a

manly effort to follow the drift of present events into the future is a bad sign of the times, because it acknowledges a fear that we will not openly confess. It indicates a dread of finding perils with which we cannot successfully grapple. It is putting away the thought of inevitable ills, that the passing hour may be made the happier.

From the windows of the castle of St. Germain, Louis XIV had ever in view the cathedral of St. Denis, where reposed the bodies of a long line of his kingly predecessors, and where his own tomb lay waiting its occupant. To get away from this perpetual reminder of his mortality, he built the palace of Versailles. There was fair excuse for the self-indulgent despot, because death could not be evaded, but there is none in the case of a people who timorously shut their eyes to threatening calamities, which could be made harmless by a valiant going-forth to meet them. This foolish ban upon a full and free inquiry into our country's future, we shall boldly break, because the peace and prosperity of the republic imperatively demands it.

In entering upon the consideration of the possible evils that may befall the nation, three con-

ditions, which have no connection with each other save through their common relation to the general subject, should be sharply borne in mind. The first condition is the present nice complexity of our industrial, commercial and financial systems, whose ramifications extend all throughout the nation, and make in their practical working one complete and highly intricate organism. It is a piece of mechanism composed of many parts, all of which are interdependent, consequently a breakage in any one particular affects every other function and destroys the efficiency of the whole. Seventy-five years ago all of the New England states might have been sunk a thousand fathoms deep in the Atlantic Ocean without affecting the material well-being of the people living in the Mississippi Valley, whereas now the simultaneous failure of a dozen Boston banks would send a wave of financial panic sweeping over the entire republic. Our business machinery is so finely organized and delicately adjusted, that a casual shock may get it out of order at once, as we ascertained during the railway strikes of 1877. Hence it behoves us to give it special care, for the smooth working of our governmental system is largely dependent upon it.

The second condition to be carried in mind is that millions of American producers believe that an all-pervading rottenness has eaten the pure and healthful life out of our political and judicial systems, because knaves fill the places that should be held by honest men. Consequently the toiling masses are in an attitude of distrust and disaffection toward the governing powers, which fact, when supplemented by the natural tendencies of our people to take the law into their own hands, constitutes an element of danger to the peace of the country which no wise patriot should overlook.

The third sinister condition which is worthy of careful remembrance, is that the millionaires now dictate the actions of all municipal, county, state and government officials at their will. That is to say, they rule the country absolutely as an oligarchy of despots; hence the temper, disposition, motives and general animus of these plutocrats become positive factors in determining the destiny of the nation. What manner of men are they? It is unfortunately the fact that the average millionaire is in the first place a thoroughly unscrupulous man, and cares nothing as to the means by which he gains his ends.

He does not believe that God has established any moral code for the government of man, because his brutal nature is utterly incapable of comprehending a divine order that inculcates the practice of justice, charity and mercy. The millionaire is a materialist, and of the earth, earthy, and if his intellectual faculties be cultivated, they act as the exclusive servants of his selfishness. If he accept a church creed it is one out of which the living and loving Jesus has been banished, so that while he may become a bigot in religion, he still remains an infidel in his intercourse with mankind. The millionaire is dishonest, greedy and cruel, and believes in no agencies save craft, gold and force. He would remorselessly slaughter millions of lowly people if he could thereby establish his tyrant rule on an unshakable foundation. At the time of the railroad riots of 1877, when the working force of the city of Chicago was in a condition of vague tumult, the militia were called out and the city practically placed under martial law. During the few days in which it was feared that a collision might take place between the soldiery and the populace, the majority of Chicago's millionaires made the parlors of the Grand Pacific hotel a tem-

porary club-room. The troops on that occasion were fortunately commanded by a distinguished officer of the late war who is at once tender and brave. This honored general was requested by the anxious plutocrats to call at their club-room from time to time and report the situation of affairs. On one occasion, when it was certainly expected there would be a clash of arms, the general returned from the front and entered the club-room. There was a rush toward him from all quarters and a score of millionaires shouted out simultaneously, "Have you shot anybody yet?" The general replied that he saw no necessity for shooting into a crowd of working people, who were peacefully standing on the sidewalks doing no harm. At this information the millionaires were most grievously disgusted. They wanted blood and lots of it. Any one who knows the tigerish nature of the plutocrats will bear out my affirmation, that if this good general had told them that he was compelled to open fire on the rioters with artillery, Gatling-guns and musketry, and had killed two or three thousand men, women and children, the millionaires would have been delighted to the very bottom of their flinty hearts. They might in words

have expressed a hypocritical regret, but their feelings would be those of unmixed congratulation, for they would flatter themselves that their unholy franchises had been made safer by this wholesale massacre.

The plutocrats believe in killing opposition by shooting down all who protest against their oppressions, and in the present critical emergency their absolute authority in the republic, conjoined to a murderousness of intent and policy, adds the last and greatest element of peril to a situation that would be dangerously alarming even without it.

This book never would have been written but for the author's firm conviction that the plutocrats intend to force matters with a high hand just so soon as a plausible excuse is offered, through which they can justify themselves to the great middle class and secure their support. It is the necessity of our aristocratic oligarchy to push the issue between themselves and the producers to a final determination. They never will be at ease until all the present franchises and charters, by which they legally pillage the people, are safe within the fortified camp of a strong government that is pledged to protect them against

all foes, whether the same be the national Congress or a national vigilance committee.

The irrepressible conflict is on, and the plutocrats know it. They are preparing for a physical combat between themselves and the producers. These are strong words, but they have the solid facts behind them. Men who have means for knowing declare that there is an army of 32,000 drilled and disciplined Pinkerton thugs in this country. They are hidden out of sight as much as possible, but they are here. It is said that the pay-roll of this private army amounts to over a million dollars a month.

Who pays it? Why, the plutocrats, who find our republic is not quite strong enough to suit them.

The National Guards now number over 100,000 and their muster roll is constantly increasing. Great care is being taken with their drilling and equipment, and every regiment goes into a camp of instruction for several weeks in each year, where they are supervised by regular army officers detailed for that purpose. Furthermore the social atmosphere of these troops has become so genteel that the average working-man is not at home there. This is intentional

and done by plan, for Col. Austin of the Thirtieth, Brooklyn, N. Y., regiment, squarely said he would not accept a member of any labor organization in his command. These guards have street-riot drills and Gatling-guns especially constructed to mow down mobs. Quiet but persistent recruiting is rapidly filling the regular army regiments up to their maximum quotas, and it is generally understood that a move will soon be made to increase the number of regiments in all arms of the service. In addition to this the army of the United States is being drawn in from the plain and mountain districts, and concentrated at carefully selected strategic points in the interior, so that they can be massed by thousands at any point desired within twelve hours. Chicago millionaires contributed hundreds of thousands of dollars for the establishment of a United States fort within half an hour's ride from the heart of the city, and cavalry, artillery and infantry are now quartered there. Does this merely indicate that our Chicago plutocrats paid out this cash so that they could delight their eyes with the sight of the military evolutions of regular troops? Chicago rich men are not in the habit of making

that sort of investments. Everybody knows that this United States fort is a fear and a threat, and means that they expect to find use for these soldiers in shooting down American citizens.

We invite the attention of our readers to a mediæval fortress, that was built by the money of Chicago millionaires on Michigan avenue, in the vicinity of the residences of the heaviest gilded patricians of that city. The subjoined extract is taken from the Chicago "Tribune," which is one of the plutocracy's official organs:

"The plan and arrangement of the armory are all that can be desired. Every military function has been provided for, and the desire to make the building a home for the members of the First has been realized. The structure is a perfect embodiment of the spirit of regimental life both in peace and war. When fully completed and furnished it will have accommodations for occupation in a state of siege, and will furnish a defense against any mob not provided with heavy artillery. The conditions are practically identical with those which caused the building of mediæval castles, and thus the design strongly suggests the fortress.

"In the plan, a space 164x174 feet is covered. To the height of thirty-five feet the exterior walls are heavy masses of somber brown stone, unbroken by any but a single aperture, the forty-foot door-

way or regimental sally-port on Michigan boulevard, through which the command may march in company front. This opening is barred by a heavy oak and steel door, swung like a portcullis and lying back of the embrasures in the thickness of the walls. It is protected by firing slots on either side. The lowest window-sill in the entire building is thirty-five feet from the ground and six feet from the floor within. The windows themselves are bound by heavy iron grills, while beneath each window is a narrow port for firing, which is splayed on the outer and inner jamb to give greater range, and when not in use is closed by an oaken door. The whole exterior mass is crowned by heavily corbeled cornice, forming both breast-works and firing ports, through which latter the face of the walls below is commanded. Each corner of the building is marked by a heavy round turret, from which an enfilading fire may be maintained along the face of all the outer main walls. The design is to the last degree military, and cannot fail to impress the passer-by with the full extent of its purpose and the ability to carry it out."

The "Tribune" cheerfully informs us that the conditions which caused the building of the feudal castles and this American fortress are practically identical. We are precisely of the "Tribune's" opinion, but are somewhat surprised at its frank statement of truth. The robber barons of mediæval days built castled strong-

holds for brigand forts, whence they could sally forth at the head of their bands of armed thieves and plunder the humble producers. Yes, we agree that the two cases are very like indeed. And yet there are old men now living in Chicago who were there when it was a frontier trading-post. It had a fort garrisoned by soldiers then, but it was to protect the pioneers from the fierce red men who ranged the vast wilds that stretched away toward the west. The summers and winters that have come and gone since those days seem few and short to these gray-haired survivors, but they have been long enough apparently to allow our republic to run its course from youth to old age; for if indeed the time is come that a free democracy is obliged to build fortresses in order to protect organized society from the savagery of its own citizens, decrepitude is upon it and death is very near.

The erection of a National Guard fortress within the city, and the establishment of a great United States fort on its edge is a square declaration on the part of the plutocrats that they regard the majority of workingmen as enemies of law and order, and expect a revolutionary outbreak from them, which only a powerful mili-

tary force can put down. If the great mass of our workingmen be good patriots and safe citizens, and the only danger to society is from a lot of these exceedingly mysterious anarchists, why in the name of common sense do not the Chicago millionaires, who run the city as they see fit, make the authorities raise a corps of 50,000 brawny workingmen as National Guard soldiers, and have them armed, equipped, drilled and ready for duty? They could enlist this number of men in two days and double it in a week. They will not do this, because they distrust the workingmen, and will not allow them to be armed and formed into companies under officers of their own election. If there is any hole here through which a plutocratic apologist can wriggle out we should very much like to have it shown. The Chicago millionaires are not afraid of foreign anarchists, but they are afraid of the possible wrath of outraged native workingmen. Hence these fortresses, forts, gentlemen's National Guards, Gatling-guns, riot drills and regular troops. What an unconscious confession of their crimes it is for the plutocrats to profess a fear that the men whose toil built up the city may tear it down. This monstrous

suggestion on their part is revolting to everything that is best in human nature, and if our good citizens were not malignly entranced by their millionaire magicians, they would rise up as one man and cry out at the horror of this infamous suspicion against our honest and patriotic toilers.

This is a plutocratic slander, and the "Tribune" has the right of it, for the robber barons are here again and at their congenial work of trampling down the lowly and pillaging the producers. As it was in the old days, so is it now, and they need strong fortresses and ferocious men-at-arms for the successful prosecution of their brigand trade. And all this time our comfortable middle-class people are not quite certain that they like the recent growth of millionaires. They are not absolutely sure that it is the best possible arrangement for the republic to have 25,000 English and American capitalists own nearly half its wealth, with a prospect of getting about all of it in the next twenty years. They are not altogether convinced that the nation can be best managed by an aristocratic oligarchy. But while these doubts vaguely trouble them at times, the middle-class people have full confi-

dence that the plutocrats can overcome the producers if issue is ever joined between them on physical lines. Right here is where our contented fellow-citizens are liable to make their supreme mistake, because it is one that may cost them their lives.

If it unfortunately so happens that the evil tendencies now existent in the nation continue on their present downhill course; if the legislative function passes entirely under the control of the Triumphant Plutocrats and is openly used by them as an engine for the oppression and spoliation of the masses; if the great plain people come to know that just legal tribunals have vanished from the land, and that the judge on the bench is merely the ermined lackey of the aristocratic usurpers who have subverted the republic; if the detestable corruption, that now infects our political and commercial life, increases until its hideous rottenness becomes an unbearable stench in the nostrils of honest men; if at last the good citizens of this democracy find themselves at bay, where they are compelled to choose between being the slaves of a plutocratic despotism and forming a national vigilance committee that shall purify the land and bring back

Washington's republic—when that sad day comes, the middle class will promptly find out where the balance of power in this country is vested. It will be irrefutably proven that the working masses are its custodians. The maximum of physical force will be on the side of man's right, God's justice, human liberty, the democratic idea and a government of the people, by the people and for the people. There is danger in the very thought that the plutocrats can overmaster the producers when it comes to a trial of strength between them. They could not stand before the uprisen masses for a day, for they would be swept off the face of the earth.

The more stubbornly the plutocrats resisted, the more complete would be their extermination, and their pampered wives and children would beg their bread with the lowest grade of paupers. Beware of the people's day of wrath, for it is a dreadful thing. We know what awful deeds the best of men may do under sudden rage, and the summed-up indignation of millions stands terrible in history, through what it wrought in the case of the French revolution.

It is idle to say that these horrors cannot be repeated in this nation, when they are feared to-

day by the wisest thinkers in the republic. They can only be avoided in one way, and that is by the doing of even and exact justice to all men. An appeal to force would be to invite universal destruction, and that appeal is precisely what our Triumphant Plutocrats are now counting on, hence the immeasurable perils which threaten our people. Every philanthropic patriot knows that a national conflict between the plutocrats and producers would be an awful catastrophe to civilization. Let a wave of fire and blood roll over the republic, with the people standing victorious, when the new world rose out of the flood. The plutocrats would be gone, monopolies, trusts, hundred-millionaires, grasping corporations, railway land grants, coal barons, English landlords, unjust judges, banking Shylocks and political machines would be gone; but there would be fifty years of work ahead in the reconstruction of society, during which time the progress of the nation would be halted and the moral and intellectual elevation of our people checked. Thus even the triumph of the people would be an appalling calamity, although infinitely preferable to the hopeless hell of plutocratic despotism which would be sequential to the victory of the aristocratic oligarchy.

If either of these unspeakable curses ravages our country it will be through the criminal neglect of its citizens, and the punishment will be a just one, for it is now in our power to avert all danger by making such reforms in the industrial, commercial and governmental polity of the republic as will meet the righteous needs of the producers, and thus make for us the peace, prosperity and happiness that comes to the obedient children of God.

CHAPTER XIX

THE DREAD CLIMAX

"The sheriff is the mainstay of our government, not the governor. The sheriff's posse, not the militia, must enforce our laws if we are to have peace and justice under the law. If the sheriff and his posse fail us we have nothing left, for that will mean that the people themselves have failed.—(*St. Louis Republic*).

The foregoing are words of wisdom and suited to the present crisis. It would be well for the republic if they could be blazoned on the front of all our churches, schools and public buildings, as a monition of unceasing warning, until these days of peril be happily over. This one sentence from the St. Louis paper embodies the essence of the relation of our government to its people as a controlling force. Any deviation from its teaching, in practice, violates the law of the nation's healthful life and puts the republic in danger. A true democracy must rest on the faith and strength of a majority of its citizens. In times of supreme emergency the officials who control its governmental mechanism should turn for aid to the great body of the peo-

ple as the only source of their power and authority. Whenever this is not done promptly and without reservation, it shows a stupendous contradiction between the theory and practice of the republic which forebodes evil. It is then full time that all good patriots began to look closely at their country's situation if they would save it from calamity. That bad condition is now upon us, and our need for help unto salvation is instant and pressing. The plutocrats despise the humdrum legality of the sheriff's posse with its democratic simplicity, because it is not a force designed to serve the purpose of despots. In free America tyrants can only grasp this sword by the blade. It has been found that sheriff's posses are not over-eager to shoot down their friends and neighbors. Hence this primitive republican soldiery is out of favor with the plutocrats, and they seek others less squeamish about taking human life. The professional soldier is a thing of horror. He is the most hideous human product of the ages. If you find him in a nation that claims to be Christian and civilized, the religion of that country has a devilish taint, and its vaunted enlightenment is a barbaric sham. The educated warrior is merely a

man-killing machine, in whose manufacture the bloodthirsty empire of Rome was peculiarly expert. Her legionaries made the most famous standing army known to history, and later tyrannies have but copied after it, because the Roman centurion was particularly well practiced in the Satanic necromancy which takes the heart, soul and conscience out of a man and disciplines him into an insensate weapon of murder for the tyrant's use.

Only the other day, the imperial egotist who sits on the German throne told a regiment of soldiers that upon command they must shoot down their own brothers without question. This, forsooth, was their duty to his majesty the Emperor, which takes the place of all duties to God and man. We are now in the early morning-time of a new day for humanity, and as its beautiful dawn light slowly grows over a long darkened world, the haughty monarch and his brutal trooper shall slink away and be lost forever in the shadows of a night that is gone.

The divine principle of the brotherhood of man is now secretly making way, and undermining the despots' authority all through the armies of Europe. Very soon Dynamite the

democrat may step forth, and then military absolutism will vex the lives of men no more. While the democratization of the European peoples is moving resistlessly onward, and will ultimately abolish the regular armies by which alone are the masses oppressed and autocracies upheld, the great republic of America is undergoing a reaction toward despotism. Our Triumphant Plutocracy is determined to have a military establishment, to be not only a menace to the liberties and prosperity of the great plain people, but also treasonable to the spirit of our free institutions. To this end the aristocratic oligarchy is busily mobilizing the Pinkertons, the regular army and the National Guards, with the purpose of creating a force of fighters by trade, alien to our working citizens and utterly indifferent to the most sacred traditions of the republic. The plutocrats desire to have a corps of hireling soldiers at their command, similar to the "Free Companies" who five hundred years ago ranged Southern Europe and sold their swords to the highest bidder. Our aristocratic oligarchy would have men-at-arms with whom patriotism, liberty and mercy are meaningless terms, for such soldiers could be relied upon to com-

mit murder swiftly and without remorse.

And now it has come to pass in the 116th year of American independence, that certain strange and ominous groupings appear on the fateful chess-board where the destiny of Washington's republic is to be wrought out. The game is most oddly arranged for a free and equal democratic commonwealth, because the kings and queens, the bishops, castles and the knights are bunched on one side, while all the commonplace little pawns occupy the other, and the stern play for victory is about to begin between them. The kings and queens and the bishops and the castles and the knights stand for the money power and the trusts and the plutocratic press and the plutocratic military and the plutocratic lawyers and clergy. The humble little pawns stand for the plain working people, whose toil has given power and gorgeousness to the foe which would now crush them.

The plutocrats and producers are fronting each other in order of battle, with the issue between them positive and sharply drawn, while the great middle class stands neutral with undetermined dynamical possibilities which only the actual conflict can bring forth. Both of the

opposing forces are in a state of tremendous activity. There is tireless movement everywhere within them; organization and preparation, conscious and planned, go on ceaselessly. In addition to this open and visible marshaling of the hosts, there is an undemonstrative and almost unconscious preparation for great events taking place in the minds and hearts of millions. They are thinking new thoughts. A strange mental fermentation has come to them, traditional beliefs are being sternly questioned, and a conscience that has long been quiescent and at ease rises to action. There is prophetic expectancy of a solemn crisis in the souls of men.

A combustible quality is in the moral atmosphere, and storm signals are everywhere flying for him who can truly see. This universal motion is not casual and meaningless, but is dominated by a common tendency even though its direction be not fully revealed to us. That kindred forces are rapidly aggregating themselves into unity is most obvious; streams that once flowed parallel are now converging, and will soon give volume to one mighty river.

Multitudinous signs and portents are abroad in the land which tell the wise man that the hour

of a supreme climax for the republic is near at hand. How will it come? It will come along the lines of least resistance. It will come by the roads of habit and custom, which have been beaten hard and smooth by the footfalls of eight generations of free Americans. It will come because our people love justice and liberty and believe in human rights and human progress. It will come for the reason that the highest loyalty of the enlightened is due to God's law and not man's. It will come along the grand highway over which the ever-advancing democratic idea is marching to an enduring triumph. It will come because the Almighty has decreed the birth of a diviner cycle for universal humanity, and America is its predestined Bethlehem. It will come in peace if selfish and cruel villains keep their wicked hands off and do not strive by vain opposition to check the inevitable realization of the long-foretold era of "peace on earth and good will toward men;" but this sublime finality will be wrought out in war if the aristocratic oligarchy antagonizes the peaceful quest of the great plain people after a larger, truer and sweeter life for all, and strives to baffle it by trick, fraud and force. If bribed judges and bought

legislatures defeat the will of the citizens by craft and artifice, and balk them from getting righteous and reasonable reforms through political methods, days of dire trouble will surely come to this republic. The people will not be denied plain justice by legal quibbles, but will reach out and take the right that belongs to them, no matter what bogus authority bars the way. Our country is exceedingly liable to passing popular ebullitions that soon die out and do no particular harm. If when these occur on the part of the producers, the watchful plutocrats cry out rebels, traitors, anarchists, and demand that troops and the hangman put them down with bloody severity, then will rise this counter-cry from the great plain people, "You the rebels, you the traitors, you the anarchists, and we the patriots, the lovers of liberty and the believers in the reign of law founded on justice; and we shall save Washington's republic by driving your plutocratic usurpation out of it." This is the dread aspect of the coming climax, from the presentation that is nearest to us and most probable to occur. If the peril of it is to be averted, the great middle class must rise out of its bed of contentment and take instant action. In or-

der to avoid a possible danger it is requisite to know what it is, where it is and how and when it may come.

The plutocrats, being now altogether triumphant in the land, are satisfied with conditions as they exist, and will neither disturb the *status quo* themselves, nor allow any one else to do so if they can help it. If hostile legislation ever seriously menaces their franchises, either in the case of individual states or nation at large, if executive vetoes fail them, and the judges are too much in fear of popular resentment to dare pronounce righteous laws unconstitutional,—when that time comes the American people may prepare themselves for trouble on a large scale, for they shall surely have it.

Our aristocratic oligarchy is precisely like all others, because the patrician caste has the same general characteristics in all nations. It is historically established that aristocracies never surrender, but fight to the death for their special privileges. They have always done so and always will, and our great plain people might just as well recognize this fact first as last. Let the time be near at hand when a peaceful and equitable adjustment of the present unfair

economic system seems about to come to pass through legislation. Let a popular tidal wave roll over the country. Let the November national election return a People's Party President. Let the lower house of Congress show a commanding majority of People's Party members. Let the platform of the political victors speak so sharply and clearly for sweeping reforms in finance, land and transportation, that its demand must perforce be wrought into the law of the land. Let the plutocrats know of a surety that the day of their unholy franchises and brigand charters will be over forever in case the peace of the nation remains undisturbed. Then look out for a storm. Our plutocracy constitutes the richest and most powerful aristocracy that ever held rule in any nation on the face of the globe. That of Carthage was nearest to it in wealth and unquestioned supremacy, but the aristocracy of that commercial republic was poor and of small authority, when compared with our American product. Please scan an itemized list of some of the losses which the plutocracy might sustain by reason of a sweeping People's Party victory.

Suppose we were given a radical reform in our financial system, with loans direct to the

people from government banks that received deposits and guaranteed the security of the same. This would annihilate our present gang of Shylock bankers, loan sharks and mortgage men. There would be no locking up of money through conspiracies between treasury officials, big bankers and great speculators who are thereby enabled to hammer down prices and buy in when the bottom is reached. The power of money to oppress would be gone, along with its usurious profit. Suppose the railways and telegraphs passed under government ownership, no more watering stock, no more fifty per cent annual dividends on actual investment, no more charging the public five times what the service was worth, no more land grants, no more crowding down the wages of employees and pocketing the saving, no more bankrupting railroads and buying them in again, no more stock exchanges with mad mobs of howling speculators, making haste to get rich by gambling, no more Jay Goulds, Cal Brices, Vanderbilts, Huntingtons and Stanfords. Suppose the farmers were given a governmental warehouse system which kept all the legitimate profit of their toil in their own pockets, and thus made the board-of-trade oper-

ator's occupation to vanish. Suppose the enormous vacant land-holdings, of English and American lords and home and foreign syndicates, were so sharply taxed that the greedy drones would be glad to sell at any price. Suppose the acreage under which God stored up coal and oil for the common benefit of all his future children some millions of years ago were taken by right of eminent domain, and their treasures brought forth for the impartial blessing of all the people. Suppose all these hypothetical cases to have become realities, and then suppose if you can—that is, if your imagination is able to bear the strain required—suppose all these high and arrogant plutocrats descending meekly from their lofty estate, turning over all their special privileges, pillaging franchises and chartered sources of iniquitous wealth, and saying, "We acquiesce humbly in the will of the American people; our good brothers from the farm, workshop, railway and mine have squarely outvoted us, and being good citizens of the republic we submissively step down and let them have their way in running the government."

When Alexander of Russia and William of Germany voluntarily turn their empires into

democracies and quit the despot business to become practical farmers, we may expect to see our plutocrats surrender without striking a blow because they are beaten at the polls by a majority composed of hayseed farmers and sooty workingmen. The American plutocrats care nothing for either the democratic idea or republican institutions. They want a government that will protect their special privileges, and so long as it does that they are indifferent to everything else. Persia, Switzerland or the Sandwich Islands are all one to them. So long as the plutocrats hold undisputed sway in the United States, with the political machines, legislatures, the national Congress, judges, governors and President acting merely as their facile puppets, they are entirely satisfied, because the game by which they are getting monstrously rich will go right along with no one to make them afraid. But suppose on the morning after a November presidential election the plutocratic daily papers come to twenty-five thousand plutocratic breakfast-tables, and the lords of the various palaces complacently turn to them, in order to see which of their two lackeys had won the presidential seat. It would be a matter of

utter indifference whether it was the democratic or republican flunkey, because the plutocracy would be solid in either event. In the first place they might be struck with the absence of the familiar rooster pictured in the act of trying to crow his head off. Then they would go along down the column searching for the name of Cleveland or Blaine, Harrison or Carlisle, Mills or McKinley, Breckenridge or Alger, Sherman or Watterson, Cullom or Brice, Allison or Hill, and lo, they would find not one of them, while instead they might see the name of Streeter or Weaver or Polk or Norton or Powderly or Burrows or Peffer or Donnelly or Macune or Taubeneck or Otis or Davis or some other leader of the people. Then in accordance with a preconceived plan, in case of a plutocratic defeat, would come the scare headlines, as a first move in the plutocratic conspiracy to openly subvert the republic:

A FRAUDULENT ELECTION.

**THE PEOPLE'S PARTY WINS ON THE FACE OF THE
RETURNS, BY THE MOST INFAMOUS FRAUDS
EVER KNOWN IN THE POLITICAL
HISTORY OF THE COUNTRY.**

.

INTIMIDATION AT THE POLLS PRACTICED ON A
SCALE OF UNHEARD-OF MAGNITUDE.

HEAVILY ARMED FARMERS AND WORKINGMEN SUR-
ROUND THE VOTING PLACES IN THIRTY
STATES, AND DRIVE ALL DEMOCRATS AND
REPUBLICANS AWAY FROM THE POLLS.

HUNDREDS OF AMERICAN CITIZENS SHOT DOWN IN
COLD BLOOD WHILE IN THE EXERCISE OF
THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE SOCIALISTIC CAMPAIGN
WHICH IS TO GIVE THE COUNTRY OVER
TO REVOLUTION AND ANARCHY,
FIRE AND BLOOD.

Four months more of unquestioned dominion remain to the plutocracy. The President is theirs, the Congress is theirs, the regular army is theirs, the Pinkertons and the National Guards are all theirs.

The plutocratic press becomes lurid with the recital of the horrors that have been done by and are to come in with the People's Party. The plutocratic clergy thunder anathemas at the masses from fifty thousand pulpits. Public meetings are held in ten thousand towns and cities

under the immediate direction of the attorney, editorial and Shylock cappers, heelers and bunko steerers for the plutocracy. Resolutions are passed declaring that the election of the People's Party President and congressmen was accomplished by fraud and force, and that it would be a crime to allow them to take their seats; and, furthermore, that the application of the People's Party principles to the government of the country would overturn law and order, destroy Christian civilization, make the earth turn the other way on its axis and cause an eclipse of the sun that would last six months. All of this nonsense would probably be religiously believed by the middle class, which, under the influence of unreasoning fear, gives implicit credence to the most absurd hobgoblin stories. It is a known fact that if a man should jump up in the middle of a crowded church, theater or concert hall and shout, "The house is on fire! Flee for your lives!" the great majority of the audience would not even give one look in order to see for themselves whether or no there was indeed a fire, but would blindly rush for the doors and proceed to trample one another to death in the frantic struggle to get out.

The plutocrats know by experiment how easily our middle class can have their good sense and reasoning faculties utterly stampeded by terror. This was proven to a demonstration by the Chicago Anarchy episode. The monopolist saw in that untoward event an opportunity to deal organized labor a crushing blow. The eight-hour day was almost gained, and capitalism knew that this victory for the workingmen would be but the first of a series of triumphant battles that might ultimate in the industrial emancipation of the toiler. The near fruition of the laborers' weary hope was blasted by the Haymarket bomb. The plutocrats marked the chance and swiftly seized it. For weeks and months the monopoly press of the country kept up one long screech of horror. The comfortably-circumstanced middle-class people of all sections were simply convulsed with terror. Their craze of fear made them incapable of weighing evidence or giving anything like a just estimation of the actual situation. Their trembling souls were dominated by one awful thought: "The anarchists are here; law, order, government and Christian civilization are liable to be swept from the land by a wave of fire and blood.

Save us at any price! Give us a despotism if you can do no better, but save us, whatever you do."

If in the spring of 1886 a bold and ambitious military man had been in the Presidential chair, instead of Grover Cleveland, he could have made himself dictator of the nation and afterward emperor without the slightest opposition on the part of the middle class. For months after the Haymarket affair a Russian "white terror" was in possession of a great metropolis of the American republic. The police of Chicago became as supreme and irresponsible as those of St. Petersburg. The prisons were choked with suspects arrested without warrant, and the victim who asked for a trial asked in vain. The homes of the poor were invaded by squads of lawless detectives, and the constitutional right of the American citizen to keep and bear arms was arbitrarily taken away. The ordinary force of spies, informers, shadowers and detectives was increased to an enormous extent, and the bankers and millionaires raised a large fund for the employment of a special corps of sleuths, spotters and doggers to keep ceaseless watch on every man known to be a reformer. It was a

rich harvest time for the criminal and dissolute scoundrels composing the only class that will hire out as spies. These despicable wretches must earn their money, so they turned in lying reports that were greedily believed by their masters. The tyrant Czar's terrible third section held saturnalia on American soil, and Liberty shuddered. Peaceful meetings of workingmen were broken up by the policemen's club and whosoever dared to protest was brutally beaten and dragged off to a cell. Free speech was throttled and freedom under the law ceased to be a living fact. A whimsical incident, that occurred during those black days, throws a flood of revealing light on the despotic condition that obtained in Chicago at that time. A prominent Minnesota lawyer was going into the Union Depot, when two policemen seized him and flung him to the bottom of a flight of steps. Upon his protesting at their astounding action, he was informed that anarchists were not tolerated in that locality. The victim pulled out a pocketful of passes and proved that he was a railroad lawyer in good and regular standing, upon which the police were placated, and kindly advised him to take off the red necktie which

had been the means of bringing him to grief.

For several days after the verdict of guilty had been rendered against the anarchists, the papers were filled with arguments in favor of raising a testimonial fund for the jury that decreed their death. It was seriously proposed to give them \$25,000 apiece, but the shrewd attorneys of the plutocracy advised against it, for fear of the reaction when the frightened citizens regained their sober senses. It is true they had a good plutocratic precedent for giving such reward, in the case of his most Christian Majesty Louis XV, who loaded the judges and executioners of Damiens with rich gifts. Damiens had threatened the foul life of the imperial debauchee, and Damiens, in the presence of the high-born ladies and gentlemen of France, first had his right hand slowly burned off, then his flesh was cut open and melted lead and pitch poured in the gaping wounds, and at last, after hours of hellish torture, he was torn asunder by four strong horses. This was a hint to the low-born fellows that they must keep hands off from the anointed ones of earth, and yet how miserably the example failed. The head of the very next French king fell under the revolutionary

knife, and many a young lord and lady, who gloated over the agony of Damiens that day, in later years themselves mounted the scaffold, and the last sight they saw was thousands of low-born vulgar faces demoniacally transfigured by the joy of a glutted hate, and the last sounds they heard were savage screams of delight at their misery. And thus the whirligig of time brings round its revenges, and thus the seed planted in blood bringeth forth fruit after its kind.

Thousands of thoughtful Americans who were in Chicago during the anarchist craze received a moral shock from which they can never recover until this republic is planted anew on the old foundations of democratic liberty. That masque of despotism had its dread hour, and the hideous nightmare vanished, but ere it departed the most precious faith of many a patriotic soul had withered under its blighting shadow. Men who had sealed an inherited love for the republic in many a battle, and by the side of many a comrade's grave, felt the first doubt come to their exultant belief in the all-sufficiency of their country for every trial, and with the new questioning came a bitterness that passed the bitterness of death. They saw the sacred elemental princi-

ples, which must underlie a government that is truly of the people, by the people and for the people, ignored, profaned and shamelessly violated under the influence of a blind and unreasoning terror that was sedulously propagated by the designing plutocracy, which had much to gain through it.

If Chicago had been in imminent peril the city should have been placed under martial law, which is in full accord with our republican theory of government in times of grave emergency. This was not done, and yet while all the civil functions of our democratic order of society were supposed to be in full force, the arbitrary methods of the Russian police were used with brutal lawlessness. The democratic idea in human government was mocked at and spit upon, and the omnipotent middle class not only tolerated the outrage but approved it, so that it stands to-day as an unquestioned precedent; and when the next "wild scare" comes along, either through accident or by the careful planning of the plutocracy, the middle class will without a murmur see a city, or a state, or the whole country, pass into the hands of a despotism as savage as that of Persia. Let them be once assured that they are

not going to be hurt by it, and that their precious property and sources of income will be doubly secure by a plutocratic "white terror" with its summary arrests and dragonnades, and they will acquiesce in the destruction of every sacred tradition of the republic. This they will do if their action during the Chicago anarchy craze has any value as indicating their future course under similar circumstances. That national tragedy gave the republic the most shattering blow that it ever received. The shock of the civil war bore no comparison to it, because the two events belong to different orders of political phenomena. The conflict between the North and South held no threat against the democratic idea, for the only issue in that contest was the long debated one of the relation of the several states to the general government. We do not mean to say that the actual impact of this anarchy hammer did the damage to our free institutions. No, it was the terrible revelation that came through it, just as a miner by one stroke of his pick may disclose a vast cavern of unknown depth lying beneath. By means of the event it became plain that our middle class hold peace and property as things so dear, that

every free institution and cherished memory of the republic become valueless beside them. It needs not that their material riches be positively in danger. Ah, no! for a universal thirst for wealth has for so long devoured our successful people, that even a remote hint of possible danger to the business mechanism which returns them incomes and gives value to their property, is enough to make them consent to the destruction of free government. This assertion is amply warranted by impregnable facts. Neither a few hundred nor yet a few tens of thousands of anarchists could seriously injure the republic, so long as they were held down by the superincumbent pressure of millions of peaceful and contented workingmen. Ah, right there is the rub. Our aristocracy knows full well that this mighty army of satisfied producers no longer exists in the American republic; on the contrary we have millions of dissatisfied and disaffected toilers, whose complaints and requests must be disposed of in some way, because they are an element of danger in the land. If we wait what seems to be a favorable strategic chance, and then strive under plutocratic direction to settle the vexing problem with the sword, our republic will furnish

future ages with a monumental example of national suicide by *hara-kari*; for if military power be called into the present economic discussion between capital and labor, this continent will be drenched in blood from sea to sea, and it might perchance take a corps of surveyors a week to locate the site of the Chicago City Hall. Let the fat-jowled plutocrat, with his serpent brain and alligator heart, scout this prediction as he may, but we dare the spiritual-minded man to do so, who still remembers that we had a great war a few years ago, of two thousand battles and 540,000 dead men.

The nineteenth century's last decade seems predestined to be the most fateful in our country's history. Terrible antagonistic forces, that daily gather in strength and volume, are converging on it as on a storm-center. These threatening elements can be rendered harmless, but only by the exercise of a far larger measure of patience, wisdom and justice than has ever been practiced by our people. We have in front of us the sublimest task that ever implored a nation, and it is nothing less than the finding and occupying of a new moral world, precisely as Columbus found a new physical world four

hundred years ago. This alone will save us in the coming climacteric years.

Twenty million miserable victims of a cruel and greedy despotism are on the verge of starvation in Russia to-day, and doubtless before the spring flowers bloom along the Volga, millions of these robbed and outraged creatures will have died of hunger. This unspeakable tragedy will have a world-wide influence, and must powerfully affect the destiny of the human race. The peoples of all civilized nations will question their governments as never before. They will ask, "What are you here for? Have you any good and worthy mission for the toilers of earth? Are the masses to be forever the mere drudging conveniences of the classes? Must we eternally work while you play? Must we hunger while you surfeit? Must we shiver while you swelter? Not so; the natural rights of man declare against the injustice; so give us our own, lest we take it with a hard hand."

Europe will feel this quickening of the popular sense of justice to a greater degree than America, because its needs are greater, but the sentiment will be electrically transferred across the ocean, and our own producing masses will be

swift in response to it. It will make the ills they now complain of the more irksome, and will steadily reduce the standard of wrongs to be patiently borne. Please remember that millions of producers now regard the Triumphant Plutocracy as a usurpation in Washington's republic. This is a solemn fact, and will have a momentous bearing on coming events. If to arrogant callousness in the face of popular suffering, our aristocracy adds wanton brutality toward it, the people's day of wrath will be very near. A year of exceptional political tumult is manifestly ahead of us, and it will be insanity to go blindly into it without an intense effort to calculate the possible perils we may meet and then take measures to avoid them. We have abundant data at hand for the purpose, if we will only wisely use them.

1837, 1857 and 1873 were years of awful commercial disaster. Business lay prostrate; the burden of misery was everywhere; but it bore down heaviest, as it always does, on those who had only their toil to sell. To these came a grim want that pinched their very bones; yet the people endured the agony with patience, be-

cause of a general opinion that these seasons of bankruptcy and trade stagnation were inevitable. They regarded them as providential dispensations like cyclones or floods, for which man was not responsible. To them it seemed that an inexorable fate had decreed that bad times must follow good in regular periodicity, so they took the bitter with the sweet in fatalistic resignation.

In 1891 all these silly illusions as to the genesis of bad years are gone. It is known that financial panics belong to a cause-and-effect realm, where they can be accounted for with mathematical certainty. We narrowly escaped a universal business crash in 1890. When the next one comes the suffering producers will rise in hot indignation, and say: "You corporation lords, you trust barons, you banker kings, you millionaire dukes, you land princes, you speculative knights of stocks, bonds, loans and Shylock interest, your heartless greed is responsible for our miseries. Make us answer and reparation, and be quick about it." In the three historic panic years mentioned the relations between capital and labor were of the most amicable character when compared with the present aw-

ful friction that subsists between them. They lived and wrought in almost ideal harmony and good will, and Macaulay's lines with a little change might have been applied to our employers and their men:

“ Then none were for a party,
But all were for the state;
The rich man helped the poor man,
The poor man loved the great;
Then spoils were fairly portioned,
And the lands were fairly sold—
For the Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.”

It is out of the power of human language to exaggerate the probable calamities that will befall our country during its next financial panic. In the first place the business mechanism of the entire nation has become so complex and intricate, that the slipping of one essential cog will bring the whole to a stand-still with a dreadful shock. Industrial changes, new inventions and the vast development of manufacturing and corporate enterprises during recent years have packed the workingmen into the great centers of population. The small shop and independent artisan are gone, and we have millions of toilers who work for a weekly wage. This body of

producers as a whole hate the capitalistic system and the men who stand for it, as it is now run, and they firmly believe that the executive, legislative and judicial systems of municipalities, states and the general government are now being deliberately used for the spoliation and oppression of the masses in the interest of the classes. Under these conditions let a greater and more malign "black Friday" descend upon the nation and what happens? Productive industry ceases, workers who suffered and toiled, because of a safe though slender wage, lose their places and now have nothing else to lose but their lives. There is no money ahead, and the gaunt wolf of poverty pokes his sharp nose into their doors. Tens of thousands of toilers wander aimlessly on the streets with a bitter sense of wrong raging in their hearts. An ignorant policeman, obtuse to the explosive omens, makes brutal exercise of his authority, and in a moment he has become merely a bloody blotch on the sidewalk. The volcano bursts forth. The tiger of the proletariat breaks his chains, and the People's Day of Wrath is here. The plutocrats with haughty confidence inform the middle class that they will take up the task of putting down

the servile rebellion, because they have been long prepared for the emergency and can do so with promptness and dispatch. And thus the aristocrats will address the bourgeoisie: "While we are suppressing this insurrection of the lower orders, you must keep perfectly quiet. If we seem to be unnecessarily severe in our measures, it is for your good as well as our own. We have now an opportunity to give the workingmen a lesson that will keep them down for fifty years. If it so happens that starvation comes to them, we will see to it that in the future they starve quietly and without making any noise over it. Great firmness will be required of us in the crisis, and we may perchance shed more blood than some tender-hearted persons may think is necessary, but the Emperor of Russia has found out that there is nothing like being thorough when it is a case of subduing a disobedient populace, and we shall follow his enlightened example. As is well known, this whole trouble has come about by reason of the incendiary teachings of these pestilential labor agitators, sentimental reformers, and would-be world-betterers; therefore, just so soon as we have got this outbreak under our heels, we shall

make a clean sweep of the whole lot, from Edward Bellamy to Herr Most, and those that are lucky enough to escape the scaffold will have a chance to address their arguments to stone walls and iron bars during the remainder of their lives. When this is happily done, then sweet peace shall come to the land and there will be none to make the better classes afraid, while they enjoy their prosperity. Millions on millions of the lower orders will go forth each morning and do their tasks in the field, the shop and the mine, and each night they will return and lay the fruits of their toil at our feet. We will take therefrom what will be a reasonable subsistence for their station in life and generously give it unto them, and our industrial order, under this wholesome discipline, will be as peaceful and contented as was that of the Southern States before the war."

When the plutocrats shall have sent forth this sort of a pronunciamento to make the middle class tolerant of the subsequent butcheries, the Pinkertons, the regular army, the National Guards, the artillery and the Gatling-guns, will be marshaled for the wholesale massacre of the people. Then might there come to pass one of

those amazing transformation scenes that are the unceasing marvel and delight of the historical student. The Netherlands gave one when William the Silent turned his back on the court of Philip of Spain, and became the general of the Dutch rebels. England contributed hers in the sentence of Charles the First to the scaffold; America hers in the Declaration of Independence, and last, and most dazzling of all, was that which France gave at the fall of her Bastile. All these were visions of whole peoples, rising as one man and making manifest their eternal unity, but they were likewise many things more than these. They were supreme demonstrations of God's evolutionary force, that eternally toils away at the uplifting of humanity. They were decisive proofs that man's true life is more of the spirit than of the flesh. They were inexorable declarations that growing peoples will change their garments, even if they have to tear the old uncomfortable clothing into rags and stand naked before the world while so doing. These thrilling tableaux, that shine out so clear from the night of time, mark the grand camping-grounds, where the democratic idea mustered its squadrons for new marches, larger battles

and more splendid triumphs. Sinister conditions, that hold auguries of evil promise for the republic, do now prophesy that very soon the American plutocracy, in its course of lawless conquest, shall find the American producers massed and barring the way against its farther advance.

The haughty plutocracy sends word to its hireling generals: "Ho, there! Bring up your cannon and Gatling-guns and blow us a path through yonder tumultuous canaille." Then would come a transformation scene not witnessed on this soil since the embattled farmers of New England rallied on Bunker Hill.

The great middle class, shocked from its long trance and rising up to save republican institutions, the orderly progress of society and Christian civilization, would cry with a loud voice: "By the unconquerable might of our indignant millions, by our strong souls that love liberty and justice, by our faith that looks up to God when the dark hour comes, we declare the peace of Jesus Christ in this threatened land. Ho, ye plutocrats, at last we know you for what ye are, atheists, anarchists, destroyers of the good and true. With shame we acknowledge our long toleration of the reign of crime which

you brought into the republic. And now avaunt, and away with your despots' paraphernalia of artillery and armed hirelings! Get ye gone, ye men of cruelty and blood, lest our righteous wrath descend upon and consume you."

We firmly believe the plutocratic usurpation now in command of the American republic to be hopelessly undermined and doomed to swift overthrow. The only forces that can be counted as loyal to it without reservation, and even to the extent of erecting its power into an absolute despotism, are the railway attorneys, machine politicians, the military hirelings and the criminal classes. The structure which the plutocrats have so carefully reared is an imposing sham; its strength is mere seeming. All unseen the *toredo navalis* of the democratic idea has bored the cohesiveness out of all its bulky timbers, so that one powerful blow will lay their frowning citadel in ruins. The great corporations, trusts and millionaires fancy that they have made their managers and high-priced clerks willingly *particeps criminis* in their rascalities by giving them fat salaries. Thoughtful Americans, receiving \$5,000 a year from chartered despoilers,

who themselves realize millions annually, are not satisfied. They are forced to live up to their incomes under the present artificial and showy order of society. What is to become of their children after they are dead, when left at the mercy of social tendencies under which the few become rich and the many poor? These dread fears wax more burdensome, as you descend among poorer paid clerical employees.

This affirmation applies with equal directness to a multitude of small shopkeepers, business men and manufacturers. They are now dominated by the trusts, corporations and banks, and while knowing that their prosperity is more and more endangered every day, they will do nothing to help themselves, when by so doing they might bring on instant ruin. But let a shattering blow come to the entire business mechanism of the nation. Let trade fall dead through a financial panic, or a strike that stops every railway wheel and steam-engine in the country. Let hundreds of thousands of workingmen wander idle on the streets of all our great cities, with a ruthless military power confronting them. Then these millions of clerks, managers and small business men will know that the day of doom

has come and that they must rise up and save their country while saving themselves. Gone will be their fear of the plutocracy, and gone their humble subserviency to the aristocratic oligarchy, for they will have nothing more to gain by it, but all to lose through it. Then will a great cry go abroad throughout the land and among all the good people thereof: "Long have we been blind but now at last do we see. The despoiler has been near us while we slept; liberty and motherland are in danger; let us go forth and save Washington's republic while yet there is time." Before this mighty uprising of the great plain people the plutocratic anarchists would pale and cower and flee away into the demon realm whence they came.

But suppose we be over-sanguine in our prediction as to the patriotic heroism of the middle class, when the fateful hour strikes that is to determine the weal or the woe of the republic for many a hundred years to come. Suppose that on that day of awful destiny, the middle class prove recreant through selfish cowardice. Suppose they say, "We will continue silent and remain safely within our doors, for great is the plutocracy with its heavy hand, and it shall

smite the producing masses into the dust, and we will come forth only when peace be with us again, and will not go near the streets where death gathers the slain workingmen into ghastly windrows, until the kindly rain of heaven has washed away the bloody record. Nor will we venture nigh the prisons packed with bold men who dared all and lost all, and now await the pleasure of the plutocratic doomsman."

O timorous middle-class man, delude not yourself that this is to be the ending when comes the people's day of wrath. Take down your Carlyle, your Guizot, your Alison, your Thiers, and note where the victory rested when the toilers of Paris rose up against the Bastille and aristocratic privilege, and then remember that the working order in all our cities is as bitterly hostile to existing conditions as was that in France at the time of the great revolution. This is the stern fact that you should hold constantly in mind, because it is the volcano's crater out of which the revolutionary lava may pour in a devastating flood. And remember also that there would be no profound peril in this universal dissaffection of the toilers toward an order of society dominated by a cruel capitalism, but for the

imperious military threat which is now constantly flung in their faces. The popular explosive elements will be harmless until fired by a Gatling-gun and musketry fusillade. Then beware, for when this event comes, chaos and old night will be very near to our country.

If our pompous military establishment were non-existent, the republic would be in no danger whatever; the worst possible financial panic would not imperil the peace of our cities in the slightest degree. Law and order would be safe in the hands of our working masses, because they would know that in the face of the greatest calamity, the good-hearted American people would do their uttermost to relieve their suffering and at the same time pass such reformatory laws as would make their future lot safer and happier.

The Triumphant Plutocracy, made arrogant by the possession of a devoted soldiery, is confident of its power to put down a general uprising by means of bloody slaughter, even though the said outbreak were deliberately brought about by its own brutal oppression. This menace of a plutocratic dragonnade is utterly un-republican, it is an unceasing offense, a wanton

provocation, and can readily open up an avenue by which a cataclysm of flame and massacre shall descend upon the nation.

We have used the French revolution to illustrate phases of the social and economic upheaval now going on in America, because there is a terribly sinister similarity between them in general aspect. There are the same general complaints, the same general results of oppressive conditions, and the same orders of society involved, viz., the rich and the poor; for it is in material circumstances that you find the essence of the conditions which make an aristocrat of one and a serf of the other. The misery of the working-class in France prior to the revolution was doubtless more universal than is now the case with the body of American toilers, but it is hard to believe that lower depths of horror in the matter of human agony could have then been found in France, than this glorious republic is now able to show in some of its coke and coal mines and city sweater dens. A comparison between the working force of France a hundred years ago, and that of America to-day, would show the same all-pervading discontent and smoldering wrath.

Now let us concede that they have the same desperate courage, and then carry their potentialities onward into action. What the French toiler did makes the most dazzling chapter in the history of the world. He first overturned his own monarchy of eight hundred years, and then, under the stimulus of the new-found democratic idea, went forth and drove seventeen kings from their thrones—and yet the French producer was a pigmy where the American is a giant. The spiritual nature of the one had been dwarfed under ages of darkness and despotism, while the soul and moral stature of the other has been expanded under the light and liberty of more than a century of free government. Hence the constructive and destructive possibilities in millions of American workingmen, moving as one body under a common impulse, fairly awe the mind by their immensity. Let the well-fed, well-clad and entirely comfortable citizens of the United States be warned while there is yet time, and thus prevent a cruel and audacious plutocracy from forcing the nation upon a course whose end will surely be perdition. Suppose from any cause the prophecy regarding our country made by Lord Macaulay in 1857 comes true, and his

predicted later Goths and Huns of our own raising make demonstration of themselves. Suppose the morning that he surmised at last comes, and 150,000 workingmen of one of our great cities, who have only had half a breakfast, start forth to look for an uncertain dinner. The military is already prepared for trouble, a riot breaks out and the belching cannon and screaming Gatling-guns plow bloody lanes through the dense ranks of the toilers.

Boom! Boom! Boom! What is that? The dynamitard is here.

"Upon the horizon appears a gloomy form illuminated by a light as of hell, who, with lofty bearing and a look breathing forth hatred and defiance, makes his way through the terrified crowd to enter with a firm step upon the scene of history. It is the terrorist." Where are the military? Gone, annihilated, withered into nothingness by an all-devouring flame; and a hungry populace crazed with rage are masters. The "red terror" of the proletariat drives the "white terror" of the plutocracy as the wolf drives the sheep. Then the criminal classes, whose vile votes have given power to ward politicians through whom the plutocrats have pillaged the

city, within the law, break loose in mad delight and pillage the palaces of their masters' masters outside of it. Carnage, fire and rapine sweep over the mighty metropolis, and the morning's sun rises on a ghastly desert of wreckage, which if seen by the spirit eyes of Tecumseh and Black Hawk, would well justify those Indian patriots in exclaiming: "This, then, is the ripened corn of the white man's cruel civilization."

Workingmen are neither thieves nor destructionists, but when their own lives are in imminent peril it is hardly probable that they will give much thought to the protection of other people's property. The leaders, orators and reformers who are thoroughly respected by the hosts of organized labor, would under ordinary circumstances wield a powerful influence on the side of peace. But what is the situation of these patriotic lovers of humanity to-day? Suppose a riot of magnitude takes place, in which some soldiers and police are killed, in addition to large numbers of no-account citizens. The labor leaders bravely struggle and strive with their own men, and at last get the bulk of them away and started toward home. This diversion has enabled the plutocratic military to get the

better of the outbreak. The next day the labor leaders go to headquarters expecting much praise for their noble and courageous work. They say to the commanding general: "At terrible risk to ourselves we managed to stop the outbreak;" when the reply would be thundered at them: "You stopped it, did you? What you mean is that your anarchistic mouthings started it, and we will now see that you never start another. Sergeant, take these men downstairs, double iron them and lock them up."

If surface uprisings should take place among the producers at different points in the land, so as to make the movement for their suppression take on a national character—then, if the plutocratic idea were victorious, this republic would come forth from the experience a military despotism ruled by a plutocratic oligarchy. It would not matter by what specious name the new order of government was called, it would be a despotism and nothing less. It would become the necessity of the usurpation to push its advantages and buttress its future authority to the uttermost, and in so doing it must needs be as merciless as was Russian absolutism after the

bomb disposed of Alexander II. Free speech and free press would be known no more in the land, and a despotic drag-net would gather in every patriot who had dared stand forth as a champion of the people. The hangman would be kept busy, and the jails be filled to overflowing with prisoners and suspects. It is obvious that the line of conduct herein set forth must be followed by the plutocratic usurpers, because once entered upon a course of repression it will be necessary for them to make it full and complete, both in self-defense and in order to be saved the trouble of doing it over again in a few months or years. There would be neither reasonableness nor logic in any action that was not decisive in crushing out every possibility of resistance on the part of the producers, and in order to do this our free institutions must be absolutely subverted.

While the plutocrats were thus remorselessly trampling our democratic Constitution and republican traditions under foot, they would shout forth to the uneasy middle class: "We merely do these things because they are necessary for the protection of law and order. We must rescue our endangered civilization from

the anarchists. We are the saviors of organized society, so let all good patriots rally round the starry flag and help us."

As the Triumphant Plutocracy has come into its present power through fraud, craft, and subtle devices, so would it rely on the same tried and effective agencies in establishing its supremacy on a new and more solid basis. But hold!—it is not there yet, nor has it one chance in a thousand of ever reaching that finality which it so intensely covets. It is, however, in a commanding situation, where it can plunge the republic into bloody horrors, which, as Senator Ingalls said, will make the catastrophe of our civil war seem puerile. This it will surely do, unless restrained by the all-potential protest of a united middle class speaking as one determined man. In our hypothetical case of a possible universal uprising of the working classes in consequence of being shot down without cause by the military when in a condition of enforced idleness through financial panic, we referred to the Dynamitard. Yes, the Dynamitard will be there; of that fact we have no doubt whatsoever; and when the Dynamitard comes in the military will go out, for both cannot occupy the

stage at one time. If there were no Dynamitards, if the name Terrorist had no meaning, yet would we be absolutely sure when the crash should come between the masses and the classes, that the aristocrats would be pulverized out of existence the same as they were during the French Revolution.

It is either this, or the American producers will have become abject cowards. Let our Triumphant Plutocrats be very sure of their ground before they begin murdering discontented workingmen with shot and shell, for any radical mistake in judgment on their part will be signing their own death-warrants. Before the plutocrats enter upon a course of massacre, let them be satisfied that our toilers have become as dastardly craven as the slavish Hindoos, of whom a thousand can be bullied and kept down by one English soldier. If the American workman be, as we truly believe, a brave man, then when millions of his kind stand at bay, let the plutocrats be warned against shedding their blood in the expectation of conquering them, for they cannot be so crushed but that they in their turn can crush with terrific power. An old saw says, "Beware the wrath of a good-natured man."

When these millions of workingmen walk forth with their long-brooded sense of wrong, in a white heat of rage, then at this critical moment if the plutocrats are anxious indirectly to commit suicide, all they will have to do in order to accomplish that end, will be to open on the banded workers with muskets and Gatling-guns. The best of men cannot answer for their actions under the provocation of cruel insult, so who shall give warrant for the deeds of the uprisen lowly in their hour of triumphant hate? The French revolution taught us something of the tremendous forces that lie latent in the great sub-soil of humanity, but this demonstration of destructive power would seem trivial when compared with that made by the exasperated American toilers in their day of victory. The labor leaders and reformers could do next to nothing in the way of mollifying matters while the fierce fever of popular rage was having its will, and they would not try to do anything, for if through their influence the flood passed by with the plutocrats still on top, their necks would feel the halter. Consequently they will wait until the wave of devastation has spent itself, after utterly destroying the plutocrats; then they will help re-organize society.

But the Dynamitard is still here, biding his time. He comes from all over the world, because national and racial lines have vanished among the men who love liberty and humanity. The revolutionists of all the Caucasian peoples are well convinced that America is destined to be, in the future as in the past, the pioneer nation which shall break the way to a larger freedom and prosperity for all mankind. They recognize that the United States is the most fitting place for the birth of the long-looked-for New Dispensation, that shall finally bring emancipation to the enslaved peoples everywhere. Therefore these men of culture, these men of infinite sacrifice, these men of terrible science, these fanatical lovers of liberty and humanity are here,—would they were not, for they are storm-birds, who bring token of the cyclone and cloud-burst,—but here indeed they are, drawn by a mysterious magnetism to the predestined theater of momentous events; and they speak of internationalism, the brotherhood of man and the universal republic that gleamed on the vision of Tennyson as he gazed out over the western sea from the colonnade of Locksley Hall. This contingent of foreign terrorists,

however, is small and insignificant when compared with the number of native-born Americans who will turn Dynamitards if the time ever comes when this country is in danger of passing under despotism. The writer not long since had a casual call from one such. He was born of Irish parentage and west of the Mississippi River. He had been an officer in the war of the rebellion and afterward a sea captain, mountaineer and gold miner. He had no family, and love for liberty and humanity was with him an all-possessing passion. Dickens' description of Ernest Defarge, who led the proletariat of Saint Antoine in the assault of the Bastille, applied to him well: "He was a dark man altogether, with good eyes and a good bold breadth between them, good-humored looking on the whole, but implacable-looking too. Evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose, a man not desirable to be met rushing down a narrow pass with a gulf on either side, for nothing would turn the man."

In the course of our conversation this man of dread menace, who drifted so strangely in from the unknown and then vanished back again out of ken, did thus speak:

"I see from your writings that you are fully aware of the troubles that may come to the country, and are striving to wake up the people to a knowledge of them so that they can be prevented. You are a sanguine optimist, but all your work, as well as that of thousands of other writers and orators who are doing their best in the interests of peaceful reform, will come to nothing. The inevitable revolution that is now rushing down on the country will come in blood, just as have all other great revolutions, for it will be the only way in which the common people of the country can prevent their liberties from being taken away from them by the monopolists. The people will not commence the fight, but the monopolists will, for they are now busily preparing for it, and mean to overturn the republic. But they cannot do it, for they will be stopped; there are plenty of old soldiers and patriotic Americans who will not stand by and see these millionaires do up the free institutions of the nation and make the people slaves—and I am one of them. I have experimented for years in explosives, in expectation of the monopolists making an attempt to subjugate the masses. A couple of years ago some good friends and myself went down on a lonely stretch of ocean sand, and there tried a lot of my bombs. I have invented a machine for throwing them that is modeled somewhat on the plan of the ancient balista and catapult, which were used for throwing projectiles into walled cities; but any one can make a crude but

effective engine to throw bombs a long distance with a twisted rope and a stout barrel-stave. Well, we gave my outfit a show down there on a desolate beach of the Pacific, miles away from any house. I calculated a quarter of a mile as near as I could and let the machine go. When the bomb struck there was a tremendous explosion that threw a cloud of sand a half a mile up in the air. We walked up to where the bomb lit and there was a hole like the crater of a volcano. If this city was garrisoned by the entire United States army, I could take it with two hundred brave men. I might destroy the city, but I could take it away from the military, because it would be impossible for them to maintain either company, regimental or brigade organization against my bombs, and the moment they were dispersed a mob of workingmen, that outnumbered them a hundred to one, would dispose of the scattered individual soldiers. As for that castle the millionaires have built on Michigan avenue, I could level that to the earth in ten minutes and not go within five blocks of it."

The writer will not soon forget this man of the fierce eyes and flaming words, for he incarnated a long-haunting fear. He was the visible proof of a suspected fact, though before unseen he was affirmed from the inexorable logic of the situation, just as an astronomer predicts an unknown asteroid from certain perturbations on

the part of known planets. This dynamitard Irish-American Major, with tens, hundreds, thousands and scores of thousands of his kind, can be confidently declared existent in a great republic, where the lower millions are devoted to the democratic idea in human government, and at the same time believe that an aristocratic oligarchy is conspiring against its life and their liberty at one and the same time. That is precisely the condition of affairs in the United States to-day, and consequently possible dynamitards are lying perdu in all ranks of society. "They must be found and locked up," quoth the plutocrat. Find the mournful cry of the Whippoorwill, which thrilled through the magical silence of a long-gone summer night, and make it pipe its note through a child's trumpet. Gather in your handkerchief the fragrance of the clover blooms in which you tumbled as a boy. When you have done these things, you may hope to search out the Winkelrieds who will make way for liberty, and the men of Thermopylæ pass who will die for it, among the social throng that walk ever in impenetrable masquerade. It is a time of artifice, sham and semblance, in which few can know their neighbors; but under-

neath the pasteboard, the paint and gaudy fripperies that make the seeming, there are men, real men of brave hearts, hot blood and strong muscles, with the will to do and the soul to dare, all that patriots may or heroes can, for liberty, the rights of man and Washington's republic.

If the black day ever comes when an armed despotism seeks to overthrow our free institutions, and the imperial artillerist is ready to pull the lanyard that holds death for the lowly, then from the laboratory of the chemist and the experimenter's secret chamber, will leap forth humanity's sanctified ones, with the martyr-light in their faces and the deadliest weapons of science in their hands.

A dread duel is now threatened, and it will come off, unless the omnipotent middle class stops it by taking instant preventive measures, in the way of righteous reforms that shall be conceived in love and justice, and born in tender service to suffering mankind. So long as we have a working class bitterly disaffected toward existing conditions, so long as we have a haughty plutocracy ready to make cruel use of military force, our national peace exists at the mercy of a financial panic; and when the explosion comes

it is liable to leave all our great cities masses of smoking ruins, with the plutocrats gone and the people triumphant in the midst of desolation. Then must come a half-century of terrible toil in order to rebuild society. In the name of God and humanity, let us be wise in time, and thus put away even a remote possibility of this horror.

Did you ever stop to think that this awful dynamite may have an exalted mission for the human race? Men who hold faith in God, scorn the atheistic formulæ of the scientist with its blind force, fortuitous concurrences and unguided evolutions. The devout declare that all the agencies that have to do with the civilization of man had their genesis in the vast unseen, and are sent forth into the world by a superhuman intelligence of unbounded beneficence.

Motley says: "When Berthold Swartz in his monkish cell combined niter, charcoal and sulphur, the iron-clad man on horseback reeled in his saddle." Feudalism with its unchanging status was doomed, and modern enlightenment became possible, but war with its wreckage and slaughter passed not away, because aristocratic

privilege made gunpowder its servant. But now comes Dynamite, and Dynamite is an uncompromising democrat. He scoffs at the costly cannon and intricate rifle and declines to serve therein; he is most at home and does his best work in a five-cent bomb, and henceforth and forever, so long as nitric acid, hog-fat and porous earth dwell together in unity until put asunder by the magic spark, no people with courage can ever lose their freedom, and so soon as a race puts off slavery and puts on bravery it is free of all tyrants.

There can be no more Napoleonic *coups d'état* by which a fiendish usurper mounts to a throne on murdered men as stepping-stones. No more can an ambitious military dictator with a dissolute army of thousands put chains on millions of peaceful workers. There will be no more repetitions of Pizarro, Cortez and Maximilian conquests on this hemisphere, for Dynamite the democrat will say them nay. The soldier-despot makes his triumph over a host of non-combatants, by reason of close-ranked formations. Against these, Dynamite the democrat holds special spite and scatters them afar.

With dynamite every garret window, every

doorway and house-top becomes a death-dealing Gibraltar. The day of the professional man-killer is over, for Dynamite the democrat has so declared it. Peace is civilization and war is barbarism. What a dismal prospect for an aspiring humanity, that no matter how enlightened and spiritualized a nation may become, it must still maintain a vast standing army in order to defend itself against outside barbarians. We will say nothing of such a nation feeling the need of protection against savages of its own raising, for this dragon's-teeth crop becomes impossible in a government that is truly Christian.

Men can only attain high civilization by the arts of peace. These require the light of liberty and free hands in order to show their best work, and military establishments tend to shut out the one and chain the other. Hence it is impossible for a people to develop the noblest capabilities that are within them, under the menacing shadow of a standing army. It must be put away, but this cannot be done with safety while nations that lag behind in the march of human progress remain in the warlike stage, and devote their main energies to the practice of arms, for they would on occasion invade and make spoil of the

more cultured and peaceful people. If the regular army goes, some other effective means for protecting a high order of civilization against barbaric attack must come in, and dynamite is providentially at hand. Its application realizes the marvels told of Vril by Bulwer in his novel "The Coming Race." The desolating march of mighty armies shall be no more, for Dynamite the democrat shall swiftly consume them with his hot breath, and thus this seeming genius of destruction becomes the herald of the new cycle of peace.

While the great cities of the United States might be inundated by the revolutionary lava and vanish as completely from the country as did Pompeii and Herculaneum, the vast rural districts need not necessarily be much disturbed by these metropolitan cataclysms, and after the storm was over the farmers could come to town and build anew on the old sites. The American farmer boys have made and kept up our American centers of trade, and if it were not for the fresh blood that is continually poured in from the country, every metropolis in the United States would soon wither away and die of inanition.

Although synchronous upheavals in all our great cities might not materially affect the peace and regular order of affairs in the agricultural sections, any general disturbance in the rural districts would react on the big towns with disastrous celerity.

Start from the Canadian border, with a stretch of territory extending from the head-waters of the Mississippi to the base of the Rocky Mountains, and proceed south, taking in Minnesota, the two Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Missouri, Arkansas and Texas, then sweep eastward to the Atlantic, with Mason's and Dixon's line on the north and the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and you have a section that contains four million organized farmers. If you will carefully read the declaration of principles under which they are fraternally banded together, you will see that they practically assert that the United States government is now being run by chartered gangs of robbers, whose sole business it is to make spoil of the producers. This is a tolerably serious situation in a country that is specially given over to lynch law, white caps, mobs and vigilance committees. A few years ago the farmers of

the country went on the principle of "every man for himself;" they had no associations for mutual help, and rarely met.

Outside of their immediate neighborhoods the agricultural toilers were total strangers to one another, and were not conscious of a grand community of interest, that embraced the farmers of their respective counties, extended itself throughout their several states, and at last included all men of their class in the country at large. Twenty-five years ago the American farmer was the most secluded mortal on the face of the earth. His segregation from his own kind was well-nigh complete. He plowed, tilled, harvested and bore the produce of his acres to market, all on his own account, for his own benefit, and he let every other farmer do the same. This condition of narrow self-absorption froze the warm currents of his soul and dwarfed him of his rightful stature as a moral, intellectual and social being.

While the farmer remained in this state of voluntary isolation from his fellows, millionaire corporations commenced a series of outrages on the tillers of the soil of the great West. Homes were stolen from thousands of farmers, by Des

Moines river-pirates, bogus Mexican land-grant holders and Pacific railway plunderers, with their Mussel Slough massacres, while over the West lawless wealth organized for brigandage and possible murder as against the lowly tillers of the soil, and no mighty uprising of the banded farmers said them "Nay," because every individual farmer continued steadily at his exclusive task of "looking out for number one." At last the time came when this selfish policy brought its own punishment and the farmers found themselves in the position of a flock of sheep surrounded by ravaging wolves. They ascertained that the railways were taxing them more than the traffic would bear and let the tiller of the soil live and enjoy the comforts he had earned. The money power was leagued against him and charged an interest for the use of cash that meant ruin, while the trusts, combines and speculators were joined in an unholy alliance to rob him of the last shred of his prosperity and finally reduce him to the condition of a serf. Then uprose the oppressed and indignant farmers and began counter-organizations against their cruel and grasping foes. The Patrons of Husbandry first planted the seeds of unity and fraternity in

rich soil; then came the fruitage in the shape of Farmers' Alliances, Agricultural Wheels, Farmers' Mutual Benefit Associations and Patrons of Industry, until now five million embattled farmers are banded brothers in a common cause.

The farmers of the country, as a class, have made a larger degree of moral and intellectual advancement during the last four years than in the preceding twenty, and it can be credited directly to their great fraternal societies. These organizations cultivate brotherly affection, mutual helpfulness, and make an injury to one the concern of all. They have faith in Christianity and believe in practicing it; they love God and also their fellow-men, and give devoted loyalty to liberty, justice and the reign of righteous laws; they are uncompromisingly patriotic, and any scheming power that seeks to overthrow the American republic, either by fraud or force, will first have to conquer the leagued farmers of this democratic government. It is unfortunate for the future peace of the country that this mighty army of producers firmly believe that a plutocratic usurpation is now in possession of the nation. They know that corporate bribery and evil influence have debauched judicial purity and

corrupted legislative honesty. They believe this to be true wherever either the democratic or the republican party is in power.

To have the entire mechanism of government profoundly distrusted by millions of worthy citizens, is a dangerous condition, and it is unfortunately that of the American republic to-day. Let us look at this unpleasant status without flinching and see if there be not grave peril in it. The English revolutions of 1640 and 1688, and our own of 1776, grew out of precisely the same state of affairs. The people believed the government was run for purposes of oppression and spoliation. They first lost all respect for its authority, then hated it, and at length overthrew it.

To say that the mere name and form of a republic will protect a usurping despotism from being violently ousted, is manifestly absurd. A practical subversion of democratic government would not be long tolerated by a people accustomed to be free. There is a general belief abroad among the common folks of this country that the judges, officials and lawmakers are owned by the monopolists and exercise their functions for them and against the producers.

This conviction is peculiarly intense in several great farming states west of the Missouri River. The relations between the working masses and the official classes are in a perilously strained condition there, and it is entirely improbable that they can long continue in that situation without a dangerous rupture. Any one knowing American human nature must be certain that it will occur sooner or later, and the consequences will be terrible in the last degree.

Out in Kansas last summer, the farmers of a township forcibly turned out the tenant of a foreign loan company and put back a neighbor farmer who had been evicted. A similar deed is liable to occur at any time in that scandalously be-mortgaged state. Suppose when it takes place a sheriff's force of saloon-bums and thugs goes out full-armed and reinstates the loan company's serf. The farmers gather again, a thug pulls trigger and kills one of the farmers; then the angry farmers annihilate the thugs. Word goes to town that the farmers are in open rebellion. More thugs are sent out with a company of militia at their backs, farmers swarm from the whole county, a skirmish takes place and again the English loan companies' Hessians are routed.

Here is war; the governor calls out the whole force of the state and appeals to the President for regular troops. In the present combustible condition of the farmers, this single event would be enough to set rural America aflame from the Potomac to the Rio Grande and from the St. John to the Red River of the North. Any one who says the contrary, is ignorant of the state of affairs, and simply does not know what he is talking about. Please go back to the summer of 1877 and note how a little argument as to their pay on the part of some employees of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad extended in three days to a railway strike that involved half of the Mississippi Valley. The conditions then were tame and pacific compared with what they are now.

Tens of thousands of local farmers' and laborers' societies are scattered all through the vast area that lies between the Alleghenies and Rockies, each one of which has special grievances against the local representatives of the plutocracy as well as general ones against the entire plutocratic array of the nation. All these millions are organized, and could be formed into a national vigilance committee, as easily as the

German troops were mobilized into a conquering army at the outbreak of the Franco-German war.

Could any such general movement be put down? It is absurd even to discuss the probability of its being crushed by force. Suppose that Kansas were the main seat of war and the Government should attempt to throw troops in there: In the first place railway employees would not haul them, and if they did, ten thousand miles of railway track could be upturned in a night after the manner of Sherman's soldiers.

In an emergency such as indicated—and remember it is one that can easily come to pass—if the Government, pushed on by the plutocrats, should despise policy and conciliation and proceed to shoot it out of existence, it would fail, and fail most deplorably. Such a course would unchain the demons of rage by the million, and a deluge of fire and flood would submerge the nation. The reflex action of a national vigilance committee would kill business dead, and the "red terror" would stalk abroad in all our great cities. We have only indicated one avenue through which a farmers' vigilance committee might enter upon the scene of national history,

while there are as many of them as there are towns in the rural districts. It might be an infamous ruling of a judge, an outrageous veto of just laws by a governor, or the assassination of a farmer leader as Col. Wood was assassinated in Kansas. When the powder is exposed any passing spark will ignite it.

The railways make the circulatory system of the nation—let it get radically out of order and we are undone. A number of years ago, Gen. Sheridan remarked that our half-million railway men, including engineers, firemen, brakemen, switchmen, trackmen and conductors, could be turned into the most powerful army on the face of the earth in thirty days. Why? Because they were already disciplined to working together; second, they were very intelligent; third, they were exceptionally brave and self-possessed in the presence of danger; and fourth, they were, as a rule, strong and muscular young men. This shrewd observation by Gen. Sheridan certifies that he was a military genius of the first rank. His announcement of this conviction was not kept a secret: why then has not our Triumphant Plutocracy made a provisional army out of the

railway men? The Pinkerton thugs are recruited from the criminals and riff-raff of society, and must always be an uncertain quantity in time of actual peril, yet the plutocrats pay over a million dollars per month to keep up this force of unreliable Hessians. Now an expenditure of thirty millions per annum would place and keep all these railway men on a war footing, and let them do their regular work at the same time. Why is this not done, when by the doing of it the plutocracy could have at its command the most resistless host of warriors in the world?

It is not done for the simple reason that the railway men are a very stubborn order of patriots; they believe in the democratic idea, and love Washington's republic. They are men of the people, and they will certainly fight for the people, when fighting comes to be necessary. Moreover, they hate the plutocrats—please remember the plutocrats own the railways and put five parts of water to one part of actual investment and then demand big interest on their bogus capital. In order to get it, they not only tax the traffic of the farmer most infamously, but hammer down the pay of their employees to the lowest notch. For fifteen years war has

raged unceasingly between the millionaire railway owners and humble railway workers. The free-souled and justice-loving employees have been conspired against by the plutocrats; they have been remorselessly persecuted; they have been sent to the penitentiary on perjured testimony; they have been shot down in cold blood. Is it any wonder that the railway toilers hate the millionaire railway owners? They are now organized half a million strong, for the sole purpose of defending themselves against the oppression of railway corporations. Their federated societies have no other meaning save this, and nothing less urgent could have called them into being. At the time of the great railway strike of 1877, the railway workers were practically unorganized, but our business men remember the stunning shock then given to the commerce of the country. Beware of the next one, for that of '77 will be to it as a summer zephyr to a West India hurricane. All railway employees are now prepared for a gigantic strike that will lock every wheel in America. They confidently expect it and know it must come sooner or later. A distinguished leader of the railway men, who is a man of learning and eloquence and a pas-

sionate lover of liberty and justice, said to the writer, "The next great strike will see the railway men come out on top, or the United States Government will go to pieces."

The universal strike in question is simply inevitable if the present unjust conditions be kept up, and the fate that will befall our great cities when it happens readily suggests itself. Our grand republic has been credited with a supreme capacity to endure shocks. We have exultantly declared that this great American democracy could pass comparatively unharmed through trying experiences that would pulverize a monarchy or aristocracy out of existence. Our happy nation has been likened unto a raft of logs descending one of our western rivers. It might run aground on sand-bars, grind over rocks, be swept against the shore and encounter divers other casualties, but it could not be wrecked. This comparison was most apposite and altogether true so long as our Government was entirely dominated by the democratic idea, because then we were invulnerable to external assault, by reason of the patriotic unity of a mighty people.

By changes that were gradual and unsus-

pected, the nation has been imperceptibly transformed, until now, although a republic in theory, it has become an oligarchy in practice. This unnatural condition is a direct violation of the law of its healthful being, and our nation at the present time is sick of a fever. While the entire strength of the republic would doubtless be put forth with glad willingness to resist a foreign foe, we are the weakest nation under the sun when threatened by a domestic discontent that is wide-spread and deep. Such discontent is abnormal in a republic, and hence is dangerous. It is quite natural in a despotism, for the whole mechanism of absolute government is adjusted to meet and overcome precisely that kind of a peril.

A democracy has neither the weapons nor plan wherewith to front such an emergency, and it would stultify itself if in its organic law it made preparation for any such event. The sheriff's posse is always at hand to take care of a mob whose spasmodic spring results from causes that are local and temporary, but anything greater than this the repressive laws of the republic never contemplated. It will not do to instance the War of the Rebellion in disproof of this as-

sertion. That conflict in its essence was a war between two nations, and is so regarded both by ourselves and the outside world. If this be not so, why do the North and South, to this day, build monuments to their great generals and give proud celebration to battle days of victory? If our Government were now administered on lines loyal to the democratic idea, the present discontent that is spread all through the working stratum of society would be promptly met by remedial legislation. That this is not done, and done freely and generously, shows that a force alien to our institutions has come into command of the Government. This intruding power is the Triumphant Plutocracy, and it now looks rather to the repression of the effects of abuses, than to their removal. In entering upon this unrepudican course, it essays an impossible task. It stands accused as a usurper by the great plain people of America, and all the traditions of our republic are ranged against it. If, at last, the plutocracy ventures by despotic deed to negative the democratic affirmation which declares that ours shall be a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, it will oppose itself to an omnipotent power

whose full strength it shall not know until it is crushed by it.

Only knaves and fools will misinterpret the purpose of the writer of this book, for it stands revealed on every page to the reader who is just and wise.

A coming climax in the destiny of the republic is felt, feared and spoken of by orators and writers without number, but they have mainly confined themselves to vague and brief predictions of general disaster, and have declined to go into specific details as to its character or mode of expression. This deficiency the author has aimed to supply. If this somber treatise shall call forth a philosopher who can look closer and clearer into the actual situation of the republic—if some master seer shall authoritatively pronounce its premises mistaken, its arguments fallacious and its conclusion of calamity illogical—none will be more thankful than he who wrote this book.

CHAPTER XX

THE TASK THAT IMPORES US

"The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is, not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be, but finding first
What may be, then strive how to make it fair,
Up to our means."
—[Robert Browning.

In 1856 Roger B. Taney was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. In that year a majority of this tribunal of final appeal decided that under the Constitution and laws of the American republic, a negro had no rights which a white man was bound to respect. This particular ruling, on the part of our most exalted judicial authority, has passed into history as the "Dred Scott Decision." One lone black man asked his liberty of a great democracy through its court of last resort. He was denied and doomed to slavery until death; but the trial ended not with this decree. A few years later and the higher law of God was applied to the case. The judgment of the supreme bench of the United States was reversed, and the lives of

half a million white men were paid down as a part of the costs of court, which goes to prove that litigation carried to the bar of the Almighty is apt to be expensive for the loser of the suit.

The Dred Scott decision gave official notice to men and angels that this republic is founded on atheism, and that declaration has never been amended nor annulled. It stands just the same now as it did on that long-vanished day, when Chief Justice Taney and his associates sent Dred Scott back to bondage, and then took off their gowns and went home to dinner. Our Government denies both God and the devil, and knows neither abstract right nor wrong, but leaves good and evil to be determined by haphazard statutes that may be drawn to serve the interests of selfish men.

When any grave question arises concerning the relations of the state with its citizens, the Supreme Court, acting as a conclave of augurs, seek instruction by poring over certain sacred sibylline leaves called a Constitution. The venerated words of this instrument are frequently so vague and of such dubious meaning, that after the judges have had one another by the ears for months, a strong minority will posi-

tively dissent from the interpretation given by the majority, and this uncertain chart is the sole guidance of the republic's master mariners, as our ship of state sails into the vastness of unknown seas. Is it any wonder that great rocks of peril continually loom up out of the mist, and that shipwreck is ever threatened? There can be no assurance of safety for the future of the nation until its course is shaped by the unchanging polar star of the moral law. "Conscience, the oracle of God," must be first consulted, when men would make rules for the government of their fellows. All statutes must be pronounced good by that supernal authority before they become operative, and edicts already in existence, which fall under its condemnation, must be branded as "devil law" and sentenced to annihilation.

The jurists who gave the Dred Scott decision sleep in unhonored graves, their immortal souls went before God guilty of treason to the divine law, but as citizens they were sinless because they gave undeviating loyalty to the Constitution of an atheistic order of society of which they were the supreme conservators. These dead judges were entirely satisfied that they

only did their official duty in declaring that the highest law of the United States gave warrant and legal sanctity to a system that doomed millions of lowly people to hopeless ignorance, unrequited toil and cruel oppression. Lineal successors of those jurisconsults who have gone to the greater judgment, now occupy the Supreme Bench of the republic. They wear the same gowns; they are guided by the same forms; they venerate the same traditions; they give devotion to the same Constitution and uphold the same atheistic practice of government as did the judges who fastened manacles on the wrists of Dred Scott.

If next week or next year a case is brought before the Supreme Court of the United States, that in effect involves the present issue between the plutocrats and the producers, what will be the probable result? We know that the Supreme judges of Dred Scott's time decided that the Missouri compromise was unconstitutional after it had stood unchallenged for more than thirty years. It is well established that our tribunal of last resort makes short work of acts of Congress, and after they have given their final judgment, nothing can change it except an

amendment to the Constitution or a revolution.

Suppose that the national Congress passes sweeping laws that do justice to the producers by limiting the ravages of the corporations. The plutocrats promptly carry the case before the Supreme Bench. That high and honorable court, after much deliberation, announces that the legislation complained of is unwarranted by the Constitution and is therefore null and void. The advocates who appear for the people movingly argue that this judgment will bring millions of toilers to poverty, misery and degradation. "All that is nothing to us," quoth the Chief Justice. "This is not a board of charity commissioners, but is the Supreme Court of the United States, whose special function it is to pass upon the constitutionality of all laws that come forth from the legislative department of the government. If you should prove to us that our action would cause fifty millions of people to die of starvation, both our duty and our deed must remain the same. If you would have relief, go back to the people and bid them so change the Constitution that this legislation, which we now pronounce null and void, shall be in harmony with it."

The monumental egotism of the founders of this republic, who framed the Constitution, is responsible for the present undemocratic state of the nation. The revolutionary fathers had all the materials at hand, and were able to construct a new order of government precisely as they saw fit. There was no Supreme Court to say them nay. As their high task approached completion, they became enraptured with the perfection of their own work, and were much concerned lest succeeding generations should botch it in trying to improve upon it. They had supreme confidence in their own wisdom, but were doubtful about the men who were to come after them. They themselves had unlimited scope in the way of construction, but they did not esteem it safe to allow their successors equal freedom of action. The fathers saw the evil of primogeniture in the case of property, and provided against it, and then immediately proceeded to entail the political institutions of the country, by piling up difficulties in the way of changing the fundamental law. The method of amending the Constitution devised by them is so slow, cumbersome and vexatious, as to be utterly unsuited for a pressing emergency, where

the needs of the people are instant and demand prompt relief.

There have only been fifteen amendments to the Constitution in over a hundred years, and most of them were passed in the early history of the republic, to supply obvious defects and omissions. Thus far amendments have been made with practically no opposition. The thirteenth amendment, which abolished slavery, merely registered the result of the war, while the fifteenth, which gave the freed negro a vote, was its logical corollary.

Now let a time come when millions of producers demand legislation which they must have in order to save themselves from poverty and ruin. Let the Supreme Court decide that the relief laws desired are unconstitutional. Then let the great plain people strive to amend the Constitution with the antiquated and time-consuming mechanism now at hand. Let them endeavor to do this with all the power, wealth and influence of the Triumphant Plutocracy ranged solidly against them, and they shall perchance find the task beyond their capacity. It will be a black day for the republic when the people are thus denied. There will be evil times ahead

when the masses can only remove a clause in the Constitution that bars popular progress by defying and ignoring the entire instrument. It will be hard times when the people are obliged to violate the letter of our democratic law in order to fulfill the spirit of it.

This American republic is going to be ruled by the living generation and not by dead ones. We are now plainly passing out of an old cycle and into a new. We are coming into the most amazing reconstructive epoch in our history. Old conditions that have done their part and become outworn will be put away

When individual men want to reform themselves and enter upon a better and braver life, society joins to make the way easy and give them every possible advantage. Our Government is, however, built on a plan that makes the reformation of it an almost impossible task if a rich and powerful body of citizens array themselves against the good work.

The onflow of the evolutionary forces, that are now pushing this republic into a new dispensation, will not long be denied. Their constructive mission is manifest and no earthly power

can long hinder them. Patriots and statesmen should see to it that they are given the largest chance for free expression; this means peace to the nation and orderly progress. If on the contrary a Triumphant Plutocracy strives to wall out this revivifying flood, it will at last break through all barriers, and great may be the destruction wrought by it. As a condition precedent to the peaceful coming of needed reforms, that will declare themselves in any event, the amendment of the Constitution of the United States should be made easy, and the first amendment to our fundamental law should be to that end.

It should be so changed that an amendment to the Constitution can be voted on by the whole body of citizens when one-third of the citizens, including women, have petitioned to that effect. These petitions could be summed up for each county, by the clerk thereof, and the result transmitted to the secretary of each state, who would aggregate it for the state, and send the result to the secretary of the interior at Washington. If the sum total for the nation showed one-third of the total vote cast at the last Presidential election, a special election for the purpose of taking the popular vote on said pro-

jected amendment could be set sixty days ahead, and if at that time two-thirds of the entire vote cast was for the amendment it should become a part of the fundamental law of the land.

This would be carrying out the democratic idea in human government, and if this nation is to continue to be a republic, the people must be trusted to govern themselves. They will govern themselves finally, no matter what hostile force says them nay, and as this end is inevitable, it would be well to make the task as easy and peaceful for them as possible.

The sixteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States should be one to make its future amendment simple and speedy.

A distinguished American judge once said in private conversation, that the jurisprudence of the United States put property ahead of men. This is true, because our legal system is practically of English make. We brought the common law of England over with us and adapted it to our new condition so far as possible. In Great Britain, after the law has taken precious good care of the special privileges of the crown and nobility, it expends all the rest of its authority in the guardianship of property. In applying

the protective quality of the English common law in America, it all went to the care of property. This is so strictly true that all personal injuries finally resolve themselves into a matter of damage to be paid for in dollars. It is all one, whether it be alienation of a wife, slander of character, seduction of a daughter, or physical maltreatment, the law presumes dollars will pay for all. De Tocqueville's sharp eyes discerned this stultifying anomaly in the case of our democracy sixty years ago, in the outrageous discrimination which the bail system makes against the poor man. He is locked up until trial in default thereof, while for an ordinary crime a rich man gives bail, remains free, and if he is in danger of conviction, which is rare in the case of a person of abundant cash who is willing to spend it, he only has to jump his bail, in which case his offense is squared by a fine. Our entire legal system is grossly unrepublican and it is no wonder that poor men regard it as organized injustice. The peace and progress of society must ultimately compel its entire reorganization from bottom to top, because its methods and mechanism are antiquated, effete and unrighteous, and they stand to-day utterly discredited by the

body of our people, who hate but do not respect them.

The tendency of our laws to protect property and neglect men has received sinister emphasis since the modern corporation rose to its present stupendous wealth and power. And yet it was against the possible piling-up of riches in the hands of individuals, by successive transmission of them unimpaired from father to son, that our nation-builders framed their wholesome statutes against primogeniture and long entails, for they knew that the best security of democratic government was in the wide diffusion of wealth among the whole body of the people.

Daniel Webster pointed out the prodigious influence upon social and political affairs of laws regulating the tenure and inheritance of property. In his ever-famous Plymouth Rock oration delivered December 22nd, 1820, Mr. Webster said: "The character of the political institutions of New England was determined by the fundamental laws respecting property." He enumerated the abolition of the right of primogeniture, the curtailment of entails, long trusts and other processes for fettering and tying up lands. The consequence of all these causes, he

said, had been a great subdivision of the soil and a great equality of condition, the true basis most certainly of a popular government. He further remarked, "A free government cannot long endure where the tendency of laws is to concentrate the wealth of the country in the hands of the few and to render the masses poor and dependent."

De Tocqueville in his "Democracy in America" says: "But the law of inheritance was the last step to equality. I am surprised that ancient and modern jurists have not attributed to this law a greater effect on human affairs. Through their means man acquires a kind of preternatural power over the future lot of his fellow-creatures. When the legislator has once regulated the law of inheritance, he may rest from his labor. The machine once put in motion will go on for ages and advance as if self-guided toward a point indicated beforehand. When framed in a particular manner, this law unites, draws together and vests property and power in a few hands; it causes an aristocracy, so to speak, to spring out of the ground."

Forty years ago Horace Mann, in a speech before the Boston Library Association, said: "The

feudalism of capital is not a whit less formidable than the feudalism of force. The millionaire of to-day is as dangerous to society as were the baronial lords of the middle ages. I may as well be dependent for my head as for my bread. The time is sure to come when men will look back upon the prerogatives of capital with as just and severe condemnation as we now look back on the predatory chieftains of the dark ages."

And this was ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S AWFUL PROPHECY—"I see in the near future a crisis arising which unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned, and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people, until all the wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic destroyed. I feel at this time more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before. God grant that my fears may prove groundless."

In the coming reformation of the American republic, men must be put forever and eternally

above property. The founders of the nation considered that vast accumulations of property under one control were hostile to the well-being of the body of a people who remained poor. To the extent of their outlook into the future they guarded against the piling up of great fortunes because they deemed them inimical to the republic. That high and justifying example the great plain people of America must now follow if they would save the masses of the nation from poverty with all its attendant degrading conditions. After the experience of one hundred years, which is but a short time to test the efficiency of the laws against primogeniture and long entails, we see that they are practically failures. The Astor and Vanderbilt fortunes prove this. It has already become traditional in those families to leave the bulk of the wealth to one son, while the others are portioned off with millions apiece which form the nuclei of new gigantic fortunes. We have no laws that can touch this disposition of property. This plan of portioning out great estates bids fair to become a settled custom, and will eventually build up a powerful plutocratic caste. The evils which threaten the masses of the republic from

this source, however, are trifling and inconsiderable when compared with the titanic oppression and spoliation which can come to the country through the combinations of corporate wealth. We have now the spectacle of single trusts and railway systems, with an aggregate wealth of over a thousand million dollars apiece, and the tendency is resistlessly toward larger accumulations and greater concentrations of capital.

Each one of these is under the control of a single master mind. The death of the temporary despot does not disperse the combination, for his successor immediately claps on the crown of sovereignty, and the capitalistic juggernaut goes on without halt. It is an emphasized case of "The King is dead, long live the King," for dynastic families may die out, but corporations are immortal.

The fathers of the republic feared that great fortunes would be hostile to popular prosperity and the democratic idea. We know the fact by overwhelming demonstration, and the time has now come when the American people must either rise up and crush them, or submit to be crushed by them. These aggregations of corporate wealth are the foes of republican institutions,

and the producing masses must fight them to the death in self-preservation, for they are the deadly enemies of a lowly humanity that aspires after a nobler and fairer life.

What are the weapons of war for the great plain people in this conflict? Simply the democratic idea made fully manifest in government. That is to say, make this nation a government that is truly of the people, by the people and for the people. That condition has never been existent in our republic. Fourth of July elocutionists have made seductive oration, that this was indeed the land of liberty and equality, but hearers and eulogists alike knew that the affirmation was a lie. Patriotic panegyrists have addressed glowing apostrophes to the starry flag of the free, when between their periods the scourged slave could be heard shrieking under the lash.

No sooner had the war killed off the slaveocracy, than a new and far more malignant enemy of popular government rose to power in the republic: it was the plutocracy, that now reigns triumphant all throughout the land. It has made successful demonstration that massed millions of money can defeat the will and take away the rights of massed millions of men.

The American plutocracy has selected the battle-ground on which the American producers must make their fight for life. The plutocrats by their practice declare that it is the privilege of wealth to oppress and rob to the extent of its capacity. On this their chosen field, the great plain people of America must meet them, and there the destiny of the democratic idea in human government will be determined for a thousand years to come. There it will either find its overwhelming Waterloo, or else gain a victorious Marathon that shall shine out for ages as the decisive battle that brought in a new cycle of liberty and justice for all humanity. Aye, it shall be far more than this. It shall be that plain of Armageddon dimly seen by ancient seers, where the brute nature and immortal soul of man close in a final contest, which shall herald the dawning of the era of love and tenderness when nations shall know the fatherhood of God and live the brotherhood of man. This was the prayer made by Him of many sorrows when dying on Calvary's cross, and at last it shall come true, for the everlasting God hath so ordained it.

The total value of all the property in the

United States is about sixty billions of dollars. It is estimated that the capitalistic class has grasped forty billions of this wealth by the dead hands of their stocks, bonds and mortgages. After a few more years of scheming, bonding and stock-watering by these financial necromancers the entire property of the country will be represented in paper securities on which dividends must be paid to the drone capitalists from the wealth created by the workers. The producer, the man who toils with his hands, pays for everything, for without his toil stocks, bonds, railways, mines and factories become valueless, and gold, silver and paper promises-to-pay are mere dross, because there is nothing for them to buy, unless labor does its task beforehand.

It is now axiomatically manifest that this country will soon be in a condition where its entire wealth is represented by interest-bearing securities, that can be locked up in safety deposit vaults by their plutocratic owners. When this time comes, and it is almost at hand, the whole body of the toiling producers will be the mere serfs of capitalistic drones. The wages allowed them will only be sufficient to enable them to do their tasks, and reproduce them-

selves, while the great bulk of the wealth created by their hands will go to swell the enormous hoards of the already monstrously rich. A system under which this devastation of humanity can go on, as it is going to-day, is not civilized, nor semi-civilized, nor barbaric, nor savage; it is simply infernal, and unless extirpated root and branch will surely bring the nation that tolerates it to merited destruction.

It will be put away and that ere many years. If man does not do it of his own volition, God will do it and in the same manner that He put away the crime of slavery. The millionaire, by grace of craft and finesse, in manipulating stocks, bonds and mortgages, is nothing but a hideous survival of the feudal baron and American slave-driver, and he must go, or liberty, the reign of justice, popular prosperity and the American republic will go. Let us put him away in peace and thus save civilization from a terrible shock.

The task will be a mighty effort of self-preservation on the part of a whole people, and the foe to be overthrown is the allied money kings of Europe and America. It is declared by those who know it to be the truth, that the American people are now the special objects of spoliation,

on the part of the organized plutocrats of the world. It is said that the great bankers and capitalists, on both sides of the Atlantic, have formed a secret association. They work together according to a pre-arranged plan, and correspond in cipher. It is affirmed that each American metropolis is under the special supervision of councils of ten. These secret dictators control the press, the judges and the elected officials, and direct public opinion. The end and aim of this international league of plutocrats is to make the producers of this nation the industrial slaves of interest-bearing securities, the money power and corporate wealth.

The first move in the campaign of the great plain people for the overthrow of this desolating tyranny, must be the establishment of a system of Governmental banking. The reason and intuitions of the producing masses of America are right in deciding that the financial question is of primary moment to them, and hence the people's party of America is now much concerned over systems of banking.

Before considering new methods of popular banking, let us briefly glance at the existing private system. By the exigencies of the war, the

Government was compelled to issue paper money and put its fiat stamp on it. Before the rebellion, all paper money was issued by private banks, so that when a bank failed its bills became worthless. It was an immense step ahead when the United States stood behind the paper issue and guaranteed that the dollar mark was good so long as the Government stood. By reason of the bond-deposits demanded from the so-called national banks, the government became warrant for their paper issue. So far so good—but our banking and financial system still remained a relic of barbarism, and a standing reproach to our boasted civilization.

Let us put it to the test:

A man of fifty years of age has \$5,000 cash in hand that is the result of the hard toil and careful saving of half a lifetime. He does not wish to invest this money, as he may desire to use it any day. Where shall he put it in order to have it safe against the time he requires it? He goes forth and makes search for a place of deposit that is absolutely secure, and lo, he finds it not! Are banks safe? Ask the depositors of the Keystone, Maverick, and scores of other "sound" banks that have failed in the last year. There

is not a bank in the United States that gives absolute security to deposits. All that can be said of those in highest repute is, that they are safer than some other banks; but none of them are safe, and all are liable to break and lose the depositors' money. Safety-deposit vaults are not safe beyond a peradventure, because they might be blown up and robbed. If the man with \$5,000 buries the money in his cellar, it is not safe, for the house might burn down or some one might know it was there and dig it up. So all he can do in order to be secure, is to buy land with it, or loan it on real estate and let some other person take the chance of losing it.

The banks of the country were never so universally suspected as to-day, and this fact accounts for the rapid increase of safety-deposit vaults in all our great cities. The gravest calamity in connection with our crude and senseless banking system is, that it does not furnish the necessary mechanism to keep the money of the country in circulation.

It is estimated that we have about two billions of gold, silver and paper money in the United States, but it would be difficult to prove that \$300,000,000 of that amount is actually

available at any one time. The treasury and sub-treasuries of the Government habitually keep hundreds of millions stored away, where it is of no more use to the people than if it were on the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. The great private banks do the same thing as far as they are able, because bankers find their profit in making money scarce, and then three or four million citizens will constantly keep from \$25 to \$2,500 apiece out of circulation because they distrust banks. In Chicago, two small private banks failed in the fall of 1890. Within a few days thereafter, a total of \$13,000,000 in deposits were withdrawn from the national banks and hidden in safety-deposit vaults.

The deficiencies in our present banking system are so monumentally obvious that their existence amounts to an indictment of imbecility against our whole people. Our greenback friends, who are anxious for a large increase in the volume of currency, would find that an addition of three billion dollars would be only a temporary relief, under the present financial system, for the existent withdrawing forces would soon hide it away. Nothing but Governmental banking will keep our volume of currency so that we can know where to find it.

Prof. Thomas E. Hill, of Prospect Park, Ill., the author, publicist and philanthropist, has outlined a plan of Governmental banking which would seem to meet our present needs effectively. It is a system which calls for from three to five thousand Government banks, or enough to suffice amply for the business-needs of the entire country. It makes every one of the 65,000 postoffices a postal savings-bank for the receipt of money for transmission to the nearest Government bank. These Government banks receive money on deposit, guarantee its absolute security, and give three per cent interest on long-time deposits. They loan money to farmers, clerks, workingmen, and business men, in town and country alike, at four per cent per annum on sufficient security.

The Hill Banking System is conservative, and gives no shock to legitimate business. It does not violently change our present system to the injury of frugal people who have saved up a little money under existing conditions. Its adoption would not bring hardship and loss to good people.

It will bring every dollar now hidden away into circulation and keep it there. It will ena-

ble us to increase the circulating medium with wise certainty so that while a universal prosperity will be assured, there will be no undue inflation of values. It will give solidity and stability to the commercial world; panics and crashes brought on by speculation will be unknown. It will increase the value of every bushel of wheat, every acre of farming land, and every day's work, whether done in the field, shop, mine, or on railway. Under it every farmer can refund his mortgage, at a low rate of interest, have the Government for a kindly creditor, and be happy in the conviction that he will soon free himself from all debt and never lose his home. The oppressed city people who now have to pay five per cent a month on their chattel mortgages, can also secure loans at four per cent per annum. The workingman, whether artisan or clerk, can raise a loan on his lot and build a home for his family.

Mr. Hill's system involves no financial revolution. There is no tearing down the old house and living out doors until a better one is built. The man does not have to stand in his shirt-sleeves for an instant, while replacing the worn-out coat with a better one, for in this case the

new garment is put on, and the old one just naturally drops off. The sensitive nervous system of the business world would be informed of the change merely by feeling a new life and vigor go pulsing through the whole organism. The general adoption of the Hill Banking System would be merely a wise and urgently demanded extension of governmental functions that are already in existence. Given the requisite legislation, and the plan could be working out its beneficent results in every part of the United States in one month's time.

Mr. Hill's banking system would not disturb the present status of gold and silver in our monetary affairs, and thus this grand reform would involve no shock to our financial relations with foreign countries.

The subjoined resolution has been suggested as a one-plank platform for the People's Party of America in its campaign of 1892:

Whereas:—The business interests of the people of the United States in country and city are at the mercy of a system of private banking that is a relic of the dark ages.

It places the currency of the country under the control of a knot of conspirators, who use their power to enrich themselves at the expense of the producers.

It offers no security to honest depositors, and occasions enormous losses to the people through bank failures.

It enables tricksters who speculate in food-products and the control of the people's highways to lock up money, depress prices and bring on panics.

It is the fruitful mother of usury and enables the drones of the land to devour the workers.

And whereas:—An equitable system of government banking, of national banks for the nation and not for personal profit, will strike at the tap-root of these abuses.

It will do away with private bankers, mortgage companies and professional Shylocks.

It will make practical a postal-savings system for the benefit of those whose scanty savings are now too often the prey of confidence men.

It will thus bring all hidden hoards of money into circulation, and by so doing increase sixfold the efficient volume of currency.

It will give a multitude of small business men, now the victims of chattel-mortgage robbers, the same banking facilities that are enjoyed by the rich.

It will furnish the capital at a low rate for any county, township or responsible association of farmers to build warehouses for the storage of non-perishable farm products, which products would then constitute a safe and legitimate security for loans.

It will return the profits of banking to the treasury of the nation, there to help defray the legitimate expenses of government and diminish the burden of taxation on the people.

Therefore be it resolved:—That the People's

Party of America pledge itself to the People's Banking System, which shall truly be of the people, by the people and for the people.

To that end we demand the establishment of government banks, to be located at such places and in such number as shall amply meet the financial and commercial needs of the people; every postmaster to be a receiving agent; the government to guarantee the absolute safety of all deposits, and to pay a low rate of interest on time deposits; loans to be made at the lowest practicable rate of interest on all kinds of real and personal property in city and country to the amount of 50 per cent of actual value.

This platform embodies the essence of the relief intended by the sub-treasury plan of Dr. C. W. Macune of the National Farmers' Alliance.

Justice and sound political economy demand that the Government own and run all the railways of the country. Under corporate ownership they are inimical to public morals, because their methods include wholesale corruption of the official servants of the people. They are dangerous to the peace of the nation from the liability of strikes on the part of a half-million bold and resolute employees. They rob the business men and farmers of the country through unjust charges for carriage of persons and commodities.

They should be bought in by the Government at their actual value, but if they were seized for the general good, by the right of eminent domain, and not a cent given for them, it would be a trifling hardship when compared with what the Government does by the citizens in time of war. It drafts and puts them in the front of battle for the safety of the republic. Surely railroad bonds are not more sacred than the lives of men.

We must have a system of land-taxation that is so onerous against all English lords, railway grants, alien owners, foreign and domestic syndicates and speculators, that they will promptly drop the hundreds of millions of acres, which they are now holding idle and profitless to mankind. The usufruct of God's fertile soil of right belongs to the men who are willing to make it produce by the labor of their hands.

Every acre of coal and oil land in America should revert to the several states and be worked impartially for the common good of the whole people. It is monstrous that these gifts of the Deity to all his children should be used merely to glut the greed of a few of them.

The time has come to this republic when its

future must be dominated by an intelligent plan that is in accord with the eternal moralities. The nation has passed its childhood and should take on the sober thoughtfulness that belongs to maturity. We have listened all too long to the devil-logic of materialistic philosophers which tells us that the ideal state for collective humanity is where the individual follows the law of personal selfishness, and that through it, a beautiful, harmonious and progressive order of society will be unconsciously evolved, without any enlightened plan or wise directive intelligence. We have now in the case of this republic a stupendous object-lesson which shows the result of running a nation according to the gospel of atheism, and it has brought us to the edge of the bottomless pit, where nothing can save our civilization from extinction except a wide-spread application of the religion of Jesus Christ. Justice, charity and brotherly love must make the living soul of our Government. To-day it is but a man-made Frankenstein of a nation, and it cannot last unless we allow the ever-willing God to breathe something of his own spirit into it, for then only will it truly live. We have denied an imploring Deity and hence our present danger.

Great cities are ulcers on the body of organized society, and ultimately bring it to death. They are not the legitimate products of civilization, for the ruins of many a vast metropolis, that antedates human history, now lie buried in the sands of oriental deserts. Modern invention has put it in the power of the American people to disperse all the revolting evils that go with those vast aggregations of human beings, and yet retain every one of their advantages.

Take Chicago, for example, with the prairies stretching away on three sides of it. The municipality could construct and own a scientific system of rapid transit, by steam and electric surface and elevated railways, that would cover the country within thirty miles of the city with their harmonious ramifications and connections. This system could be constructed with reference to a time when the section in question would contain a population twice as large as that which now inhabits London. A person should be able to go to any point within that area for one fare of five cents, regardless of number of transfers.

A city that would stand solid through the ages must make the conservation and progress

of its producers a first care. All laws should be built to that end. Supplement this scientific plan of rapid transit with the People's Banking System, and a reform in taxation and land-tenure that would nurture the mechanic and devastate the big speculator; and Chicago, fifty years hence, would contain millions of workingmen's homes each owned by its occupant.

Under this new condition, the cities would be composed of a congeries of hundreds of small trade centers. The noisome dives and dens, where poverty and crime now swelter and breed corruption, would be gone, while all the halls, libraries and places of great public assembly would be within thirty minutes of the most distant resident. This would be exchanging growth without intelligent plan for one laid on enlightened, scientific and humane lines.

Our voting-system needs radical reformation. The Australian ballot merely extirpates surface evils. We need improvements that will allow the citizen to do his duty with greater ease, simplicity and effectiveness. Changes must be made so that he neither can nor will desire to shirk his obligations to society. Voting citizens can be blocked off into hundreds according to

locality, each hundred having a good citizen who acts as its curator. At election, this official shall have five days in which to visit his quota of voters. He takes officially designated envelopes and ballots. The voter makes a selection of his chosen ticket from the entire list, marks it and returns the same to the specially protected envelope, on the outside of which he signs his name. The judges of election open the polls by comparing signatures on envelopes with signatures in the official register. The outer envelope is then opened and the smaller inner envelope, that contains the ballot, is thrown into the receptacle for the votes of the entire district. These are carefully mixed before being opened, so that the secrecy of the ballot is preserved.

Under this entirely feasible plan, the citizens could declare their will on important national, state or municipal questions, once every two weeks, if need be, and with no more trouble than is required to write a short business note.

The details of this general plan of voting reform are susceptible of perfect elaboration.

The citizens of this republic have gotten out of the habit of helping to govern it, hence the peril we are now in. Every person who objects

to the increase of officials that will come in with government ownership of railways, banks, and other public utilities, is a monarchist, whether he knows it or not. He does not believe that a whole people can be safely trusted to govern themselves, and this has always been the claim by which the autocrat has justified his despotism. The man who makes that declaration scoffs at the democratic idea; he slanders the morality and intelligence of the entire body of our citizens, and his proper home is Russia, for his logic has no stopping-place this side of an absolute despotism.

The new order of society which we must have, if we are to live, shall give tender consideration to grown persons of arrested intellectual development, who are as incapable of intelligent self-direction as so many children. Under the present atheistic social order they go through life utterly uncared for by society, until they are flung into jails as criminals, or find a refuge in hospitals and almshouses as paupers. The treatment they receive in those retreats, all neglected by the Christian well-to-do, makes a belief in a future hell for some persons exceedingly easy. The horrors and abuses that are heaped on these

so-called wards of society, in public institutions, brands our people as a race of moral savages, and some good persons think that it is a token that God's day of grace for our civilization is over, and that the fate of the sin-cursed cities which are now buried under the waters of the Dead Sea will soon be upon us. An all-pervading selfishness is our national crime, and this offense on the part of an enlightened and Christianized people, who know the better way but go not in it, is the crime of crimes before God. Let us remember that all the world's past has been made dark and tragic by a greed that came out of the animal nature of man. This universal greed has furnished a foul but fertile soil for the growth of innumerable evils. All the injustice and cruelty of earth have rootage therein and draw hideous life and malign strength therefrom.

Here, also, rankly flourishes the upas verdure of personal interests and selfish policies, and when God's shining evangels appear on earth preaching of moral progress, the rights of man and heaven's higher law, whole communities rush for the dense jungle where it is always night, and, breathing in the narcotized air, lie

down sightless and with ears fast locked, feebly muttering, "We see naught—we hear naught."

Again and again sound forth the celestial trumpets: "Awake, awake! O, all ye people, and work the will of God for man." But the selfish sluggards heed not and slumber on.

Then leap into life dread *Avatars* with flaming torch and flashing blade. Awful incarnations of that constructive energy which first uses the plowshare of destruction in leveling, rending and upturning for another planting, sweep over the earth and the old things are not. Generations of men pass away like sunset-shadows. Fruitful fields are given over to graves. Great cities lie in ruins and mighty nations vanish forever in the smoke of battle. Then in the freshness and silence of a new morning the Husbandman of a diviner civilization goeth forth and soweth his seed.

Thus hath it ever been, thus must it ever be, when men decline the task set by the Almighty, and compel God to do all the work himself; for lo, he hath decreed that ever on and on through the ages must go the evolutionary uplift, from monad to man, from man to the archangel.

Must humanity be always born into higher

cycles of existence through terror, blood and death? Yes, so long as man is dominated by the selfish physical, and refuses to co-operate with the higher powers in working out his own salvation. But when his immortal spirit rises triumphant over the mortal flesh, and, stretching willing hands toward high heaven, asks for its toil, then will the burden be easy, and all the upward pathway filled with light. To say otherwise is to make scoff at the Divine benevolence which rules the universe.

THE END

"WHEN THE TOWERS FALL"

They were built by the Lords of Wrong,
The gray old kings of the world,
 Long ago;
Frowning they stood, and strong,
And the sea-waves foamed and curled
 Down below.

The sea-waves moaned and wept,
And plucked with wild, vain hands
 At the shore;
The sea-winds wailed and swept
Over bitter, desolate lands
 Evermore.

"They shall stand for endless years!"
Moaned a weary multitude
 In their pain;
"The mortar tempered with tears,
And the clay that was kneaded with blood
 Of men slain."

"They shall stand for aye, and shine!"
Cried the foolish ones and strong,

In their pride;
"Landmarks of right divine,
Since they have stood so long
Undefined."

Lo! the years haste on, and the days,
And the fruit still springs from the seed,
Good or ill,
And the stars go on in their ways,
And the holy laws decreed
Work their will.

They shall bring the morning round,
When the light strikes dim and cold,
And the true
Shall burn up the false, and the ground
Shudder with longing to hold
All things new.

And, lo! the children of men
Shall know of the hand of God
Ruling all.
The sun shall be sackcloth then,
And the moon be dark with blood,
When they fall.

ALICE WERNER.









